WEEK ENDING MARCH 10, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

Crashing the Gate

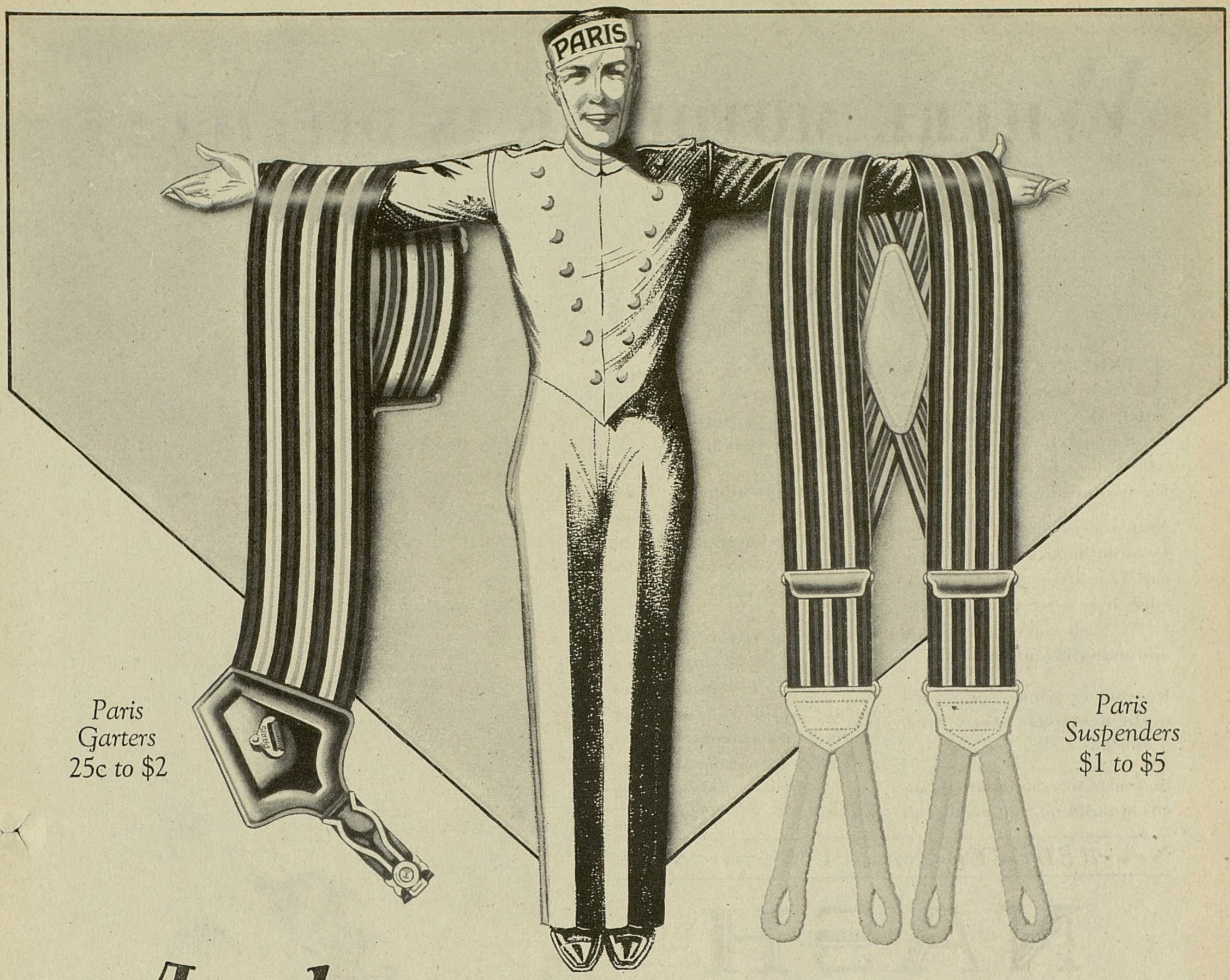
In this Issue **IRWIN, DELMAR, ROHMER, McEVOY, BENNETT**

THE WINNING OF A THOUSAND RACES OUGHT TO BE A PRIDEFUL ACHIEVEMENT. BUT THE STABILITY AND MECHANICAL NICETY WHICH MAKE THESE TRIUMPHS POSSIBLE ARE SUPREME PROOFS OF INTRINSIC WORTH.

THE SPLENDID

STUTZ

THE NEW MODELS BRING NEW STANDARDS OF BEAUTY



And now—

PARIS SUSPENDERS

by the makers of

PARIS

GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

TODAY'S trousers require Suspenders to effect the correct hang. Because you prefer good looking things of quality, you'll want PARIS Suspenders. PARIS Garters sponsor PARIS Suspenders—enough said. PARIS Suspenders in their peppy color combinations and novelty weaves are a hit with college men and their young dads. You'll like them.

We'll supply you if your dealer cannot. Just send his name with your order.

73

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MARCH 10, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5
No. 10

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

DECATUR AGAIN

Judging by the number of letters we have received, no recent editorial in LIBERTY has aroused more interest than the one entitled Our Country, on the Stephen Decatur motto which appears just above, every week.

We ventured the opinion that when the country has made up its mind as to a course of action in international affairs, it should have the united backing of all Americans.

Many of the letters oppose our position. In a nutshell, many of our correspondents say: When our country is right, support it. When it is wrong, don't.

Very well—how do these people know when our country is right?

By what miracle have they been endowed with vision superior to that of the constituted authorities?

They may *think* our country is wrong, but how can they be sure?

We don't oppose the decisions of a traffic cop. We may think he is wrong, but we obey him. If everybody did as he liked on the highways there would be no system.

When human beings are living together and working together, and are dependent on each other, community decisions have got to rest with somebody.

In our democratic form of government decisions as to international crises rest with the President and Congress.

When these decisions are made, and the country sets out on a course of action, it is the duty of everybody to go along with it.

As a matter of fact, it frequently happens, especially in wartime, that certain persons do not do this.

But as we look back to the last great war, we recall that those who didn't support the country kept pretty quiet about it. Those who didn't keep quiet were put in compounds.

In the Civil War those who hung back were called Copperheads—which remains a term of reproach to this day. People whose grandfathers were Copperheads and did not support Lincoln in the war on slavery do not brag of it now.

In the Revolution the dissenters were called Tories. In many cases they had to evacuate the country.

This was necessary, we think. If the Tories had been allowed liberty to go ahead and differ as much as they pleased, the Revolution, in all probability, would not have been accomplished.

Folks who disagree about Decatur's motto sometimes offer us the irreverent analogy: "My mother, drunk or sober."

We maintain that even if your mother is drunk you ought not to abandon her. The neighbors may do her harm.

When it is our country that is being considered, "neighbors," of course, means outside nations.

And when outside nations are concerned—when war impends or is an actuality—it simply is a fact that decent people do support their country.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

SITUATION WANTED—FEMALE. This article begins a series on women who work. It is the true story of a girl who tried to make good as a newspaper reporter. Subsequent articles will give the experiences of women in other professions, and their advice. GRACE ROBINSON, the author, is herself a newspaper woman, and she writes from actual life experiences. Every woman will be interested in this.

PHYLLIS DUGANNE has drawn another intensely human characterization in LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR. It is that of a man who devoted his life to being a "charming drunkard," and the story has to do with the effect his actions had upon his beautiful daughter.

RICHARD CARROLL tells the story of a man who had a severe cold. As is the way with humanity, everybody he knew told him *exactly* what to do for it. The poor sap tried every remedy given him and—but read what happened to him in I CURE A COLD.

A CITY AND A SILENCE is the title of the next fascinating article by RUDYARD KIPLING on his Brazilian travels. And, as before, it is preceded by one of the author's specially written poems.

Senator Charles Curtis will be the subject of the next article in JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT'S series, PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES. It will set forth the noted Kansan's qualifications for the White House.

Be sure to read THE BROKEN CIRCLE. In it the author, WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF, has drawn a vivid picture of a girl who knows she must marry money if she is to hold her place in society, and yet finally marries a poor man.

Frank Luke dies fighting. The most thrilling chapter of all in THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA comes next week. NORMAN S. HALL wrote it.

March 10, 1928. LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 10

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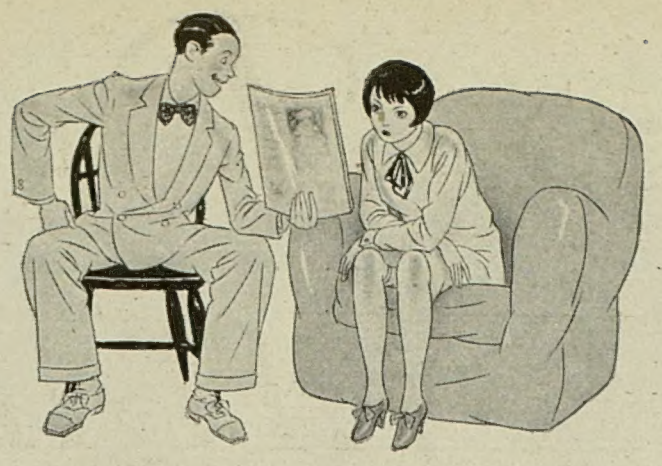
"Are Women People?"



$25 *each has been sent to the writers of the letters printed on this page in accordance with* LIBERTY'S *advertised offer.*

Wo-man!

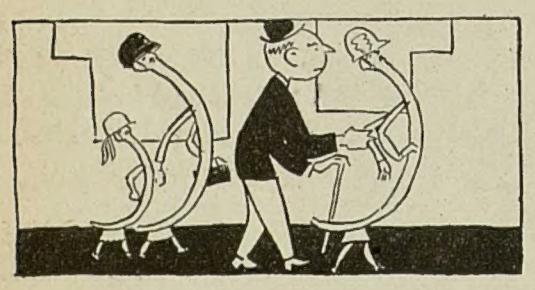
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Women serve but to propagate the race. They have no other purpose in life except to promote life. If some inventor could build a mechanical device to manufacture men the world would soon be devoid of women. With few exceptions (and exceptions only help to prove a rule) women do no constructive work. In point of fact they are destructive in that they so influence the male as to hinder his constructive powers. Women play upon the emotions of men, consciously or unconsciously, to such a great extent that they (women) can control the destiny of a nation.

The female is more selfish than the male, desiring nothing so much as the satisfying of her petty whims. She will stop at nothing in order to reach a goal. She is a scheming, treacherous, diabolical little animal, who aware of her attractions makes use of them to achieve her own ends.

Whoever said that the female of the species is more deadly than the male should not have included women in the same species as men. She is a species in herself, if such it may be called.—*Lillian Gast.*

Out of the Mouths of Babes

UNION, S. C.—I am a girl 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I am going to try to answer "Are Women People"? This is what I have to say



about it: I say if women are made of man's rib they are not people.—*Billie Jones.*

Madam, You Certainly Have!

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I entered the business world thirty years ago as a stenographer for a large insurance company of this city. Some four years later a fine new hotel was erected in this city and I went to the hotel the day it opened as public stenographer. This position I held some four years when I married and went to a larger city to make my home.

Some two years prior to my marriage I started copying reports for a national bank examiner. This examiner would mail the reports to me from different towns where he made the examinations. I would verify his figures, type the report and mail it to the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, D. C. After my marriage and removal to the larger city I continued to copy these reports, also took on the same work for several examiners in different parts of the country. About a year later one of these examiners was appointed as examiner for the city in which I was living and he engaged my services as one of his assistants. This was some twenty-one years ago, and so far as I know I was the first woman to assist a national bank examiner in the examination of a national bank. The officials of the different banks we examined in this large city were just as courteous to me as they were to the men examiners, and none of them objected to my coming into their bank after the examiner explained to them my familiarity with the work.

I lost my husband some four years later and then went to a well-known health resort as public stenographer in the leading hotel. After being there nearly two years, I met with the misfortune of losing my right limb. After I had recuperated sufficiently to wear an artificial limb I returned to this, my home city, and to the same hotel where I was public stenographer at the time of my marriage, and have now been in such position continuously for the past fourteen years.

I believe most any business man of this city would tell you that I am and have always been a successful business woman. I exercise the privilege of voting whenever I clearly understand the issues involved. I do not drink nor smoke. I attend the same lectures that my men friends attend and enjoy reading the same books and magazines they read.

Think I can truthfully say I have demonstrated that "Women Are People."—*Mrs. Netta McDaniel.*

Credit Mr. Kipling

BEAUMONT, TEX.—Send the twenty-five to Kipling. He answered the question when he said, "A woman is only a woman."—*B. Turner.*

People—But Unhappy People

CHICAGO, ILL.—Women are people, they are no longer women. But they are not happy. I am a newspaper reporter. The tide of life rises and falls about me, and I find that women are terribly unhappy. The more intellectual they are, the more education they have, the more unhappy. There isn't a mother's daughter of us who would not change places with the most modest of home women who gets her only romantic thrill in reading the Sunday supplement, and who has the most narrow-minded code of morals. I'll tell you why. Man made this world; he created its civilization; not only because he was stronger physically, but because he was stronger mentally. These women who have been outstanding down through the ages have been outstanding because the world thought that what they did was wonderful because a woman did it. Women are not logical. We are creatures of impulse. We have inferiority complexes, all of us, because we know if we stop for a minute, man's world will go on without us.

We get a job and succeed a little bit. But all the time we would like to be married, and never have possessed knowledge of what goes on in the world. Then we know we would not be unhappy when we did get married. We get married, and we think how much better we could do than our husbands. We try to tell them how to run their jobs. We see how much time is wasted in keeping up a home, and we think of the money and fame we could earn. The virus is in our blood. We cannot stop. All the time, every one of us knows that what we would like to be is to be sheltered, innocent of the world, and entirely dependent upon some man. We try so hard to submerge, but we just cannot.

If women would only realize that their only happiness is in marriage and family, and that the greatest thing in the world is to be an inspiration to some poor, blundering male!

The solution to the present problem? Social conditions that will make it possible for women to be women, not people. Less higher education for women, fewer careers, and more *real* women.—*Marie du C. Piner.*

A Married Lady Airs a Grievance

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Married women aren't people; they're dogs—under-dogs. I prove it every day of my life with this brute of a husband I live with. All this economic independence of women you read about is just conversational money; it exists in the newspapers, that's all. Every woman is dependent on man for her job and her opportunity.

Men control the world and married men control their wives. I wish there was a chance for me to get some real money of my own. I'd use it to divorce this lob who keeps me chained by dependence and five children to the kennel he calls "home." Home! Six sticks of furniture and a cook-stove! The bed is the best thing in the house because sleeping is the best thing my husband does. He labors to support the bootleggers. He's a good fellow to his pals and a curse to his family. It's "dear old Charlie" to Charlie, and "where the hell's dinner?" to me. He chews tobacco and uses the kitchen stove as a cuspidor. When I cook I hope the neighbors don't judge the meals by the smell. He works one hour for a dollar and I work on him eight hours to get ten cents of it to feed the brute and have crumbs for the rest of us. He thinks groceries can be bought with smiles; maybe they can. I haven't smiled in so long it would take a major operation to loosen my face.

"We wanna do what men do," do we? I wish we could. The first thing I'd do is sock my man on the jaw. I says, "May I have a new dress? Mine's all rags," and he replies, "Paint one on yourself!" If few clothes for women is stylish, Lord, how ultra-stylish I am. I'm glad I live in California; I'd freeze anywhere else with all my wardrobe on at once. Marriage, they say, is made in heaven. If mine was made there, I'll take hell. I get it anyway. So I say, women aren't people; they're ribs. That's why we get roasted.—*Woman Afraid to Sign Her Name.*

The Way to Woman's Goal

SHARON HILL, PA.—No, women aren't any more people now than heretofore. As long as marriage exists as it is and children are born, woman will be dependent on man. Just so long will she have to acquiesce to man's wishes, thoughts, desires and commands. If the time comes when woman can be financially independent then she may be mentally and physically so. In the meantime, all the sports and amusements that women share with men will not hasten this day. But sharing the same work, reading the same books and magazines and writing for them, will be the only solution of this problem; which, when solved, will make marriage and home life something of true love and partnership and lasting joy.—*Mrs. R. Lovekin.*

A Woman On (to) Women

RYKESVILLE, MD.—Some women are people. The homekeeper with her family's health and happiness her first interest. The teacher who conscientiously trains young minds. The nurse who administers patiently and faithfully to the sick and infirm. These women live for humanity—and are people.

The females who imitate men (God's noblest work when the women let him alone) but who never, never can take his place as an executive and who since the passing of the 19th Amendment hinders man in his work and achievement, are not women. They seek offices they cannot fill. They blare their opinions to the public. They want they know not what. They exist but do not live. They have no place as people.—*Mrs. C. B. Scott.*

Women Have the Floor!

MONTROSE, IA.—Women may be all you say of them, and do all the

things you give them credit for (Liberty, Feb. 4th), *but*, as long as they sit down on the floor to put on their shoes and stockings, they are not people.—*Mrs. Sadie B. Moon.*

DEATH to DEFY— FATAL to OBEY!

IF you, like Don Juan, had been invited to sup with the beautiful but depraved Lucrezia Borgia—a Messalina with the face of a Madonna—would you have hesitated when offered a glass of wine?

Even dare-devil Don Juan, glass in hand, hesitated. Should he obey the look of command in the eyes of Lucrezia, the magnet that has drawn him to supper in the pontifical apartment? Should he yield to the ingratiating advances of Caesar Borgia and accept of the proffered wine? Or should he be warned by the sinister glance shot from the cruel eyes of the old Pontiff as he coldly calculates the destruction of the young gallant? To defy or obey may be equally hazardous. If he declines the poisoned wine will he escape the knife of the hired assassin lurking in the shadows of the papal palace?

A Diabolical Trinity

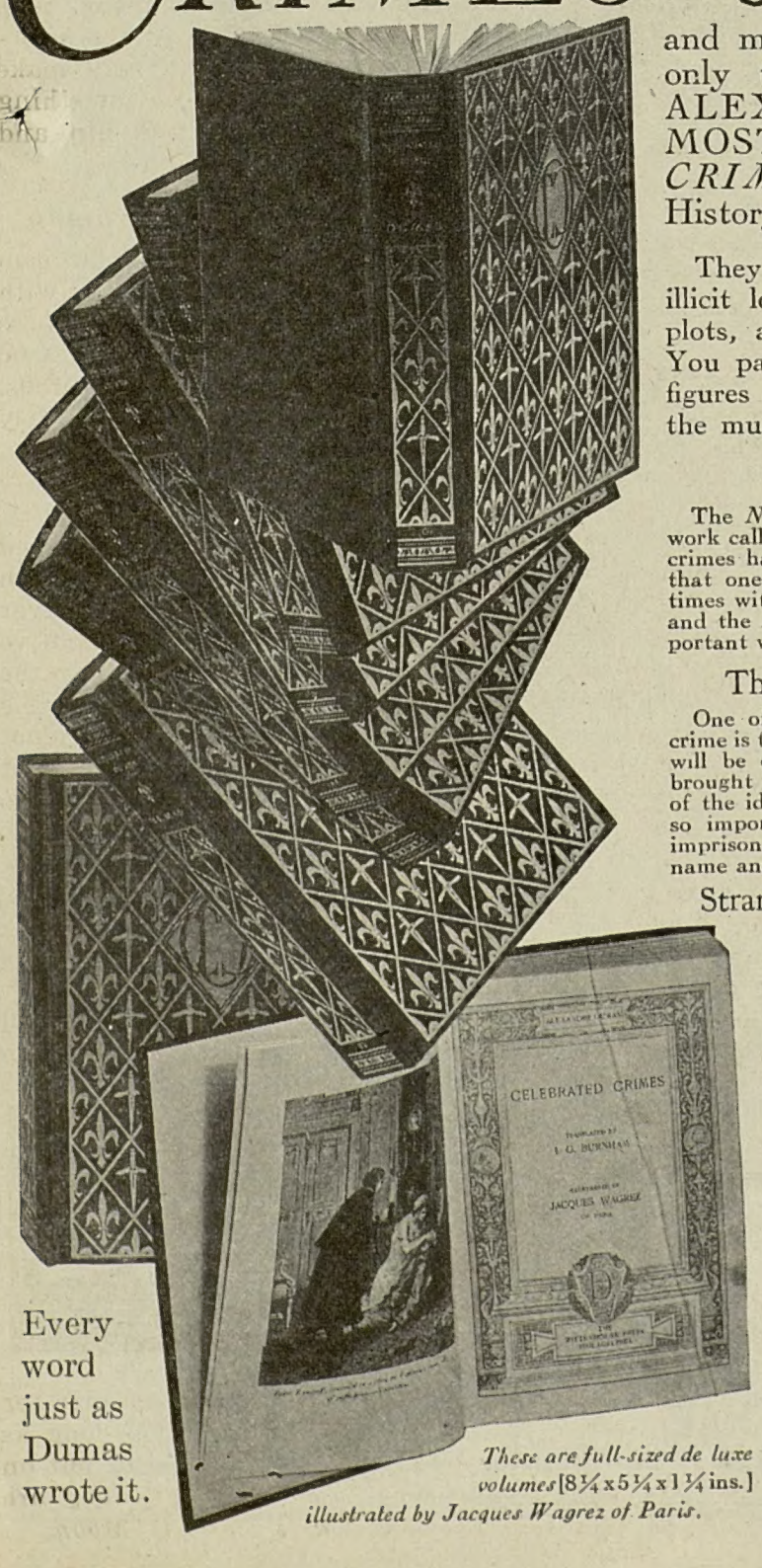
In those dark days many gallant lives thus secretly passed out of sight, whirled away by the headlong torrent of the ambition of that terrible triumvirate, Rodrigo Borgia (Pope Alexander VI), his daughter Lucrezia and his son Cæsar formed a diabolical trinity which sat for eleven years upon the papal throne in Rome, an impious parody of the Holy Trinity—the most perfect incarnation of evil that ever existed on earth.

Intrigues of a Licentious Court

The vices and crimes of that extra-ordinary family, which furnished a Pope of Rome and some of the blackest pages in history, are almost unbelievable. Long hidden chronicles of mediæval eye-witnesses—naïve accounts which, without embarrassment, call a spade a spade—tell the whole story of the intrigues of the papal court as it was in the middle ages. They reveal a murderous, poisonous, debauched crew, greedily craving for flattery, titles, and gold, and hesitating at no crime to satisfy their desires. The true story of these

CRIMES OF THE BORGIAS

and many other crimes of history is told as only that great weaver of word pictures, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, could tell in one of the volumes of the STRANGEST AND MOST CURIOUS SET OF BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED, which he called *CELEBRATED CRIMES*. THESE ARE STORIES OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL CRIMES in all History. They have NEVER BEFORE BEEN COMPLETELY Translated into English.



Every word just as Dumas wrote it.

These are full-sized de luxe volumes [8¼ x 5¼ x 1¼ ins.] *illustrated by Jacques Wagrez of Paris.*

They form a collection of stories of crimes prompted by illicit love, envy, ambition, religion—stories of poison plots, abduction, treachery, intrigue, and conspiracies. You pass through secret passages, see stealthy lurking figures and the gleam of the assassin's blade. You hear the muffled moan, the splash, hurried footsteps—but to appreciate these books you must see them, look through them, and read them.

The millions of admirers of Dumas will hail with keen delight this, the *first* and absolutely the *only* complete and unabridged translation of this astonishing series. NONE OF THE EDITIONS OF DUMAS CONTAIN THESE STORIES; AND NO SET OF DUMAS IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THEM.

Fascinating Reading

The *New York Herald* when reviewing this work called it "Fascinating," and said: "Great crimes have played so large a part in history that one cannot obtain a knowledge of past times without the aid of such a book as this," and the *New York Times* calls it a "most important work."

The Man in the Iron Mask

One of the strangest and most mysterious crime is that of the Man in the Iron Mask. You will be enraptured with the wealth of facts brought to bear by Dumas upon the question of the identity of this man, whose secret was so important that after thirty-four years of imprisonment he was buried under a false name and age.

Strange and Mysterious Crimes

In other volumes you read the life-story of the beautiful but indiscreet Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, of her amours, barbarous imprisonment and murderous execution; of the outlawed king whose head, preserved in alcohol, was kept in a secret cupboard; of the silken cord of Queen Joanna of Naples; of Madame de Brinvilliers, the woman in the closed carriage; of the fate of Savonarola; of the massacres of the Huguenots, etc., etc.

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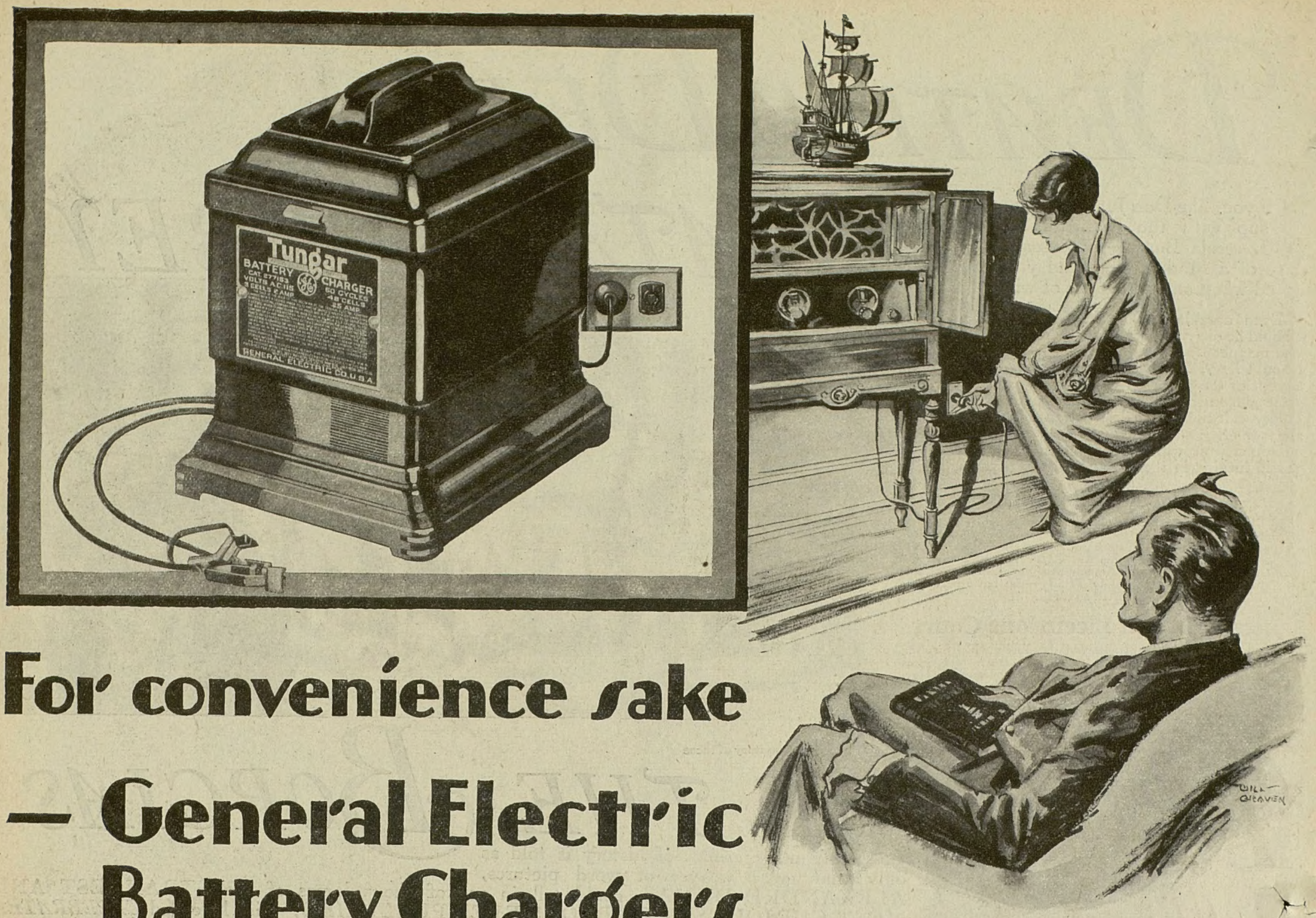

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

FOCH

On Peace and WAR

A Word for France and a Message to America from the Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies

An Authorized Interview

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

P. & A. photo
Marshal Ferdinand Foch, who commanded the Allied armies in the World War.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 10 seconds.)

"I DID not win the war. We all won the war. It was a common effort. It was a greater war than ten wars of the past. There was glory enough for ten generals, not to forget the common soldiers."

Marshal Foch thus modestly deprecated a statement of General Ludendorff giving him the credit for the victory of the Allies.

There was a kindly gleam in his eyes as he made this remark; but they were the eyes of an eagle. The suggestion of an old eagle is carried out by his gray hair.

The Marshal wore a simple civilian suit, black coat with gray striped trousers.

He stood up straight to greet me. He did not look his seventy-six years.

He is easy in his movements, slim rather than full in bodily habit. He looks unshrinkingly into the eyes of those who address him. The net impression of the man is one of clean-cut and cold efficiency.

In spite of obvious differences of type, Foch in some ways reminds me of Hindenburg. In spite of their constant quarrels, the French and the Germans have much in common that has clung to them from the day when they were one nation under Charlemagne.

Foch's headquarters are marked by no ostentation. His desk is adorned by no knick-knacks. A few pictures. A few maps of France, of Germany, of Europe. A barometer.

There are days when Foch feels like talking freely. These days occur when he is among friends and intimates. He is taciturn on duty. But when he cares to talk he imparts himself freely. He is swift to seize the point of anything said to him.

Marshal Foch is what we Americans call a nature lover. He can superintend the cultivation of the soil he owns, and he has done so with pecuniary profit. He can talk with the farmer about his crops and look at a herd of cattle with the eye of an expert.

"I am glad, Marshal Foch," I remarked, "that you are not as taciturn as your reputation. It is a pleasure to interview you."

"One of the penalties of being in my position," Foch replied, "is that every chance remark I make is quoted and requoted out of all recognition. I dare say I said the things attributed to me in general conversation, but I often meant them in quite another sense.

"Talk should be spontaneous. I think too much importance is attached to mere discretion, and I know from observation that silent men are not necessarily wisest. Sincerity is the main thing in conversation. Nobody likes a talker who does not ring true."

Marshal Foch replied freely and affably to all my questions. Then he scrutinized a questionnaire which I submitted to him. He replied to it casually at our first meeting. The second time I was privileged to meet him, he carefully dictated his answers to a gentleman who scrupulously wrote out his words in longhand.

"To what," I asked, "do you attribute the victory of the Allies?"

"The Allies, as I have repeatedly pointed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOCH ON PEACE AND WAR Continued from Page Nine]

out," the Marshal replied, "won the war because they knew best how to apply against Germany the principle of Napoleonic warfare. The Germans failed to apply the principles of Napoleonic warfare, but the efforts they made were creditable to them. Perhaps Napoleonic warfare is too Latin for a Teutonic mind to grasp."

"Have not the principles of warfare undergone a profound change since the days of Napoleon?" I interjected.

"No," the Marshal remarked; "no new art of war has superseded the old. Strategy is the same now as it was in Hannibal's day."

"You do not, then," I asked, "believe in new ideas?"

"I believe in new ideas; but, however new the idea, it must be no more than a new face upon the same old purpose. The fundamental idea should not change, if it be the true and sound idea; but it should take fresh forms and express itself through novelty in action. In this sense we may accept the adage: 'The more it changes the more it is the same.'

"War has never really changed since there were men on the earth to fight. And many other things have not changed, either. They seem to change. That is because the inexperienced believe that history began with their own arrival upon this planet. So it did—for them. But history is older and wiser than those who do not realize its importance.

"ONE mistake of young men is their failure to cultivate their seniors. Every young man should know well at least one old man to whom he can go when he wants the teachings of experience rather than mere sympathy.

"Youth," Foch continued, "has impetuosity. Age has experience crystallized into knowledge. I often dwell on these facts. Be our activity what it may—historical study, literature, poetry, fiction, sociology, the arts and sciences (including that of war)—no aspirant can compete without knowledge.

"By knowledge I have in mind a perfect acquaintance with the past of the specialty under consideration. One must be aware of what one's predecessors have done. Their achievements must be analyzed, discussed, reasoned out, as it were. The principles that guided them must be deduced.

"Mere knowledge, nevertheless," Foch went on to say, "does not imply the capacity to create in any field of human activity.

"Knowledge is at the disposal of any man who will seek it. All men have brains, but only a few ever use them!

"The power to create implies and requires gifts—intelligence, imagination, judgment, decision. Destitute of such capacities, the mind remains sterile. Moreover, these faculties or powers must be continually developed through an adequate control, a proper restraint. They must be subjected to proper criticism, to due processes of training—like the muscles of an athlete, which have to be brought out and invigorated if his contest is to bring him victory."

"Yet," I rejoined, "mere knowledge alone can hardly save the day when confronted by unprecedented situations such as the World War developed."

"No," Foch replied. "Knowledge, expertness, capacity, cannot be developed in a void. They would prove inadequate to supply the mind with any solution of its problems. These problems, in the course of any great experience, such as war or the battle of life, present themselves in conditions ever new and strange. Thus they overwhelm the strongest mind if it has not been equipped beforehand.

"The educated and developed man, whatever his knowledge and his power, is rendered impotent if he cannot act instantly in face of the obstacle ahead of him, however unexpected and unprecedented.

"Confronted by the emergency, a man can deal only at first hand with it. He must throw overboard the whole store of knowledge he has accumulated in the past and he must part with all prior theories! These things seem an encumbrance in the crisis. Yet without them he would be incapable of analysis and decision, ignorant of his own powers, incompetent to apply them.

"THIS preparation of the mind to deal with the unforeseen is the very thing we military men undertake in our own studies of campaigns. We deal with concrete instances. We make deductions from situations that have presented themselves to great soldiers in the past, but we apply the ideas they afford to conditions of our own time.

"All this comprises what I may call the grammar of the school of action. It will, if studied, enable a pupil to avoid blunders. It will not permit the student, however devoted, to rise to the height of a Corneille, of a Raphael, of a Beethoven, much less of a Napoleon."

"Do you," I ventured boldly, "agree with Napoleon that God is always on the side of the strongest artillery?"

International photo

Marshal Foch (left) and General Pershing inspecting an American cemetery at Suresnes, France.

Foch smiled.

"God," he said, "is always on the side of the big battalions, provided they are well armed, well instructed, endowed with moral power as well as material means, and with religion as a foundation."

"Has your religious faith been a help to you both as a man and as a soldier?"

"My religious faith," the Marshal replied simply, "has been a constituent element in my character, and hence it has entered into the part I have played as a man and as a soldier."

The presence and the power of God are factors immediate and practical to Foch. He is what the English call a man of prayer.

On one occasion there took place among his staff, and in the room devoted to receptions, a discussion of the personages of importance who would participate in an impending battle.

"You have not mentioned God," commented Foch at last. "He too will be there."

Foch believes firmly in the miracles of the Bible. He prays daily.

"War," he remarked, "brings home to all of us the practical importance of religion. I believe firmly in a divine Providence. In the hands of that divine Providence I and all men are instruments."

In that respect the supreme commander of the Allied forces agrees with William II.

Foch freely avows his belief that soldiers who know how to pray know how to fight. He cites the American soldier, Stonewall Jackson, as an instance.

"What," I questioned, "counts most in an army—the equipment, the soldiers, or the commander?"

"All these," Foch replied, "count a great deal, each in its place. It is obvious that an army ought to be well equipped and well commanded. Perhaps it would be best to dismiss the matter with the familiar maxim of Marshal Bugeaud: 'I prefer an army of sheep commanded by a lion to an army of lions commanded by a donkey.'"

Foch is well acquainted with his people. He has day laborers and street cleaners among his friends and he has eminent painters and great millionaires for companions.

Foch excels in the science of asking questions, and he listens with an exquisite patience.

A FRIEND once reminded Foch that he had seen many men, worked with many, estimated many. Had he deduced any rule for the judgment of men?

Foch replied that men vary. Their characters are in process of constant change. He had seen men of no moral worth changed into spiritual heroes by some great test of character. It is a great mistake, Foch said, to place any man in one category and say he will remain there. Cowards become brave, even atheists become religious, and the cold nature will warm into new life under the influence of a woman's love. The upshot of the whole matter, to him, is in the biblical admonition, "Judge not."

Character and capacity are under the influence of time and place, and he had seen the second-rate soldier become a first-rate one, and the bad man become a good one. Characters also are influenced by the other characters they encounter.

"Men are inspired to do their best by those who have faith in them," Foch says.

"Would you not say that will power is the most important ingredient in the character of a great commander? That it is not the last round of ammunition, but the last ounce of will power, that wins a war?"

"It is all very well," Foch replied, "to have a strong will; but the strongest will is of no use unless it teaches a man to use the right means and to adopt the proper methods. Will guided by intelligence—that is the thing."

To Foch the most important gift of a commander in chief is his capacity—when he has it—to estimate justly the ability of others.

"War," he has said, "presents us with the problem of peace in a more pressing form—the problem of the right men for the right places. Napoleon possessed this attribute in a preeminent degree—the secret of his success and, when he lost it, a factor that told at Waterloo.

"In his later years Napoleon seemed unable to pick the right men or else the right men were alienated from him. He blundered in keeping

a great soldier away from Waterloo. Thus Masséna was wrongly used and then neglected.

"What is needed most in peace as well as in war," the Marshal reiterated, in response to my question, "is the right man in the right place. France has been singularly felicitous in this respect. Whenever the emergency arose," he went on to say, "she always somehow found the right man, or, when mankind failed her, she found the right woman—Jeanne d'Arc!

"In the beginning of the war no one could have served France better than my greatest colleague, Marshal Joffre. Some leaders lack courage to retreat and they go forward to destruction. Joffre had the courage to retreat at the right moment. He was perhaps the only man in France who could retreat and still retain the confidence of the people and of Parliament. I said years ago that no battle is lost until it is believed lost. Marshal Joffre and experience have confirmed this idea to me.

"WHEN Joffre had completed his colossal task, another type of mind was needed.

"Joffre was followed for a few brief months by Nivelle, who, under a mistaken theory, sacrificed too many precious lives. Then, almost by magic, the right man leaped into place. I refer to Marshal Pétain. The army had lost, then produced its leader. Pétain had the confidence of the common soldier. He is the first doughboy of France!"

U. & U. photo

Marshal Joseph Joffre, who had courage enough to retreat.

It seems that some soldiers, disgusted with the useless slaughter, were marching back to Paris. They were met by Pétain.

"But you are marching in the wrong direction, my children," he said.

"We are tired of this carnage. We are going home," they replied.

"But I have been sent to lead you to the front. I am your new commander."

They stopped.

One by one, they regained confidence. One by one, they returned to duty.

Once more France was saved.

"And then?" I asked.

"Then," Foch remarked, "in its final phases the war became a matter of strategy. Strategy is the chief occupation of my life. Then my country was able to avail herself of my special services."

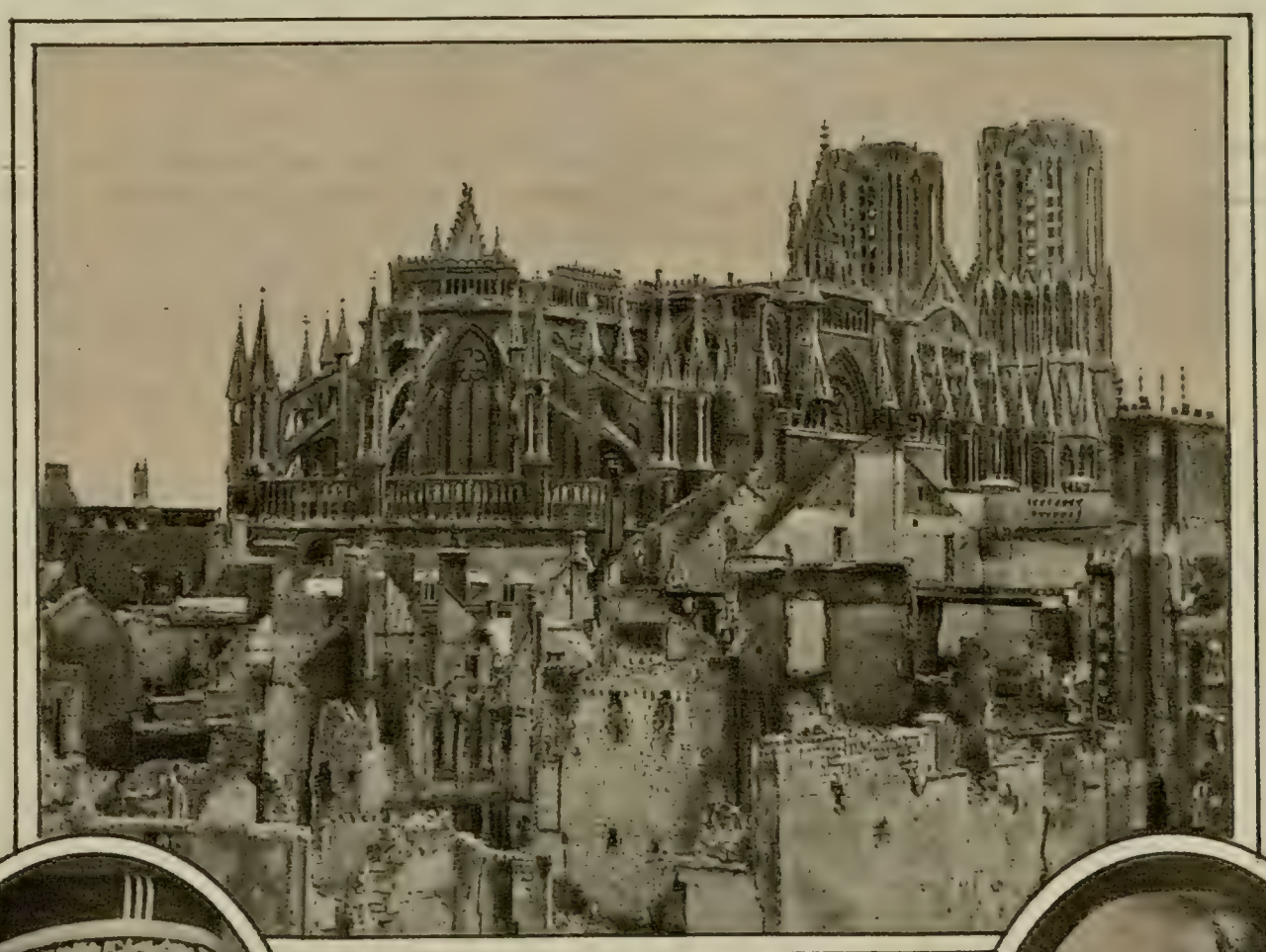
"What is your opinion of the German commanders with whom you fought during the war?"

"It is most difficult," the Marshal replied, "to pass judgment upon the men with whom one has fought, when one does not know the difficulties with which they themselves had to fight."

"But who," I insisted, "was your greatest opponent?"

"Incontestably, General Ludendorff. *Il sait son métier.* He knows his business. He always understood the art of attacking at a definite point. If more than one point was involved, there were some of his operations that I failed to understand. For example, when he hurled an army against Amiens in March, then another in April against Hazebrouck, St. Omer, and the northwest, and later in the summer an army on the Marne toward the south instead of concentrating his attacks in the same region, I was surprised, puzzled.

"Again," the Marshal continued, "at the moment of the retreat of the German armies, Ludendorff might have stopped at the Meuse as a line to fall back upon. He could have held it all winter. He did not try. Maybe there were political or other considerations of which I know nothing. He alone is in the position to explain these riddles."



The great cathedral at Reims, France, and surrounding houses after they had been shelled by the Germans.

"What," I continued, "do you think of General Pershing?"

"General Pershing," Marshal Foch replied with genuine animation, "always revealed himself as a chief of uprightness, of generosity, of devotion to duty, sacrificing all his personal views for the sake of the common cause. To this cause he always manifested absolute devotion.

"To say nothing of his knowledge of the art of war and speaking with no reservation whatever, I can affirm that he charged his whole army with his own spirit, his own valor, his own purpose—and this with unflinching tenacity in every crisis. In all personal contacts he was frank and reliable."

"Will you discuss all these questions in your memoirs, M. Marshal?" I asked. "I hear they are nearly completed—"

"I am writing about the events of the war in which I took part, but the work is far from being finished," Foch replied.

IT is an open secret that the Marshal's memoirs contain mention of delicate situations and that in order not to hurt any feelings he hesitates to authorize their publication.

"What is the object of your work?" I continued.

"Vindication of the truth as I have lived it," Foch replied. "If my work is effective, it is effective because I speak the truth."

"What lesson do you draw from the Great War?"

"The supreme lesson of the last war is comprised in the fact that a struggle between two great nations does not remain isolated in a corner of the world but extends promptly to all of it. It is fought on land and sea, in the air and beneath the waters. The foes are soon divided into two parties—one striving for the ideal of justice and of liberty, and the other for domination of the material interests of mankind."

"Do you think that the future will indorse this verdict?"

"When the historians of the future tell posterity what the World War was about, they will agree upon a cause that nobody who fought it ever suspected."

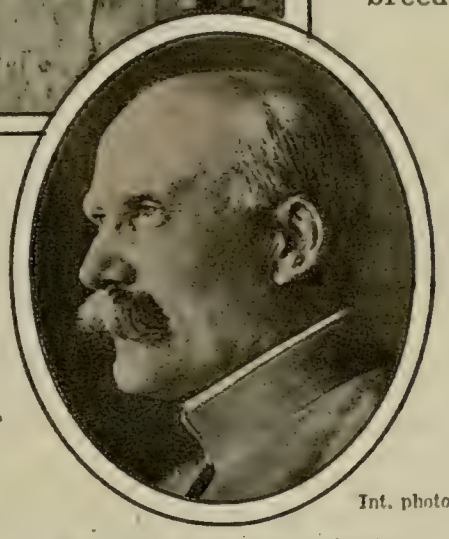
He smiled quizzically.

"What lesson can America draw from the Great War?" I asked.

"Henceforth," Foch replied, "an important war cannot break out in Europe without involving America."

"America," I ventured to remark, "realizing this danger, is suspicious of French militarism."

"French militarism," Marshal Foch replied, stressing every word to emphasize its importance — "French militarism does not exist. There is in France but one feeling. It is a determination to maintain the Frenchman's native land intact in peace, with no idea whatever of extending the frontiers in either direction. We are guarding our homes, and, if I may say so, our farms, our outlying possessions. Beyond that, we have no military ambition. Preparation for war does not breed, nor lack of preparation forestall, war."



Int. photo

Marshal Henri Pétain, "the first doughboy of France."

"France," I remarked, "disquiets the world because she is teaching a vast horde of African subjects how to shoot. Do you believe in a coming struggle between the white race and the colored races?"

"Not at all," was the Marshal's terse answer.

"How," I continued, treading on still more dangerous ground, "do you justify the continuation of the military occupation of Germany?"

"The military occupation of Germany," Marshal Foch sternly responded, "is a general guaranty of the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, which is still far from fulfillment."

"Do you think," I asked, "that the World War was the final war?"

"No one," Foch replied, "can determine the future. The last war, because of the sacrifices it cost, and because of the inevitable extension throughout the world of such a struggle between two great nations, and because of the horror with which it filled mankind, certainly removed all probability of a great war in the near future."

I summoned all my courage.

"Tell me, Marshal Foch," I remarked, "are you, the greatest soldier of your generation, a pacifist at heart, who believes in the sword only as the most potent guaranty of peace?"

It was a strange question to ask of the man who won the greatest war in the history of mankind. And yet, why not? The greatest of soldiers, Napoleon, did not love war for its own sake. The story of the last decade of his reign is a chronicle of his vain attempts to avoid war!

Foch looked at me silently.

"Are you," I repeated, "at heart a pacifist?"

Instantaneously came his answer. Like all Frenchmen, Foch has a flair for the epigram.

"A pacifist—*no*. But I am pacific. We in France are more pacific than any other people, be they who they may. We want a powerful sword only to safeguard peace and to defend, at all costs, liberty."

THE END

She Who Sleeps

A Modern Love Story of a Princess Out of the Past

A New Serial by

SAX ROHMER

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

BARRY was staring intently at the graceful figure in the papyrus which aroused such strange memories.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

IN the sudden brightness of a lightning flash Barry Cumberland caught a glimpse of a girl he could never forget.

He had left a comfortable country club to dash in his Rolls toward New York. His father, John Cumberland, had adopted ancient Egypt as a hobby and sinuous Egyptian women had looked down on Barry from paintings and reliefs since his childhood. Their mysterious lure was in his blood.

As he rushed along, a storm gathered overhead. He had lost his way, when—blinding, awesome—the lightning came . . . and he saw Her! High up on a balcony she stood—watching him. She wore a cloudy robe and a jeweled girdle.

"I am dreaming," he said aloud. "An Egyptian princess!"

Suddenly the wheel was wrenched from his grasp. He was aware of a cry—a sickening blow on the head. Next a nurse, a white room, and red roses. Instinctively he knew the roses were from Aunt Mickey, his father's sister, the widow of Count Colonna.

He learned that his car had struck a tree, and that a nameless man in a Studebaker had delivered him to the hospital and the Rolls to a garage.

Later, when strength had returned, he searched until he found the scene of his disaster—but no princess was there. An Amazon of the kitchen informed him that the house belonged to John Brown and slammed the door in his face. Barry took his troubles to his friend Jim Sakers.

PART TWO

"IN short," said Jim, "the princess may be described as still at large?"

"Shut up about 'the princess,'" Barry retorted. "At least I have found out that the woman didn't lie. The house actually belongs to someone called John Brown. The real-estate man said he had never seen him. And there is no Mrs. Brown and no Miss Brown."

"Odder and odder. Have you thought that she may have been the daily help bound for a fancy-dress orgy?"

"I have not."

"Well, think about it. *Sherlock Holmes* would have thought about it at once. Another theory: Mr. Brown may be a bootlegger! A third theory—"

"Go to blazes!" said Barry.

ONE afternoon he was driving home from the club from which he had been returning when the accident had occurred.

Again rain threatened; indeed, was only checked by a high wind. And, at a point in the road which seemed to be peculiarly familiar, he pulled up and sat staring.

A long-dormant memory awoke.

Through a rift in the driving clouds, sunlight poured suddenly upon a building halfway down the slope beneath—surrounded by high walls and having a curious turretlike structure at one corner!

Good heavens! It was *the* house—her house; and he had first seen it under very similar conditions on the evening of his crash! The clouds swept on, and shadow came where there had been light—just as had happened before. He had not dreamed it, after all.

Automatically he took out his case and lighted a cigarette, all the time watching the mystery house nestling there far below in its inclosing gardens. Once he glanced away. It was to see what prospect offered of sunlight again flooding that part of the landscape. Even as he looked back, the desired effect came about. Some quality in the atmosphere seemed to bring out details very sharply; and the result was that effected by a reducing glass. He saw the house as through the lens of a camera.

Abruptly he tossed his cigarette away, and watched—watched eagerly, fixedly.

A tiny but clear-cut figure in the distance. A girl moved in the walled garden!

She appeared to be gathering flowers. The shadow of a cloud crept across and across, until once more the picture was blotted out.

Barry's heart gave a great leap. At crazy speed he swept down the valley road, taking one keen bend on two tires. Of his going he afterward remembered nothing. For the second time he stepped upon the porch of "John Brown's" house and pressed the bell.

The place looked as it had looked before. All

the windows were shaded. There was dust on the porch. No one answered his repeated ringing.

In a state bordering upon stupefaction, he went to that side path which led to the garden. He found only a barred gate. Beyond, he could see the door where he had held his interview with the unrelenting caretaker. Today there was no rattling of pots and pans.

Back along the ill kept road he walked to the barrier, where, heedless of possible loss, he had left the Rolls.

What ailed him? Was he going mad? Was his interest in this house and its occupant due to frustrated curiosity? If so, did this fully explain his waking and sleeping dreams of a dark-eyed girl in a cloudy robe, watching him from a high balcony?

Barry was taking Aunt Micky to dine that evening at a restaurant on Forty-seventh Street which legitimately enjoyed the reputation of owning a good cellar. Jim Sakers was joining them, and bringing "Jack" Lorrimer, Barry's cousin. She was very pretty, having missed the Cumberland nose. Following dinner they were going to see the most improper play on Broadway. The event was in honor of Aunt Micky, who occasionally indulged in what she termed "a night of pure sin."

HAVING dressed, Barry was sitting smoking in the library when she came down. He had been studying the figure of a slender priestess from the temple at Dendera.

"Well, young Cumberland," came a deep female voice, "dreaming again?"

Barry turned—he was seated on the edge of the library table—and smiled at the speaker. Countess Colonna was a woman of medium height, sturdily built, and deep chested, as were all the Cumberlands. Her crisp gray hair was closely bobbed; her unflinching steel-gray eyes looked out from under thick dark eyebrows to tell the world that a dissolute husband had not crushed her spirit. She had been handsome in her youth. The Cumberland nose, in her, was not unattractive.

Her dress was somewhat masculine, consisting of a smart dinner jacket with white silk waistcoat—the latter cut moderately low; a short black skirt; black silk stockings and chic black shoes.

"Hello, Micky," he said. "All set?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"Surely," his aunt replied, lighting a very large cigarette and replacing the lighter in the pocket of her jacket.

"Splendid," replied Barry, laughing. "We shall make you a complete sinner yet."

"I aim to be," said Aunt Micky, "on my 'night.' The night over, there isn't a better citizen in the United States than Michael Colonna."

"There isn't a better sport in the world," added Barry affectionately.

As they came down the steps to the street:

"Hello!" said Barry. "Why have we got the big car?"

"John has taken the other," his aunt replied.

She wore a French cape, red-lined, with which, in the high wind, she was struggling valiantly.

"Where has he gone?" Barry asked, as Hemingway held open the door of the car.

"He is dining with the man Danbazzar," Aunt Micky answered, getting in.

"That means he's spending money," Barry mused, as he dropped down upon the seat beside her. "What is it this time? A scarab or half the side of a temple?"

"Can't say." His aunt shrugged her shoulders. "Don't like Danbazzar. Fascinating man, but don't like him."

"Oddly enough, I have never met him," Barry said. "But I know he has done business with Dad for years."

PRESENTLY the car pulled up before an ordinary-looking chophouse and Barry jumped out, helping Aunt Mickey to alight. She stared in through the open windows.

"Hardly Ritzy," she commented. "Sin leads our footsteps into strange bypaths."

A very gentlemanly Irishman conducted them to their table.

"Haven't my friends arrived, Pat?" Barry inquired.

"No, Mr. Cumberland. But you are early."

Barry glanced at his watch.

"You are right," he agreed. "What about a special cocktail? It is clearly indicated tonight."

"Then let it be brought," said Aunt Micky.

The cocktails had just been served, and Barry was studying the menu, when Jim appeared in the open doorway with a pretty girl wearing a very modern dance frock: a fragment of silvery gauze.

Barry stood up, waving, and Aunt Micky shaded her eyes with her hand, a mannerism indicating disapproval.

"H'm," she murmured. "Barry, the girl's nude!"

"Shut up, Micky!" said her embarrassed nephew. "Hello, Jack! Hello, Jim! They are bringing your cocktails."

When everyone was seated, Aunt Micky shaded her eyes again, surveying Jack, from bobbed nut-brown hair downward to the table edge.

"Are you liking my frock," the girl asked, "or hating it?"

"Neither," was the reply. "I am looking for it."

Jim applauded softly, and Jack turned to Barry for sympathy, leaning forward so that two curly heads were very close together.

"Do *you* see anything wrong with me?" she pleaded.

Jim watched in tragic disapproval, then rested his hand upon Aunt Micky's shoulder.

"Look at them!" he said. "Admired, self-satisfied—pink and white. Micky! We brunettes must hang together!"

The dinner turned out a great success, but the notorious play bored Aunt Micky.

"I am going home to read in bed," she declared, as they waited outside the theater for the car. "I shall read The Sorrows of Satan, by Marie Corelli."

They dropped her at the Cumberland town house, an old-fashioned mansion in one of those sections of the big city where a few historic families still linger. A tired-looking person was smoking a slightly used cigar and supporting the iron post which decorated a neighboring corner. As the door closed and Barry came down to re-enter the car, the weary man saluted him.

"Bloated capitalist," Jim murmured; "living in constant terror of the honest but starving burglar. Your wretched treasures guarded night and day by detectives—"

"Yes," said Barry, laughing, and directing Hemingway through the tube. "It seems funny to me. Because I can't imagine the most hard-working burglar staggering away with a couple of hundredweights of granite sphinx on his back."

The car threaded its way through to Fifth Avenue, and, at the very moment of its turning into that thoroughfare sacred to prohibitive prices, a traffic signal checked them. A French limousine shot past ahead—its occupants clearly visible. They were two; and as the man was seated on the off side, Barry had never a glimpse of his features. But the girl wore a curious black veil, of a fashion neither Oriental nor Spanish.

She had apparently just raised it, but dropped it again swiftly on seeing another car so near. Yet she failed to veil quickly enough to prevent Barry obtaining a glimpse of her face. He uttered a loud cry. To the astonishment of his friends—even Jim was silenced—he wrenched open the door and leaped out into the street.

He ran three or four paces and stood there like a madman, right in the traffic fairway, glaring after the retreating car! Its number was indistinguishable. He turned, staring back at Hemingway, who was regarding him with deep concern.

"Am I really going mad?" he muttered.

The girl in the car was the girl of the balcony!

II

THE abstracted mood of Barry during the remainder of the evening was too noticeable to pass without comment. His dance partner, Naomi, a girl friend of Jack's, grew very petulant, until Jack was really sorry for her. This wouldn't have mattered, but she showed it. Whereupon Naomi became furious.

Barry knew that he would not lack successors, however, for a lot of their crowd were there and Naomi was what Jim termed "a star looker." Accordingly Barry excused himself early on some imaginary pretext and started for home. He had let Hemingway go, and he taxied back. He longed for the solitude of his own room; for reflection.

He wanted to argue this thing out with himself once and for all. He wanted to know if he had been purposely mystified by the occupants of the hillside house, or whether he was succumbing to a delusion. The family physician had warned him that he must on no account overtax his brain for at least a year to come. Had it been a covert intimation that he was threatened with insanity?

The detective on duty at the corner saluted him again as he discharged the taxi.

As he was passing the library, he heard voices: one of them unmistakable, the other deep, resonant—equally unfamiliar.

John Cumberland as a rule retired early; and Barry paused, wondering who this late visitor might be. Curious, he rapped, and opened the door of the long, rectangular room lined with relics of that wonderful civilization which flourished under the Pharaohs. Its very atmosphere was reminiscent of the Nile land, of the indescribable smell of Egypt.

His father was seated in the big armchair, looking up at a wall painting from Medînet Habu. Facing him, and seated on a corner of the library table, was a man of arresting appearance. He was in dinner kit, but, in lieu of the more regular black bow, displayed a stock. His hair, brushed back from a fine brow, was silver gray; his head leonine; the pale, chiseled features were of Moorish severity. He wore a short mustache and a small tuft beneath his lower lip, of that kind once known as an imperial. He was built massively, imposingly. His eyes, which at Barry's entrance had turned in the direction of the door, were light brown, and, in their piercing regard, resembled the eyes of an animal. He stood up, revealing his height, which Barry estimated to be over six feet.

"Hello, Barry!" said John Cumberland. "Glad you looked in. I should like you to meet Mr. Danbazzar."

BARRY excused himself on some imaginary pretext and started for home.

DANBAZZAR raised his hand in a slow, majestic movement, and:

"I am delighted to meet Mr. Barry Cumberland," he replied, and his voice possessed a deep, organ note. "But you forget, Mr. Cumberland"—turning to the older man—"that I lay no claim to the title of Mister. I am merely Danbazzar."

He came forward, extending his hand.

"Mr. Barry Cumberland, I hope you and I will be friends, as your father and I have been for many years."

Half attracted, half repelled, Barry took the extended hand—and experienced a mighty grip, which greatly reassured him. He smiled.

"You can be sure of it, Mr.—I beg your par-

Naomi was what Jim termed "a star looker."

don—Danbazzar," he returned. "I heard voices. That was why I came in."

Danbazzar inclined his head graciously and placed a chair.

"Perhaps you would like to sit here?" he said. "We are discussing a matter upon which I think your father would welcome your views."

Barry sat down, and:

"Is that so, Dad?" he asked. "What's the big argument?"

"There's no argument, Barry," was the reply; "there isn't room for any. It's a proposition, and it's up to me to say yes or no."

Danbazzar resumed his seat.

He had an odd trick of tensing and then relaxing his lips. He did it now, looking from the older to the younger man.

BARRY, his mind full of his own affairs, settled down rather reluctantly to listen.

"I am afraid this is going to be right over my head," he confessed. "But it's bound to be interesting, so fire away. What is it all about?"

John Cumberland smiled.

"It's a deal in Egyptian antiquities, Barry—as no doubt you surmise. But in a new kind of antiquity—different from any Danbazzar has ever offered me before; different in every way."

"You are right," boomed the deep voice. "No such proposition has been made to any living man, I should guess, since the days of Rameses the Ninth."

Danbazzar imparted a quality of awe to this extraordinary statement which was not without its effect upon Barry. He found himself studying the large, well shaped hand holding a lighted cigarette, and discovered a curious fascination in a little scarab ring on the fourth finger.

The man was reputed to be the agent of an individual or a syndicate in Egypt, and it was rumored that his activities had more than once attracted official attention. Certainly, he had been the medium through which many rare antiquities had reached collections of wealthy connoisseurs and, indeed, more than one public institution.

John Cumberland's museum had been enriched by not a few items obtained in this way. And, since the export of such antiques was contrary to the laws of the Egyptian government, and their importation subject to a heavy tax by that of the United States, it was only reasonable to suppose that Danbazzar was a smuggler. But he was master of his subject; a fact to which the names of his patrons testified. His nationality was unknown.

"Barry," John Cumberland began, "I have been given first refusal of a proposition which, if it matures, will win me a place among the *real* Egyptologists; let me in on the ground floor, in fact."

Danbazzar raised his hand.

"One moment, Mr. Cumberland," he interrupted, and turned to Barry, fixing upon him a penetrating glance. "You quite understand that what you are about to hear must not be mentioned in any shape or form to anyone now outside this room?"

"Quite," said Barry, almost startled by the intensity of the speaker's gaze. "You may rely upon me."

He felt, suddenly, that he stood upon the verge of something momentous. The shadow of ancient Egypt at last was reaching out to touch him.

"I have seen a papyrus tonight, Barry," John Cumberland went on, "which even my limited study of the subject"—he acknowledged with a smile Danbazzar's gesture of denial—"shows me to be unique. You shall see it presently, if you wish—that is, with my friend's consent."

Consent was given in a courteous gesture.

"The discovery of the Rosetta Stone itself will almost be dwarfed by the publication of the Danbazzar Papyrus—"

"Mr. Cumberland," Danbazzar's voice broke in imperiously, "you have heard my proposition, with all its conditions. If you accept them, the papyrus shall be known as the Cumberland Papyrus. Upon this I insist. It is no more than your due. By your efforts its authenticity must be established."

"A minor point," John Cumberland assured him. "My share will be that of a backer. You are the discoverer."

"Not of the sarcophagus," was the reply. "This has yet to be discovered, and can only be discovered by your help."

"Tremendously thrilling!" said Barry, standing up restlessly and lighting a fresh cigarette; "but, as I expected, right over my head. Does it mean a job of exploration, or something?"

"It does," said his father, looking at him.

"Might I take a peep at this papyrus?"

Danbazzar bowed gravely, and from the other side of the library table took up a large portfolio having double locks. He opened it carefully and spread out a stained fragment, some three feet in length, part of which was clearly missing, and other parts of which were defaced by curious stains. It bore rows of figures of a type quite familiar to Barry, but nevertheless meaningless, and some of the coloring retained much of its original freshness.

It seemed to deal with the inevitable subject of burial; but upon one figure, perfectly preserved, he fastened his gaze as if hypnotized. It was that of a slender girl, more delicately drawn than any he ever remembered to have seen. But that which held him enthralled was the resemblance, the uncanny resemblance, of this figure to the girl of the balcony.

Allowing for the conventional methods of the ancient artist, it might have been her portrait!

HE heard Danbazzar speaking.

"My own translation is here," he was saying, indicating a manuscript which he held in his hand. "I have asked your father to have it checked by any two authorities he may select. But the theory which I have based upon this is the point which will interest you."

Barry looked up.

"What *is* the theory?" he asked.

"The theory is," Danbazzar replied, "that unless some unforeseen accident occurs, or has already occurred, we shall shortly be in a position to learn some of the secrets of ancient Egypt from the lips of one who lived there!"

Danbazzar took up a position before the man-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Fifteen]

telpiece. Barry could not help thinking that the background suited the figure. The man had the majestic presence of a Pharaoh.

He spoke slowly and impressively, emphasizing his statements with graceful and unfamiliar gestures.

"Five years ago, when I was paying one of my periodical visits to Egypt, I discovered"—he pointed—"this papyrus. I won't bore you with particulars of how it came into my possession, as Mr. John Cumberland has these already. I recognized it to be genuine, and immediately set to work to decipher it. I tried to restore, as far as possible, those parts which had become defaced.

"A first glance had shown me that it was not the ordinary ritual buried with most mummies. A very short study proved that it was unique—unique in every way, and that it dated from the latter part of the reign of Seti the First; from a time when the art of mummifying human bodies had reached a very high state of perfection."

He bent forward and laid a long finger upon the papyrus. "From here to the end, where it is torn, it covers a period of some two hundred and eighty years. It bears the signatures of six generations of priests.

"The first and shorter part, written toward the end of Seti's reign, if I'm not mistaken, states that, in accordance with the wishes of a certain learned high priest of the Temple of Amen Ra at Thebes and with the consent of Pharaoh, an attempt was made to prove that human life could be preserved indefinitely under peculiar conditions—"

"What!" Barry exclaimed. "That a living person could be mummified and remain alive?"

"This priest," Danbazzar replied, "referred to in the papyrus, believed that he had perfected a process of accomplishing this. To tell coming ages of the greatness of Seti the First, a *living witness* should be left behind. This is stated at the beginning of the papyrus, which then goes on to relate that a beautiful captive, attached to the person of the Queen, was selected for this high honor."

DANBAZZAR paused and smiled slightly.

"As it is stated that she was of great beauty and bodily perfection, it is just possible that an element of jealousy entered into this selection. She is referred to in the writing as Zalithea, a princess of Unu, taken captive in the wars of Seti. She possibly came from the neighborhood of Cyprus.

"Now"—he paused, raising his finger—"the nature of the process by which this suspension of life was induced, and that by which it was to be ended, or the subject awakened, is not mentioned.

"This papyrus"—he lowered his finger and pointed again—"is no more than a brief statement of the fact that, in accordance with the wishes of Pharaoh, Princess Zalithea was selected for this high honor and laid in a certain tomb under the guardianship of a group of priests appointed as custodians.

"The second part of the papyrus roughly covers the reigns of seven kings. Here"—Danbazzar stepped forward to the table—"we move from somewhere around 1365 up to somewhere about 1200 B. C. It was the duty of the priests, to which they were sworn, to examine the sleeping Zalithea at certain periods, which I estimate to have been fifty years apart."

"You mean, to awaken her?" Barry demanded.

"Surely!" said Danbazzar. "They were intrusted with a certain formula by means of which, in the belief of its inventor, the sleeping woman could be aroused from her trance. It was their duty at specific dates to record the results. Here we have five such records—covering a period of some two hundred and fifty years, as I estimate. The last states, and is attested by three witnesses, priests of the temple, that at the time of its writing *the Princess Zalithea was still living!*"

"Good God!" Barry exclaimed. "It simply isn't credible! There must be some mistake!"

"You are entitled to suppose so," Danbazzar admitted. "It was because I supposed so myself that I allowed several years to elapse before making the proposition which I have made tonight to your father. During those years, a trusted agent of mine in Egypt, working upon such information as I could give him, had been searching—secretly, of course—for the tomb of Zalithea!"

The girl in the car was the girl of the balcony!

"Do you mean that he found it?" Barry demanded amazedly.

"He found it!" Danbazzar replied. "There *is* such a tomb! I worked on it all last winter. I opened a way in—and I found myself checked by a great stone portcullis. I had no permit to dig. But I've explained my system to your father. I'd hoped to go back this season; but funds won't allow. It's going to be ruinously expensive to complete that excavation. But the man who *does* complete it will make a name for himself."

"If," John Cumberland went on, "she remained alive for three hundred years, Barry—why not for three thousand?"

"But, Dad," said Barry, "this is raving lunacy!"

He was staring intently at the graceful figure in the papyrus which aroused such strange memories. And now, turning to Danbazzar, and resting his finger upon that part of the record:

"What does this mean?" he asked. "Is it a symbol?"

"No," was the reply. "You will notice, on the right of the figure, what looks like a cartouche. I have been unable to identify it, though. Translated, it means, 'She who sleeps but who will awake.' For this reason I take the figure to be a portrait of the Princess Zalithea."

III

"THE last time the man Danbazzar was about," said Countess Colonna, "the result was that a motor lorry and ten men arrived. The front doors were taken off their hinges and a stone figure as big as the Statue of Liberty was carried into the library."

"I don't think it will happen this time, Micky," Barry assured her.

"I haven't met the sportsman," said Jim Sakers, "but I am going to crash in to the University Club tonight and look him over keenly. If I don't approve, Barry, I shan't hesitate to advise you to drop him."

"It occurs to me, young Sakers," Aunt Micky broke in, "that you and I are being deliberately kept in the dark about this thing. Young Cumberland here has a secret eye. It's his left!"

Barry laughed.

"You hit the nail on the head, Micky," he admitted. "Danbazzar has come across with a proposal about which I have promised to say nothing. Tonight I shall know more about it. Dad has invited him to join us at the University Club with Dr. Rittenburg of the Smithsonian, Horace Pain, the big Oriental man, and Dad's old friend, Dr. Blackwell of Yale."

"What a wild party!" Jim commented.

"After dinner," Barry went on, "we are going on to Danbazzar's place."

"You can't delude me!" cried Jim scornfully. "I can see Dr. Rittenburg and Professor Blackwell dancing far into the small hours of the morning in some small but costly cabaret. I can see you all, haggard-eyed, flushed with wine, a really shocking six, taking breakfast at Child's on Fifth Avenue as the morning sun peeps in upon the end of your debauch. Barry, I'm sorry, but you are making the pace too fast."

BARRY'S father had never before so taken him into his confidence in regard to this hobby of his life, and under different circumstances he would certainly have come prepared to be bored. As it chanced, the company proved to be so amusing at dinner that he was amazed to find how quickly the time passed.

Horace Pain, the celebrated Orientalist, was all that Barry had expected of him: a dry, slow-spoken scholar, whose only enthusiasm was for his subject. But Dr. Rittenburg proved to be a comedian who would have rejoiced Jim's heart.

He was a round little man—a study in curves. His red face was round, his bald head was round—and he wore very round glasses. He and Professor Blackwell succeeded in keeping the party in a state of continuous laughter; for Professor Blackwell, tall, gaunt, and saturnine, had a fund of wit, as Barry knew, which seemed to be inexhaustible.

Danbazzar, too, was a delightful companion. The real purpose of the meeting was not touched upon, however, until the party had adjourned to the library of the club. Here, as they took their seats in an alcove, Barry observed Jim Sakers. Faithful to his promise, he had "crashed in."

With an exaggerated air of secrecy based upon the Charlie Chaplin tradition, he crept around the gallery above, turning his back swiftly whenever one of the party looked up, and apparently searching for some book which he always failed to find. Crouching low behind the rails, so that only the top of his head and his eyes were visible, he peered down intently.

As the party quitted the club and got into John Cumberland's big car, which waited outside, Jim, his face buried in an evening paper, hat brim pulled down over scowling features, stood beside the steps, watching intently.

Danbazzar's apartment proved to be situated amid some of the loudest noises of New York, but high above them all, on the roof. It was virtually a bungalow from the porch of which one stepped into a sort of Japanese garden with flowering vines and tortuous, spiny cacti.

A large pond was approached through a loggia and peopled by golden carp. From little arbors around the wall one might look down upon a muted New York.

An Arab servant, who apparently knew not one word of English, attended upon the guests; and presently they entered a large, low room, in which the famed collection was housed.

Here Barry had a shock. The value of the statuettes, vases, mummies, caskets, items of jewelry, and other nameless relics of Egypt, he could not dispute. But, instead of being formally lined up in wall cases and cabinets, they were littered about the place in the utmost confusion.

Danbazzar cleared a space upon a large table and set out the papyrus.

"Now, gentlemen," he said in his courtly manner, "let us get to the business of the evening. I have given you, Dr. Rittenburg, and you, Mr. Pain, an opportunity of examining and testing this piece of writing. I await your opinion."

Expert opinion on the papyrus and on Danbazzar's next revelation left Barry in a state of excitement—ready for the most important move in his life. Watch for next week's installment.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

A GENERAL AND STARTLING DECREASE IN FOOD CONSUMPTION throughout the world in the last quarter-century is noted by the National Industrial Conference Board. Our self-explanatory chart shows what 340,000,000 women in the Americas, Europe, and Australia consumed at the beginning and end of this period.

COMFORTABLE PADDED CELL in private sanatorium, fitted out for the benefit of those suffering breakdowns after attempts to write with white ink in snapshot albums.

ALFRED MUGGINS, ESQ., photographed on his estate in Dorset. Mr. Muggins amassed a large fortune renting his Cockney accent to bootleggers for use in telephonic messages beginning: " 'Alleow—Hi'm one o' the stewards off the Majestania. . . ."

WHY THERE HASN'T BEEN SO MUCH ABOUT THE PROGRESS OF FASCISM in the papers lately. A reconstruction, based on the vast number of portraits of Mussolini published in the Sunday papers, of how the Duce must be spending 90 per cent of his time these days.

A Blonde ORCHID

Ruth Taylor Slays Them as Lorelei in the Screen Version of What Gentlemen Prefer

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

WHEN Anita Loos wrote her epic of gold digging, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, she launched a vogue only slightly behind current fashions established by Rudolph Valentino, Irene Castle, and prohibition—and comparable to the rages for mah jong and Michael Arlen.

The screen producers of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, the Famous Players, were up against a stiff task. It was pretty near a foregone conclusion that people would not like the film version as much as Miss Loos' gorgeous story. The ultimate results of other literary efforts that have passed through the Hollywood mill had destroyed any general optimism.

Forget your fears. The celluloid presentation of *Lorelei Lee* has all the tang of Miss Loos' original, probably because the authoress herself officiated at the selection of the cast, at the cutting, and at the editing. Miss Loos, despite her four feet eleven, stands head and shoulders above any scenarist in all filmdom.

The happy selection of an unknown, Ruth Lee Taylor, makes the screen panorama of *Lorelei's* progress from prairie flower to Ritz orchid an easy one to watch. The choice of Miss Taylor pardons a thousand Hollywood mistakes.

Miss Taylor is *Lorelei*, blonde and preferred, exactly as Miss Loos had her reveal herself in her unforgettable diary. She is the girl who climbed from an Arkansas town to become the bride of a millionaire reformer, studding the way of her education with diamond bracelets, heart flutters, and sundry gifts of platinum and precious stones. *Lorelei's* devastating cherubic baby stare never fails.

The film is a delight. Miss Taylor hails from that seminary of the screen, the Mack Sennett school. She was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1907, and is a graduate of the Lincoln High School of Portland, Oregon. Miss Taylor reached Hollywood with her mother in 1924.

After a season in Sennett comedies, Ruth decided to try for big dramatic rôles. For months she failed to get a job. Then Famous Players began a quest for a *Lorelei Lee* that ended with the selection of Miss Taylor.

Incidentally, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes has an expert and Sennettish cast, with Ford Sterling as *Gus Eisman*, the Chicago button king, and Mack Swain as that passionate pilgrim, the parsimonious *Francis Beekman*.

Sequels seldom are successful. When Wings hit the box office with a crash, Famous Players decided to do a companion picture. I doubt that this successor, The Legion of the Condemned, will ever score as did Wings.

FAY WRAY and Gary Cooper in a scene from The Legion of the Condemned, a sequel to Wings.

Ruth Taylor as the adorable Lorelei *of the screen.*

The Legion is a flying escadrille of young men who have incurred the frowns of blondes and policemen. It is a sort of aërial Foreign Legion of youths who want to die in order to forget. The bravado is laid on with the conventional hokum steam shovel. These lads retire to their favorite drinking resort, build tiny coffins on their tables, put candles at the four corners, and have general orgies of self-pity.

Maybe daredevil aviators acted like this. Maybe Allied bird men transported spies back of the German lines. Here the big situation comes when the Germans capture the beautiful little spy and tie her to a post in an open field, in order to bring down her lover aviator.

Gary Cooper and Fay Wray, who are just now being touted as the ideal team personifying young screen romance, play the sky raider and his sweetheart, the flapper spy. The best acting of the film, however, is done by Barry Norton as a young aviator who faces the German firing squad. Remember Norton as the mother's boy of What Price Glory?

Miss Wray, like Miss Taylor, is another shadow newcomer. She is exactly Ruth Taylor's age. Miss Wray was born in a little town near Alberta, Canada, and, like the film *Lorelei Lee*, she bought a one-way ticket to Hollywood in 1924. For a time she was a Hal Roach bathing girl. In the same squad were Janet Gaynor and Olive Borden.

Then Eric von Stroheim started plans for The Wedding March. He wanted Mary Philbin, but the Universal actress could not be borrowed. So Von Stroheim began a search for a girl who looked like Miss Philbin.

Fay Wray applied and got the job of *Mitzi* in The Wedding March. She next landed the rôle of the Salvation Army girl in The Street of Sin, opposite Emil Jannings. Neither of these pictures has yet been released.

Do you know that—

Ernst Lubitsch is to direct John Barrymore in The Last of Mrs. Cheney? . . . Jack Holt is back at Paramount again? . . . Tom Mix is leaving Fox Pictures to go to the Argentine? . . . There he will make several pampas thrillers for a South American company?

Vegetable Soups
by Campbell's famous chefs

They help to meet your problem of what to serve during Lent

These four Campbell's Soups, blending as they do the valuable vegetable foods with nourishing country butter, are naturally great favorites for Lenten use. Strict vegetarians find in them also soups that exactly meet their requirements.

In many homes, these soups are regular selections for the Friday meals. But it is of course, for the general family menus at all times, and for the children, that these soups enjoy their greatest popularity.

CELERY! Peas! Tomatoes! Asparagus! Nature stores them full of her richest treasures. She gives them delicious flavors to tempt the appetite, valuable mineral salts to build bone and muscle, and other nutrients for abounding health.

And Campbell's have captured these in soups delighting the sense of taste and bringing to the family dining table those wholesome vegetable foods which dietitians are advising us so strongly to eat.

In Campbell's Celery Soup the finest of snow-white, crisp celery is used. With this is blended golden butter and delicate seasoning by Campbell's famous French chefs.

CAMPBELL'S Pea Soup is rapidly teaching to the housewives of America a lesson learned from Europe. On the Continent, pea soup is a staple article of the family diet.

American women are realizing the splendid food value of pea soup. There is real, body-building nutriment in Campbell's Pea Soup. Sweet, dainty little peas are blended in a smooth, rich puree.

This is further enriched with nourishing country butter, and the deft seasoning perfects the flavor. Not only is this an ideal family soup, but the hostess finds it a most attractive dish when she entertains.

AND, of course, in planning the daily meals, you will frequently choose Campbell's Tomato Soup to brighten your table. It never fails of a welcome. To the appetite it has an appeal all its own.

Remember that this is the best-known, best-liked soup in the world. There is a tonic refreshment in it which seems even more delightful each time it is eaten. It is a soup you like to "come back to", again and again.

Ripe, luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. Picked at their delicious best. Washed five times in pure running water. Just the tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" are used, strained to a puree, through colanders with mesh as fine as pin-points.

Made richer still by the addition of nourishing butter. Seasoned to bring out the most tempting flavor. Blended and cooked in spotless tureens of solid nickel. A masterpiece!

CAMPBELL'S Asparagus Soup captures the unique charm and flavor of this popular garden delicacy. Tender, young shoots of selected asparagus are blended with choice butter. The soup is garnished with dainty asparagus tips and seasoned to a nicety—one of the real treats of the dining table.

Quality! The strictest housewives in the land are proud to serve Campbell's Soups. And they are so *convenient*. You simply add an equal quantity of water, allow to simmer a few minutes and then the soup—hot and savory and invigorating—is ready for your table.

Extra nourishing Cream Soups are easily prepared from Campbell's Celery, Pea, Tomato or Asparagus Soups. You just add milk, cream, or evaporated milk, instead of water, according to the simple directions on the label.

CAMPBELL'S kitchens provide a complete daily household service. Every Campbell's label lists all of the twenty-one different Campbell's Soups. Read it today, make a varied selection and order from your grocer. Include some kinds "new" to your family. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

This beautiful painting is an interpretation of the original masterpiece by Gustav Tenggren. © 1926—L., G. Co.

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Patchouli and Billiards

A Story for Patient Husbands

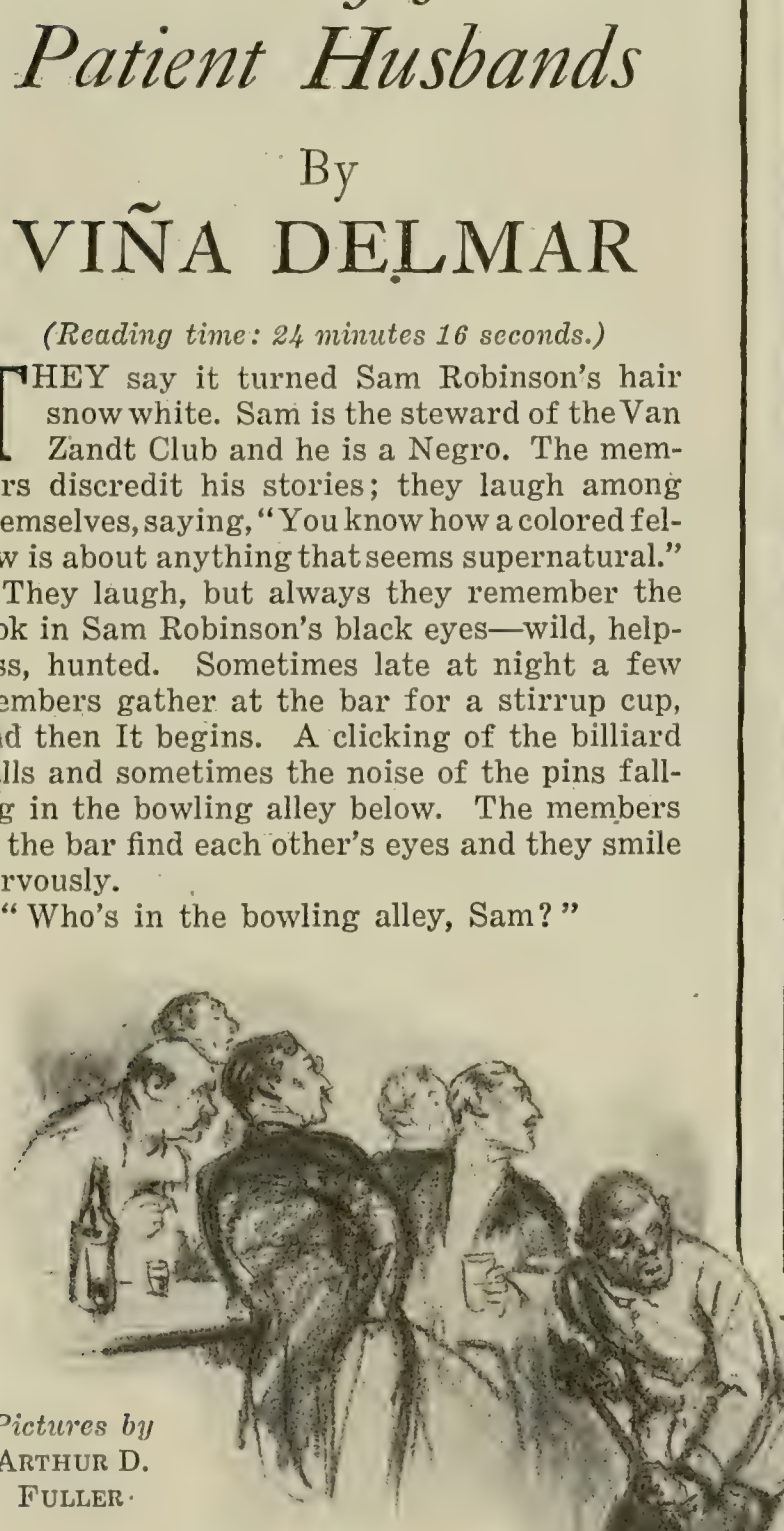
By
VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 24 minutes 16 seconds.)

THEY say it turned Sam Robinson's hair snow white. Sam is the steward of the Van Zandt Club and he is a Negro. The members discredit his stories; they laugh among themselves, saying, "You know how a colored fellow is about anything that seems supernatural."

They laugh, but always they remember the look in Sam Robinson's black eyes—wild, helpless, hunted. Sometimes late at night a few members gather at the bar for a stirrup cup, and then It begins. A clicking of the billiard balls and sometimes the noise of the pins falling in the bowling alley below. The members at the bar find each other's eyes and they smile nervously.

"Who's in the bowling alley, Sam?"



Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

"The bowling alley is closed for the night, Mr. Bridges. Ain't nothing human down there rolling them balls around."

Sam Robinson trembles as he speaks and his eyes wear a tortured look. The members never laugh at these moments. They listen and look very grave. Sam sometimes makes a rush for the billiard room. He finds silence and perfect order there. Nothing. And a few minutes later the clicking of the ivory balls against each other is plainly heard again by the lingering members.

"It has a perfectly human explanation, of course," Harry Stone used to say. "Imperceptible movements of the earth cause the billiard balls to knock together and something else just as commonplace causes the illusion of a bowling game in progress."

The members of the club get their hats and drift homeward. But Sam Robinson has to sleep there. They say that he is resigning.

Once it was this Harry Stone who ran up the stairs to the billiard room. The clicking of the balls ceased as he ran and he says that with terrifying certainty he heard a billiard cue being replaced in the rack. He burst into the room. The quietness of it mocked him. Empty. A practical joker would have had to pass him on the way out. The room was undoubtedly empty. Imperceptible movements of the earth, perhaps, but then again—

With a lightning gesture she flung one slim arm around Howard's neck.

Harry Stone did not go back to the bar, nor has he ever returned again to the house in which the Van Zandt Club makes its home.

Of course most of us today are hard-headed skeptics. We don't become unnerved at things like this. We know that Stone's first opinion was the correct one—surely these strange occurrences are governed by something sane and commonplace. I just mentioned the episode of the ghostly billiard game to illustrate how easily and foolishly an even-thinking man can become alarmed. What I really started out to do was to tell the story of Howard Shields.

HOWARD SHIELDS lived in a brownstone house. It was a large house and beautifully furnished in the dark red motif found in all brownstone houses during the administration of Benjamin Harrison. There were heavy plush portières, and chairs that ranged from ones of huge bulk to those of spindle-legged, gold frailty.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your Beauty In the Morning

LOOK at your skin first thing in the morning. See it, as it really is, without "makeup" or powder to hide the defects. Perhaps you may notice the soft smoothness you once knew is giving place to a dull, ordinary appearance with indications of wrinkles and flabbiness. Or, your complexion may be slowly acquiring that listless, parched look that tells of neglect or ill-advised attention.

Now is the time to realize that you must give serious thought to your appearance. We wish you could read the thousands of letters we receive from grateful women telling us how much Gouraud's Oriental Cream means to their skin and complexion. How the pure, soft alluring beauty it renders instantly has added years of youth to their appearance.

A Gouraud's Oriental Cream complexion remains unaltered throughout the day without rubbing off, streaking or spotting and still with an effect that is of far greater beauty than you could obtain through face powders. Start its use today. It will beautify, preserve and protect your appearance over the years to come. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

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[PATCHOULI AND BILLIARDS Continued from Page Twenty-one]

The curtains hung stiff and sober at the windows. Thick lace. Often Howard Shields wondered why they were lace at all. So much did they lack the delicate beauty one expects of lace that they might as well have been homespun.

Thick lace hanging pompously, exuding a faint odor of the storeroom, and wearing forever the sad, reproving expression of the mortician who says, "Ah, me, who knows? Perhaps my unhappy duty will next call me to attend to you."

The rug was of deep red, and even the gay, thoughtless steps of a child would have been silenced and rebuked by the heaviness of the pile. To walk upon the rug was to automatically lower one's voice. One looked at the pictures in their wide, filigreed gold frames, at the bronze pitcher on the table, at the marble mantelshelf, and wondered what it would be like to shout in this house.

Howard Shields often wondered, but he never shouted. Once he had tried, but the shout had not come. The part of him that had been able to shout had been lost: left to starve, entangled in the long, trailing fronds of enormous ferns that squatted darkly in every corner of Howard Shields' home.

Sometimes he looked at himself wonderingly. The night that had found him bereft of his shout, Howard Shields had climbed upon a chair and turned the gas higher. Then, deliberately, he had walked to the mirror. Deliberately but not quickly. He was a man going for positive verification of his worst fears. He looked at himself in the mirror. He saw the Howard Shields that his business associates knew, the Howard that his wife knew. A tall man with vague, uneasy eyes. Not the eyes of a fugitive, but the eyes of a man who has the tools with which to effect his escape, but not the courage. Tormented eyes, stifled eyes. A streak of white ran waveringly upward in his hair.

Howard Shields smiled at his reflection. He smiled to overcome his embarrassment. He managed to work a little reckless quality into that smile. It was necessary, for there was a voice within demanding in a slightly sneering tone, "Is this how you look at thirty, Howard Shields? Is this how you look at thirty?"

YES, that was how he looked at thirty. His smile, which had so gallantly aimed to overcome his embarrassment, began to fade. It was impossible to recapture it. It dwindled and died out and Howard Shields quickly withdrew from the mirror.

So this is what had come of his fine dreams! A house with windows curtained in thick lace, a bicycle business, Catherine—and a streak of white in his hair. He didn't want any of these things and they knew it—had always known it. But they pretended that everything was as it should be. Cowards, all of them, afraid to face facts, afraid of their paltry little conventions. The windows with their thick lace curtains, the bicycle business with its ridiculous, quibbling representatives, Catherine with her air of happy tranquillity, and the white streak with its significant presence, all held their places tenaciously, assuring the world that Howard Shields was a thoughtful business man with a beautiful home and an affectionate wife. They could not do otherwise. To deny these things was to trouble the smooth road of their own content.

Howard Shields raised a baleful gaze to the curtains. He hated them. He hated the house. His fingers closed around a vase of flowers and raised it aloft with a sudden fierce motion—then gently lowered it. He was a coward, too.

Not only at that minute, but in all the minutes through the day and night. His cowardice had begun seven years before, when he had married Catherine simply because his family and her family had expected it.

HE had not been able to muster the words which would have freed him from the entanglement. The world had plotted against him. Hostesses had always seated him next to Catherine. His mother had had Catherine at the house as often as possible. His father had bought flowers and sent them to Catherine in Howard's name. It

had all been like a frenzied political body shouting, "We want Catherine!"

Only Howard had not wanted Catherine and he had not been able to say so when Catherine's father had sternly informed him that his delay in presenting Catherine with a betrothal diamond was a source of great embarrassment to "the little girl."

Howard had presented Catherine with a betrothal diamond. To him it would always be the tombstone of his ambitions. He had wanted to see the world, had wanted to know life, and had wanted to find love. He had found Catherine, pink and golden Catherine, who, it seemed, would have been woefully shamed "if your intentions, sir, are not what you've made the world believe."

His parents were happy. They had worried for Howard's soul. In Catherine's care they felt it would be safe. After the wedding his mother had said, "You have made me very happy, my son." Howard had not answered her. He had not dared to speak to her. He could not bank on what his reply would be.

People plotting, intriguing together to put him in this position. Disregarding his desires and yearnings merely that the conventions might be served. Our son might not go into the business and he might marry an unvirtuous girl if we do not use every fair and unfair method we know to marry him to Catherine. What? He doesn't love Catherine and he won't be happy in the bicycle business? Small matter, that. Think of what our neighbors will say if he doesn't listen to his dearly beloved parents.

Even after seven years Howard could recall the thoughts that had drifted through his mind on his wedding night, and the years had not lessened his bitterness. It did not make it easier to call himself a coward, for the idea persisted that even a brave and truthful announcement of how he felt toward Catherine would have availed him little against the determination of those two families.

He thought of Catherine as she had looked on their wedding night. They were on a train bound for Niagara Falls. She wore a large hat loaded with feathers and flowers. In her hands she carried a sealskin muff of enormous proportions with a bunch of violets pinned to it. Modish, of course, and pretty enough, but he had wanted to go find love. Too late, now. The porter had taken the hat and muff. Catherine's coat was bundled into a convenient corner. They were alone in the stateroom. She held out her arms to him and Howard Shields went to his bride.

SEVEN years. Howard shook his head and there was a wondering expression upon his face. Seven years. The bicycle business had gone very well. He could afford thick lace curtains for the windows of his home. He had made Catherine very happy and he had a streak of white in his hair. Seven years. Seven years. Oh, God, seven years!

The door of the depressing room opened slowly. Catherine came in. She was gowned very handsomely in changeable taffeta. In one hand she carried a bottle of champagne.

"What do you mean, you naughty man, sitting up here thrashing out business problems while there's a party in the house?"

Howard raised a wan face to her. Here she was speaking her lines in their little drama of pretend. She knew full well that he was not thrashing out business problems. But the show must go on.

"There's a rather important conference slated for tomorrow about that new skirt guard of Thompson's. I thought I had better give it some thought."

"Well," said Catherine, placing the bottle of champagne on Howard's chair arm, "perhaps this will help you to think. But come down as soon as you can, dear. The Flemings are here and Jean Ingram and loads of people. They've been asking for you."

"Has John Cantwell come yet?"

"Who? John Cantwell? For mercy's sake, Howard, I didn't invite John Cantwell."

"I asked you to."

"Yes, I remember now that you did. It slipped my mind." Catherine pouted. "You're not going to be an old bear about it, are you?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"OFTEN SO TIRED I could hardly finish the program"

Philadelphia, Pa.

"In business all day—then, every evening well into the night, practising with our little orchestra . . . no wonder I began to feel continually tired!

"What sleep I could get didn't seem to do me any good. My weight dropped to 112 pounds, my face lost all its old healthy color.

"As our engagements became more frequent, matters became even worse. I was so fagged that often I wanted to drop out, but as a part of the orchestra I was forced to see it through.

"This kept up till, on the suggestion of a young man in the office, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate a cake before each meal, and in less than three months my color had come back and my weight was again normal. Today, instead of dreading our engagements I look forward to them with pleasure."

Edward T. Brown, Jr.

Mr. Edward T. Brown, Jr., *of Philadelphia*

AS fresh as the tenderest home-grown vegetables, Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine.

Easily, naturally it cleanses the intestines of poisons—softening the intestinal contents and toning up the sluggish muscles. The result is prompter, more complete elimination—improved digestion—a clearer, healthier complexion.

Fleischmann's Yeast frees you from those common stubborn ills that rob life of all its joy. Makes you feel and look the way Nature meant you should.

Order 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep it in any cool dry place. And write for our latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. R-53, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

LEFT

Enjoying her new-found health . . . Miss Margaret Berry, of Chicago, in action on the basket-ball floor. Miss Berry writes:

"I used to be all tired out every morning before going to school. I was nervous and irritable, and even resented the fact that I had to eat.

"And I was bothered with a breaking out on my back.

"My friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and, though I doubted that it would do me any good, I began to eat it before every meal. In a very short time I began to enjoy my meals again. I now feel better in every way. And my skin is better, too."

Margaret Berry, Chicago, Ill.

RIGHT

"I have been a long distance runner for twenty-two years. Work hard all day, then go to the gym and run ten miles or more three times a week.

"When in training for a long run, as for my recent 70-mile endurance test, I eat several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day around mealtime or between meals.

"I have eaten Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for twelve years. I carry a little case that holds three cakes, and I defy anyone to catch me when I haven't got at least one cake on my person. Fleischmann's Yeast tones you up and makes you feel fit."

Harry Duell, Minneapolis, Minn.

New health, new zest in life—
this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

[PATCHOULI AND BILLIARDS
Continued from Page Twenty-two]

"No, I'm not going to be an old bear about it."

"To tell you the truth, Howard, I think he's sort of disreputable. You know what I think of cards—and billiards and bowling seem almost as bad."

"Oh, nonsense, Catherine."

"Well, perhaps the games are more gentlemanly than cards, but the places where those things are done sound like such coarse places."

"A great many gentlemen play billiards."

"Yes, but they have billiard tables in their own homes, don't they?"

"Perhaps I could have one," Howard suggested. "I like to play billiards. It takes my mind off a lot of things. Do you suppose there's a room in the house where I could have a billiard table?"

Catherine's brow puckered thoughtfully. "Oh," she said suddenly, "I suppose that would mean that you'd have John Cantwell in every night."

"Other men play billiards besides John Cantwell."

"My brother doesn't."

"How about the third-floor back room?"

"Oh, I've ordered a dressmaker's dummy for that room and two full-length mirrors. That's going to be the new sewing room."

"How about the old sewing room?"

"That's going to be sister Grace's room when the decorating is finished. Oh, they are doing the nicest decorating there! The man is painting Cupids on the ceiling in two corners and in the other two corners bouquets of flowers."

"Sounds very nice," said Howard.

"It is. Well, I guess I'd better be going back to the company."

"You don't know of any room, then, where I could have a billiard table?" There was a pathetic wistfulness in Howard Shields' voice.

"I'll think it over," Catherine promised.

She went out then, closing the door behind her. She was going back to the Flemings and Jean Ingram. She was going to forget that he had asked for space for a billiard table, just as she had forgotten to invite John Cantwell. This was the sort of thing that Catherine forgot very easily.

Howard shifted his position and noticed the champagne. Perhaps in the sparkling depths of this bottle he would find the desire and strength to go play host to the standard bearers of convention, occupants of other brownstone houses, other dutiful sons and daughters. He uncorked the bottle and drank long and deeply; but even at that it was with a slow, reluctant step that he joined the party about the piano where Miss Lola Trayne was singing The Fatal Rose of Red.

SHE was in the house. Daisy, Catherine's childhood playmate. Howard Shields walked through the halls, up the stairs, breathing the faint perfume of patchouli, Daisy's perfume.

He liked to think of her. She was tall, willowy. Her hair was black, and fragrant as the flower which she wore tucked behind her ear. Her eyes were gray—storm-gray when Catherine said it was the duty of every woman past twenty-five to be married; dream-gray when Howard told her that he wanted to see Tahiti and Samoa. She wore white brocade at dinner. Beneath the hem of her skirt, Howard saw her feet daring to peer forth. Brave feet that followed Daisy's father around the world. Feet that had never known shackles.

She had been fifteen years out of America and had returned with ideas weirdly out of key with the America of the nineteenth century. She was not intimidated by the brownstone fronts. She thought Catherine's abracadabras ridiculous and she said so. The women hated her, but she was too beautiful to antagonize, and—who could tell?—perhaps while sojourning in strange lands she had not learned that it is not nice to flirt with other women's husbands.

"If I had known that she was like this, I should never have asked her here," Catherine said to Howard in the privacy of their bedroom.

"What's the matter with her?"

"I knew it!" exclaimed Catherine. "A man can never see anything wrong with a pretty woman. She takes on like a fast one. Didn't you see her whispering behind that fan to Steven last night?"

"She couldn't very well talk loud while your brother was playing his guitar, could she?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

He had found Catherine, pink and golden Catherine, who, it seemed, would have been woefully shamed "if your intentions, sir, are not what you've made the world believe."

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—announcing the new line of Veedol Motor Oils. Heavier bodied —longer lived—super heat-resisting

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The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load, the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear, the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there, a third unique result was obtained.

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Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

" Didn't you see her whispering behind that fan to Steven last night? "

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

" Did she have to talk? "

" Steven asked her something. It was necessary to reply."

" Oh, well, not just that, but she has ways I don't like: shrugging her shoulders and the way she dances. I've corresponded with her since I was a young girl, but after she leaves here, I'm finished with her. And when I think of her gowns! "

" They are rather beautiful, aren't they? "

" Beautiful? They're salacious."

" Oh, Catherine! "

" Yes, ' Oh, Catherine.' You think she's fine just because she's different from me. Let me tell you, if you'd married one of those flighty girls, you'd be regretting it now. A fine time you'd have getting a home like this together with a wife who didn't know as much as a child knows about housekeeping.

" Didn't she laugh at me yesterday when I told her that butter was eighteen cents a pound here and asked her if it was that high in France and England? She said, ' Really, Catherine, I'm afraid I didn't follow the butter market very closely.' That for your idea of a fine lady. She'd have you bankrupt, living in a shack on one of your beautiful South Sea islands."

HOWARD SHIELDS sighed. Bankrupt. Living in a shack on one of the South Sea islands. He closed his eyes. Far too beautiful was the thought to hold it while his gaze rested on the hideous walnut wardrobe or on the washstand with its fat-bellied pitcher and bowl.

" And what are you standing in the middle of the room with your eyes closed for? Get about your dressing, Howard."

Howard got about his dressing. Just before he slipped into his coat he turned to Catherine and said, " Catherine, do you think I could put a billiard table anywhere in the basement? "

" Oh, mercy, Howard, that billiard table has you engrossed, hasn't it? I told you I'd think of a place to put one."

" Catherine, did it ever occur to you that there isn't a nook or cranny of this house that has a thing in it which I care about? "

" There, that's the thanks I get for furnishing a beautiful home for you! You don't want to keep it nice. You want a billiard table, where you and Mr. Cantwell and men like him will stand for hours blowing cigar smoke into my draperies."

" I like playing billiards, Catherine, and you make a scene if I go out to play."

" All right. Go order your billiard table. Don't think about me, Howard. I don't matter."

But at dinner everything was quite correct. Catherine presented a smiling countenance to her guest and enlivened the meal with titbits of news. After twenty minutes' discussion of the Dakotas having joined the Union, Catherine sighed heavily.

" Just to think," she said, " poor Louisa May Alcott has been dead more than a year. Such a noble woman she was! A loss indeed to the world."

" Still," said Daisy, " she lived a fairly decent span of time. Think of the children and young men and women who were destroyed a few months ago in the Johnstown flood."

" Yes," Catherine pointed out; " but none of them were Louisa May Alcotts."

" Neither are you," Daisy returned; " but you'd do a lot of grousing if you thought you were going to be drowned."

Howard smiled down at his plate. This Daisy was incorrigible. He stole a look at her. Her eyes were storm-gray now. Her cheeks were a dusky, angry pink. She hated Catherine's smugness, her way of selecting those to whom she would give her sympathy.

She was the woman he would have found had he been permitted to go whistling through the world with his cap pulled low on his eyes. Far away, on some brilliant, sun-baked island, he would have found her singing as she wove garlands for her hair. But here they had met. Here in this dim, long room with its stained-glass windows, its mournful echo. Here they had met to discuss the news, to offer the silver bread plate to each other, to speak in stiff formalities, and finally to say, " Good-by; this visit has been so pleasant."

IT wasn't fair. Had Catherine and the thick lace curtains actually the right to do as they pleased with him? To keep him here, when every fiber of his being called for another life? Didn't he count? Couldn't he calmly state his situation to Catherine? Couldn't he—

" The salt, if you please, Mr. Shields."

" Oh, pardon me, Miss Thayer. Here you are."

" Thank you very much."

He looked at Catherine. She sat so stiffly in her chair. A pink-and-golden doll with a brownstone house instead of a soul. Smug, satisfied. She couldn't know that billiards was a scientific game, that in working out shots one could forget for a while all that was bothersome. She wouldn't believe that a man could enjoy clicking the trio of balls about just as she enjoyed examining the fashion sheets. Even this he could not have without scenes and uneasiness.

Perhaps if he had that billiard table now, after dinner he would go to wherever it was

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Most Charming BEAUTY BATH You Ever Enjoyed!

Amazing Results are Immediate

EVERY woman will be fascinated by this new beauty bath—it is so luxurious, so easily prepared—so economical—and results are immediate.

After this marvelous beauty bath your skin instantly feels soft, smooth, supple—a delightful sensation.

Merely dissolve a half package of Linit (the remarkable starch discovery sold by grocers) in a half tubful of moderately warm water—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap and then, feel your skin—

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After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—INSTANTLY!

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[PATCHOULI AND BILLIARDS Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

and try to work out another three-cushion bank. And perhaps Daisy Thayer would not think it a vulgar pastime. Perhaps she would sit somewhere near the table and watch. Then the breath of patchouli would be in the air. Daisy would be near. For always the scent of patchouli would bring her to him. She would be there with her tall, slender form, her eyes that were too honest to pretend.

They could have loved each other, but they were destined to meet and part in a brownstone house where conventions were exalted and natural impulses tabu.

DAISY was leaving. Her carriage was at the door. The driver was impatient and his horses were dancing restlessly. She was going South to meet her father. She did not know where their fancies would lead them from there.

She was dressed for traveling. She wore a white serge suit. A stern little hat sat on her black, shining hair. It trailed a veil which belied the businesslike austerity of the straight brim. A breath of patchouli swirled about her. Her smile was sad. She wore the expression of a woman who has found something for which she has always searched and is not glad that she has found it.

"Daisy, it's been lovely having you here," said Catherine.

Daisy laughed and patted Catherine's shoulder carelessly. "You haven't liked me at all," she said. "I'm an iconoclast, a coquette, and ignorant of the things which you adore. Perhaps I should have had a mother to bring me up. Sorry, Catherine."

"Nonsense, Daisy; I've enjoyed your visit ever so much."

Daisy laughed again and turned to Howard.

"It's been nice to know you," she said. "If you're ever in Tahiti, ask anybody where to look for Caleb Thayer's house. You can use it if we're not there. But then," she added, and the briskness died from her voice and a strange look clouded the dream-gray eyes, "you'll never be in Tahiti, Howard Shields."

"I should think not," said Catherine. "Nearly all of the inhabitants are colored, aren't they?"

Daisy laughed again.

"I'm just a terrible woman, Catherine. I'm beyond redemption. I'm unfit for association. Aren't I?" she cried. "See!"

With a lightning gesture she flung one slim arm around Howard's neck and kissed him. Her veil drifted across his eyes. Her lips, warm and soft, blotted out everything else. The next moment she was running down the brownstone steps. The veil was over her face now.

"Well," said Catherine, "that certainly is the last of her."

"Yes," said Howard, "that is the last of her."

"The hall simply reeks with that perfume of hers," said Catherine. "I'll give this house a good airing."

"You wouldn't, Catherine?"

"Why not?"

"Well—oh, you know how easily we both catch colds."

Catherine said nothing till she was at the top of the stairs, which she had climbed with dramatic deliberation. Then she wheeled on Howard. "And, by the way, Howard, I don't know of a place in the house where we can put a billiard table."

"How about the back room on the second floor?"

"Are you out of your mind, Howard? That's the room that's going to be Mamma's when Papa dies and she comes to live with us."

"I see, Catherine."

"I see something, too. I see that you're about to suggest the middle room. I'll tell you right now, no. That's too close to the bedroom and I won't have cigar smoke and noisy talk so near me at all hours of the night."

"Why don't you want me to have a billiard table, Catherine?"

"Well, nobody I know has one. It's enough to have women kissing you. I don't know what people will think when they hear about that."

"Who's going to tell them, Catherine?"

CATHERINE was gowned very handsomely in changeable taffeta. In one hand she carried a bottle of champagne.

"I'm glad she realized anyhow that I didn't enjoy having her here."

"Yes, she realized that."

"She realized, too, that you liked her or else she would not have taken that liberty with you. I'll wager that her reputation wouldn't bear looking into."

And with this momentous comment Catherine disappeared into her room.

Howard walked into the dark red room. He went to the window. He wanted to see the place where her carriage had stood. The thick curtains with their storeroom odor disturbed him. A heavy plush rope dangled in his eyes. He yanked viciously at the rope, and the curtains, with a faint, displeased squeak, separated.

He had never before known that they would do this. Catherine had never told him and he had never before noticed the rope. A thick plush rope. Ugly and heavy, but it separated the curtains and made things easier to bear. He could see the place where her carriage had been.

"Howard! Howard! Don't be yanking on those curtains. I want that window to look presentable."

From her room she was directing him. The curtains were part of her. That faint, dissatisfied squeak of theirs had awakened her protective instinct.

Howard let the curtains return to their orderliness. He walked into the dining room. Perhaps a drink would help. He took the decanter from the sideboard and selected a small glass. The glass stopper made a pleasant little sound as it emerged from the neck of the decanter. The little liquor glass tinkled cheerily against its brothers as Howard took it from its stand.

"Howard! Howard! Don't drink too much. We're having people for dinner, and what if you seemed tipsy?"

Howard swallowed the liquor and replaced the decanter. He walked idly about the dining room. In one spot he caught a hint of patchouli, and again and again he retraced his steps, hoping to recapture that delight.

Good God, a man couldn't keep doing this! He'd go insane. He would have to do something else to steady himself. A game of billiards with John Cantwell. The healthy concentration of a mathematical game.

Howard Shields bolted through the hall and found his hat. He opened the door. It wheezed and grunted, but it opened.

"Howard! Howard! Don't go out. It's time to start getting dressed for dinner. The Flemings are coming."

Howard slammed the door shut. He walked back to the dark red room. He made his footsteps heavy so that Catherine would hear him and not come running down the stairs to see if he had disobeyed.

The dark red room again. The spindle-legged gold chairs and the thickset, stuffed ones. The red rug and the bronze pitcher. The thick curtains and the heavy plush rope.

For a long while he stood looking at the room. Thoughtfully, wonderingly. Presently he climbed with quietness upon a chair and removed the heavy plush rope from the curtain rod. A few minutes ago it had separated the curtains and made things easier to bear. Now it was going to do more, far more.

Howard Shields quietly moved across the rug. With the heavy plush rope still in his hands he closed himself in the closet—

THE new century found the brownstone house with its windows broken, its coping sagging, its steps grimy and splattered. No one would live there. Even sophisticated 1920 found the house deserted and grim. Catherine Shields, had she been alive, would have cried had she seen it looking so disreputable.

. . . . .

Somehow I find myself thinking about the Van Zandt Club again. Charming club and so cozily settled in that old brownstone house they chose for their home some seven years ago. Too bad that billiard balls seem to click in a vacant room and bowling pins to tumble in an empty cellar.

THE END

How do you tell the Bigwigs now?

Courtly style, high degree, once were marked by lavish head-dress,—literally "Bigwigs!" But today, for a man's badge of class, we look at his *face*.

Mark the men you meet. How plainly each well-groomed face tells its story. Self respect, success, distinction,—all are written there. How inseparably are these qualities linked with *Faces that are Fit!*

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Ⓦ *"Just notice the fine skins of the men who use Williams!"*

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Williams Aqua Velva—Made expressly for after-shaving, it wakes the skin and livens it. Protects from dust, germs, wind and weather. Helps to prevent chapping and to heal tiny nicks and cuts. Keeps the skin flexible and well conditioned by conserving its natural moisture. Helps to keep it *young*.

50 cents for a bottle that will last a long time.

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Presidential Possibilities—REED

A Character Sketch of the Fighting Senator from Missouri

By

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

(Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the sixth article in a series by Mr. Bennett dealing with possible candidates for the Presidential nomination. Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas will be the subject of the next article.]

JAMES A. REED'S middle name is Alexander—a name he considers neither significant nor decorative. So he suppressed it many years ago and will not now tell it.

The fact remains that, since the age of fourteen, he has been out to conquer. Today, at sixty-six—lean, erect, white-haired, keen-eyed, and fluent in objurgation—he is out to conquer the Presidency of the United States on a platform of Don't Meddle.

If the senior Senator from Missouri could not find more worlds to conquer, he would not weep, like Alexander. But he would be extremely irked with himself.

Reed's first conquest was in the fields. That conquest was achieved in 1875 on his widowed mother's heavily mortgaged farm in east-central Iowa. He describes it as an escape from a disgrace.

"When I was fourteen I did a man's stint in the harvest field, binding my station, and not suffering the disgrace of being overtaken and passed by the reaper."

Reed of Missouri has been forty years in politics and he has known all the vicissitudes of politics. He has known denunciation and defeat.

He has been rotten-egged in Ardmore, Oklahoma. He has seen a large portion of the Missouri electorate organized into Rid-Us-of-Reed clubs. He has received the affront of the South Carolina House of Representatives' resolution withdrawing its invitation that he address that body—a resolution passed after a debate in which he was denounced as "a traitor to his country who should have been placed before a firing squad during the war." That was in 1924.

In 1917, because he had criticized Herbert Hoover's methods of food control and price fixing and President Wilson's selective draft, he was assured by one of the most important Eastern newspapers that "today he could not be elected to the smallest office in the gift of her [Missouri's] people." Less than a month later, leading bankers of St. Louis forbade him to speak at one of their banquets.

© Harris & Ewing from Wide World photos

In his characteristic Senatorial attire—Mr. Reed leaving the Capitol.

In 1919 the American Legion post of Birmingham, Alabama, boycotted his meeting for the discussion of a public question, and declared that "no hundred-per-cent American would attend it." In the same year thirty members of the Missouri Legislature left the chamber when he was addressing that body.

In 1920 the Missouri Democratic State Convention refused him credentials to the party's National Convention in San Francisco, and when Reed, a United States Senator, arrived with credentials from another source, he was refused a seat on the floor of the convention.

In 1922 a large number of women Democrats in Missouri organized themselves into the Association of Missouri Women Opposed to Reed.

In the same year Woodrow Wilson, already stricken by the illness which ended in his death,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

A close-up of the fighting face of James A. Reed, senior Senator from Missouri.

Now furniture...*that acts like music on the senses*

A way is offered to give any section of your home as spirited or soothing an appearance as you wish. The secret is in furniture colors. No redecorating or expensive refurnishing required.

EVERY woman who has ever been distressed by the problem of enlivening a dreary room—or of toning down a room too vivid in appearance—will be interested in this new decorating method.

An approved scientific principle—long used by artists in painting pictures—is now put to service in the home.

Rooms that depress are now made cheerful—by introducing *new* colors. And colors likewise are used to *subdue* over-animated effects. Your spirits respond as though to music. Yet, you don't redecorate; you don't buy expensive new things.

You use Lloyd furniture for your color notes

This new art of color control becomes possible because the makers of the famous Lloyd loom woven furniture are now offering their smartly designed pieces in every conceivable tint and shade. *Innumerable color combinations and an endless variety of upholstery fabrics are at your command.*

To change the atmosphere of a trying room, you simply introduce a piece or two of Lloyd loom furniture. Its smart design harmonizes nicely with your other things—but its color—*from faintest pastel to most solid basic hue*—is what works the real transformation. The whole feeling of the room becomes pleasingly different at once.

Lloyd furniture takes color tones beautifully because it is made of specially prepared, smooth, durable fabric which is woven on marvelous looms invented by Marshall B. Lloyd. In every upright strand an invisible core of tested steel wire insures great strength, long life and permanent shape holding qualities. By weaving 250 times faster than human hands, the looms achieve such economies that *prices for a whole suite are frequently less than you expect to pay for a single piece.*

"The Effect of Color on Our Moods"—sent free

Your furniture department or store can show you Lloyd loom woven furniture in pieces that cover the entire range from easy chairs to lamps. And, upon request, we will mail postpaid a very interesting treatise on decoration entitled, "The Effect of Color on Our Moods." This offers invaluable suggestions of many kinds—how to make a cold room *seem* warmer—how to create an *illusion of size* in a small room—how to use *brilliant* colors to *tone down* very vivid effects, etc. Simply address Lloyd Loom Products, Dept. F. L. 3, Menominee, Michigan, or Orillia, Ontario, Canada.

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. . . because the standards of cleanliness in the modern laundry are so exacting that they cannot possibly be equaled by even the most painstaking domestic methods ✣ No laundress, however willing — no home equipment, however elaborate—can duplicate the inviting freshness of sweet, spotless, laundry-washed clothes ✣ *And here's why:* When you wash at home it is impossible for you to give your clothes the beneficial effects of the rainsoft water that modern laundries use . . . You are physically unable to bathe and rinse your things in 600 gallons of cleansing water, as is regularly done in present-day laundries ✣ Home washing methods will never be able to compete successfully with the magnificent laundry equipment that so gently removes dirt from every fabric pore ✣ And you naturally lack the specialized knowledge so essential to the scientific preparation of the soaps, starches and mild clarifying agents that impart to laundry-washed clothes their inviting immaculateness ✣ As a result, there is a pronounced difference between professional and domestic laundering—a difference that strongly emphasizes the fact that laundry-washed clothes *are* cleaner, purer and longer-lasting.

The LAUNDRY does it best

Why Laundry-washing is cleaner

Of the many laundry-features that assure superior cleanliness, none is more important than the filtered, softened water used in the modern laundry. Articles washed in this pure, rainsoft water are quickly cleansed with a minimum amount of soap and gentle bathing and rinsing. The soft-water process guards against the hard water scum that fills fabric pores and colors clothes grey. It eliminates the vigorous rubbing and home chemical treatment necessary to combat this scum. It cleans things *clean.*

The rich, dirt-dissolving suds that penetrate every fabric pore—a result of the water-softening process

Frequent testing of laundry water assures the degree of softness so essential to the cleaner washing of clothes

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Watch for $50,000 Prize Winners

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

fleetingly renewed his failing genius for vituperation in as scathing a denunciation as one statesman ever launched against another.

It was an open letter in which Mr. Wilson described James A. Reed as "incapable of sustained allegiance to any person or any cause," adding:

"He has repeatedly forfeited any claim to my confidence that he may have ever been supposed to have, and I shall never willingly consent to any further association with him. I beg that you will do me the courtesy to publish this letter."

Such onslaughts and rebuffs, continued through seven years, would have destroyed an ordinary politician.

REED kept his head. That is one of the gifts which removes him from the category of ordinary politicians.

Always he drew a moral from the onslaughts and rebuffs. The Ardmore episode was shocking. Six thousand angry persons were present in the huge hall where Reed was to speak against the League of Nations. He never did speak.

Electric-light wires were cut. Tumult in the darkness. Rotten eggs breaking all over the stage, some striking the Senator. One shot fired. The women alone behaved like rational beings.

Three days later, at Denver, Reed abandoned his speaking tour. But he extracted this moral from the antics at Ardmore:

"The occurrence may serve to illustrate the fact that probably we had better learn to govern ourselves before we take charge of the rest of the world and undertake to run it. My compliments to the decent people of Ardmore. My contempt for the thugs who denied to these people the privilege of assemblage under the flag and Constitution of the United States."

He also made his peace with the women, saying:

"I never voted for suffrage, but at Ardmore, where one thousand women sat quiet when the lights were cut off, I about came to the conclusion that they were good enough to vote."

The pains and penalties which Democracy imposed upon James A. Reed were not imposed for crimes against the State. They were imposed because, on matters of national policy, he disagreed with the most pertinacious President of the United States since Andrew Jackson.

But, as the saying is, a day will come.

Reed lived to see the day when the Missouri Legislature invited him to come back, and he repeated precisely what he had said on the occasion which had moved the legislators to wrath five years before.

He lived to see the day when United States Senator Medill McCormick rose on the opposite side of the chamber and said:

"I should hold myself ungenerous and unappreciative if I had not sought and found an opportunity to bear witness to the courage, self-sacrifice, and devotion with which James A. Reed served his country in an hour of danger. His name will live when those of most of us are forgotten."

He lived to see the day when 7,000 Americans, assembled in a vast pavilion at the Chicago Union Stockyards, cheered for five minutes after these words fell from his lips:

"If ever I help to set up a force great enough to destroy my country, I hope almighty God will strike me dead before I consummate the crime."

He lived to see the day when the United States Senators broke their own rules by cheering words which, when Reed uttered them on the hustings, had wrought mobs to frenzy.

"I decline," he said on that memorable day, "to set up any government greater than that established by the fathers, baptized in the blood of patriots from the lanes of Lexington to the forests of the Argonne, sanctified by the tears of all the mothers whose heroic sons went down to death to sustain its glory—the government of the United States."

Then the storm.

Listeners in the galleries—and listeners in the Senate galleries are held to the strictest code of deportment that exists outside the Vatican—leaped to their feet and burst into wild cheering. Soldiers were there. They waved their caps and shouted.

Senators joined in the applause. The sergeants at arms were distracted. When silence had been restored, the ornate Ashurst of Arizona rose and, while praising the speech, made a passionate plea for etiquette. Hisses and boos answered him.

THE vicissitudes of seven years have left Reed victorious and reasonably serene. Attack did not embitter him and vindication has not made him heady. He is today the most vivid personality in American public life, and the least self-conscious. If he has a religion, his religion is courage.

If he has a pose, it is his pose that he is a man of peace. As he mellows, he wearies of his reputation as the country's most proficient hater. The fact remains that since the days, nearly thirty years ago, when, as Mayor of Kansas City, he put in order a community that had hardly outgrown the bravo days of a border town, he has been verbally and actively truculent.

"I have never," he said, in the most spontaneous passage of self-analysis he ever released—"I have never obtained anything easily—fighting, fighting, fighting."

But in the hours of talk he gave me he brushed the bellicose days aside and said:

"Now I'm coming to a matter there's been more speculation about than any other in my public life. And that is that I always fought President Wilson. I never had any hatred of Wilson. Oh, I've been angry with him—for an hour—yes! I thought he was inexperienced, and I knew he was surrounded by visionaries.

"He was honest, but he often was mistaken. When he was renominated, I campaigned for him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Certain Sayings of JAMES A. REED

ABOUT the greatest blatherskite in the United States is the man who makes war upon money merely because it is money. But what I do say is that, while wealth should be treated fairly, wealth in its turn must treat the people fairly.

* * *

You can't make people good by statute law. Only by moral law.

* * *

Common sense is better than politics—better than political parties.

* * *

I don't believe government ever created a dollar of wealth. Somebody had to sweat for that dollar.

* * *

We gain little by recrimination. In the end, the public knows how to appraise the conduct of individuals.

* * *

True idealism can't be distinguished from practicalism.

* * *

I do not preach hatred for the British: I preach love for America.

* * *

Natural rights may be as effectively destroyed by the laws of a republic as by the decrees of a despot.

* * *

To join the League of Nations "with reservations" would be like marrying with reservations. What would they amount to, once married?

* * *

I think 999 out of every 1000 women do respect the law and the Constitution; but most of them are at home—a mighty good place for a woman to be. [Said to a Senate gallery full of suffrage advocates, toward whom Mr. Reed looked.]

* * *

I point it out merely as a fact of interest that a resolution to investigate a high public official is always popular in this [the Senate] chamber, while a resolution to investigate a banker is always unpopular. Merely a fact of interest, sirs.

* * *

A law which can be enforced only by a violation of law is a very bad kind of law. A law that must be enforced by hundreds of sneaks who commit crimes themselves is a monstrous thing—abhorrent to the ideals of our fathers.

The OILY NINETIES

Everything is relative. When relatives proffered a bribe of a quarter...it was a good deal of money for a child . . . and taking old-fashioned castor oil was a good deal of an ordeal.

The very mention of castor oil in your youth was a spur to good deportment. Today... the threat of castor oil is effective only with youngsters who do not know

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The Original
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Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the Kellogg exclusive patented process. Untouched from refinery to you . . . it is never sold in bulk nor in any form other than the original 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want to prove to you that Kellogg's is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you for 10c in stamps. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal St., New York, N. Y.

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Bilious? Kellogg's will work wonders.

No wonder Postum holds a place of honor on two million dinner tables

Its only after effect is a desire for more

OWN up, now, you who have never tried Postum. You have always thought of it as a "health" drink, haven't you? Something with a "medicine" taste.

Thousands were just as skeptical as you—*until they tried Postum.* Then they became enthusiastic Postum users *for life!*

Now you try it! You'll find it a health drink, to be sure. A drink that never robs you of a minute's sleep, that never flusters the nerves, that never brings on headaches or interferes with digestion, as caffein does. But—

You'll enjoy Postum itself as much as you enjoy its beneficial results!

It looks so tempting in the cup—a velvety brown changing to gold as cream is added. It smells so appetizing—a rich, tangy aroma. And then its flavor—a flavor different from that of any other drink! Smooth and mellow, hearty, zestful!

A drink made from wholesome grain

Whole wheat and bran—these two, blended and roasted, give Postum its goodness. Not a trace of caffein or any other artificial stimulant in it.

Many hostesses, too, have discovered in Postum the best of all drinks for the late-evening supper — a drink that never causes sleepless after hours.

The best way to test Postum is to make it your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then you can judge both its flavor and its wonderful value to health. Before the thirty days are up, you'll not only know why millions prefer this drink—you'll join them in preferring it! Let Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, help you start this test.

Carrie Blanchard's offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, together with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test. Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—L. 3-28

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐
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Check which you prefer

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

—when I wasn't working in headquarters. The picture of me sitting up nights to hate Woodrow Wilson is wholly fanciful. But the fact which had nothing fanciful about it was that you never could split with Mr. Wilson on a public question and be friends with him afterward.

"The head and front of my offending with Wilson was my attitude on the Federal Reserve Act. Control was in the hands of the banks. My idea was to get the control into the hands of the government. I learned that the Federal Reserve bill had been passed by the House after less than fourteen hours' consideration.

"I examined the bill carefully, and I found it was like a beautiful plan of a house—with here and there a girder left out. So I demanded hearings. The result was that the bill was amended 564 times. Many of those amendments were merely clerical; but some of them were vital.

"Mr. Wilson also insisted that we repeal tolls on all ships passing through the Panama Canal. We built that canal. We fortified it. And, after that, to have no control of it seemed to me a terrible admission.

"NOR did I approve of the President's appointment of Jones of Chicago to the Federal Reserve Board. So, fending off a secret session, I took that battle on to the open floor of the Senate—and before that battle was over Tumulty came from the White House with a letter in which the President withdrew Jones' name.

"Thus it went—four or five disagreements on policies. But you could not do it. You could not disagree with Woodrow Wilson and remain an agreeable person. Disagreement was a crime—and that is the way it was with everybody. I think I can differ from a man in politics without impugning his rectitude. Mr. Wilson could not."

But throughout his contentions with the President the Senator gave the President as good as the President sent.

"If," said Reed at the great Akron mass meeting of September, 1919, "a citizen refuses to repudiate the policies under which this country has become great, he is denounced as pygmy-minded.

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

He has known denunciation and defeat, and has been classed as "a traitor to his country who should have been placed before a firing squad during the war."

"THE President marshals his syllogisms as a general marshals his battalions. They move forward in logical phalanx. But his soldiers are epithets, his battalions aggregations of evil names, and his army an assemblage of denunciatory epigrams."

Reed grew up in a hardier school than Wilson did. He never had anybody to do for him. He learned his first lessons in political rough and tumble in Kansas City when it was rough. For seventeen years he has survived as Senator from Missouri—and Missouri politics is no bed of roses.

He sprang of Revolutionary stock and his ancestry was Scotch-Irish and Presbyterian. A good while before the Revolution the family settled in what later became Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

After the Revolution the Reeds pushed on to Washington County, Pennsylvania. There the Senator's father was born. He in his turn pushed on, settling in Ohio, a mile and a half outside the present city of Mansfield. There the Senator was born, November 9, 1861.

His father was never rich and—

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Does Your Used Car Dealer Know You a Month After You Buy?

Can you go back to the dealer from whom you bought your car and find him glad to see you?

You should be able to. There is no valid reason why a good used car should not be sold just as honestly and fairly as a new automobile.

Your Cadillac-La Salle dealer will welcome you back—at any time. He knows that he dealt fairly with you, no matter how much or little you paid for your used car. If you have a legitimate complaint, he will listen. He wants you for a customer. He wants you satisfied.

The Cadillac-La Salle dealer is *still* interested in you and your car—after you buy.

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Division of General Motors Corporation

Detroit, Michigan

What shall I buy? If you are wondering about the answer in connection with a motor car, this booklet "What A Good Used Car Can Give You" may help you. It is brief. Its message is one of facts, gathered through many years of experience, about dollar values, satisfaction, an owner's pride and eight other considerations.

A copy of this booklet is yours for the asking, without any obligation to you.

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Since it does not obligate me, I should like.....copies of your booklet of facts, "What A Good Used Car Can Give You."

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Dermutation does it!

Until you use Mennen, you have yet to know *dermutation.* And until you know *dermutation* you have yet to realize the perfect shave—for *dermutation* is that special property in Mennen Shaving Cream which softens and mollifies the toughest beard; which relaxes and levels the microscopic skin peaks at the base of each hair, so that the razor glides swiftly and smoothly without nicking or scraping these tiny mounds. No soreness; no rawness; no burning; no free alkali. And Mennen lather contains five grateful, soothing emollients which tone up the skin, leaving it soft and smooth for hours to come. Made both with and without menthol.

For after shave:

There's a dash of brisk coolness in *Mennen Skin Balm* that's a delightful accessory to the perfect shave. And *Mennen Talcum for Men* with its neutral invisible tint tones down that full-moon, shiny-face effect so objectionable to everybody. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Thirty-four]

until he tried to make his 5,000 sheep foot it from Ohio to a farm he had bought on the present outskirts of Cedar Rapids, Iowa—he was never poor. A large number of the sheep could not stand the trek. The elder Reed died, leaving a heavily mortgaged farm.

He also left an ideal. That ideal was education.

"My father's hobby," said Senator Reed—"his hobby, to call it no more, was that each of his children should have a good education; and he was the father of six, though only three of us lived to maturity. When he died my surviving brother was fourteen years old and my surviving sister twelve. I was eight.

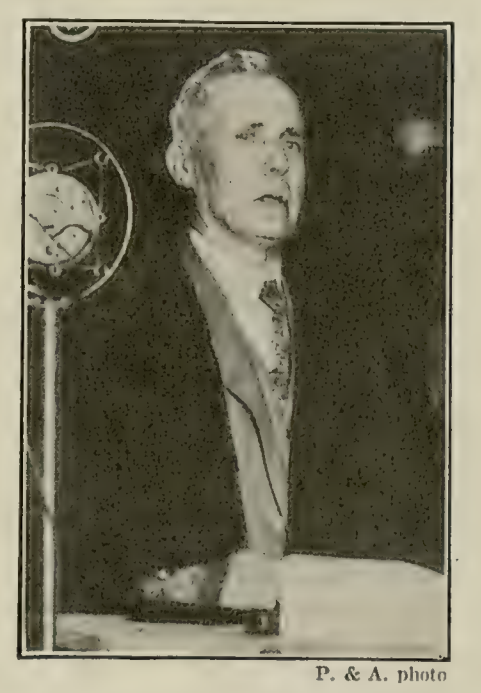
"The day my father died I was driving a team to a drag. I had learned to do that at the age of seven. We children urged mother to hold on to her eighty acres. She was a practical, sensible woman. Her great service to us was that she kept us together. If we didn't turn out well it wasn't her fault. She lived until four years ago.

"Under her direction, my older brother and I ran the farm. By the time I was fourteen—yes, at thirteen—I did a man's stint.

"The importance of all this was that it taught me the habit of working. The farm was over the river from Cedar Rapids. Nine months of the year I worked on the farm, going to school the other three months in Cedar Rapids.

"WELL, that's about all there is to that story. We plugged along. My brother finally went West, where he was killed by horse thieves. I was seventeen before my father's old debts were paid off. That was the year a cattle buyer from Minnesota came along.

"He said there were a lot of cattle in Minnesota to be bought cheap. But the story didn't turn out the way you think it must have. For he was honest. The result was money enough to start me going to Coe College and finally to begin the study of law."



P. & A. photo

"I have never obtained anything easily—fighting, fighting, fighting."—Senator Reed before the microphone.

As early as 1879, when he was eighteen, Reed began to shape up as the boy orator of mid-Iowa. Even that did not wreck his career, for along with his gift for fluent and colorful speech he had a great deal of common sense.

The Bryan campaign of 1896 established him as a mature orator, and today he is, next to Borah, the best orator in the United States Senate.

As a young lawyer Reed soon outgrew Cedar Rapids, and then it was hardly more than a toss-up that he did not become a Chicagoan.

Kansas City won.

It was in 1887, when he was twenty-six years old, that he rented a corner in a downtown room with fifty desks in it. No private office was to be had at any price, for Kansas City was at the boom stage.

Let Reed tell it, for in less than seven years he was to become an important factor in the hurly-burly—and was greatly to temper it:

"THE population of the town was between thirty and thirty-five thousand, with fifteen thousand more in Kansas City, Kansas. Paper millionaires were walking the streets. Real estate was changing hands from four to six times a day. There was no paved street and the four-mule teams moved through mud to the axles. Gambling was wide open and so was the red-light district. It was like a frontier town.

"The man I read law with said, 'Don't ever take a political office.' But I did. I was offered the chairmanship of the Democratic County Committee of Jackson County—Kansas City's county. I didn't know anything about it, and, furthermore, they never had elected a Democrat in Jackson County. But I formed a coalition with the Knights of Labor, and we won."

So Reed became a factor. In ten years he was a dreaded power.

He loathes with a special fervor the name of reformer, but it is one of the agreeable ironies of politics that as a reform prosecuting attorney and as a reform mayor he established his solid reputation in public life.

When he went into office as prosecutor he was in his mid-thirties. Jury bribing flourished. The weapons of murderers were conveniently lost. Important court documents were missing.

Reed changed all that. During two years he prosecuted 287 flagrant cases and won 285 of them. In his narrative of those days he emphasized the word "flagrant," saying:

"It is always painted that I've been bloodthirsty. The truth is, I never indicted a man unless I was convinced he was guilty. There is today many a man in Jackson County whose reputation has never been seriously blemished whom I refused years ago to indict."

Equally significant was his first corporation victory. When he went into office the poles and wires of the Western Union Company were taxed as cordwood and scrap wire. He got them taxed as equipment, and the Missouri Supreme Court sustained him.

In 1900 came his first mayoralty of Kansas City.

Again he faced the chaos of a care-free and careless town.

"When I went in," he said, "plundering went on right and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

Length and *Roominess* that Give True Motoring Ease

Here's news for long-legged men . . . men who pick the aisle seats in theaters . . . men who are always wondering what to do with their knees. The All-American Six is built for men such as these . . . for big men who like to stretch their legs.

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Interiors long and roomy . . . made possible by a wheelbase 117 inches in length. Deep-cushioned seats luxuriously upholstered. Head-room without sacrifice of fashionably low appearance . . . leg-room typical of Fisher construction . . . plenty of space for five large-size adults.

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In addition, it has big oversize tires . . . long, restful springs for riding ease. Everything needed for motoring comfort. Plus the performance resulting from All-American principles of design.

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From a whispering brute of an engine with its G-M-R cylinder head. With its 212 cubic inches displacement . . . 79-lb. crankshaft . . . harmonic balancer . . . gasoline pump instead of the conventional vacuum tank.

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And so in both size and performance . . . it's a car built for full-grown men. If you relish your ease and your comfort, just try an All-American Six.

Landau Coupe	$1045	4-Door Sedan	$1145
Sport Roadster	$1075	Cabriolet	$1155
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New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

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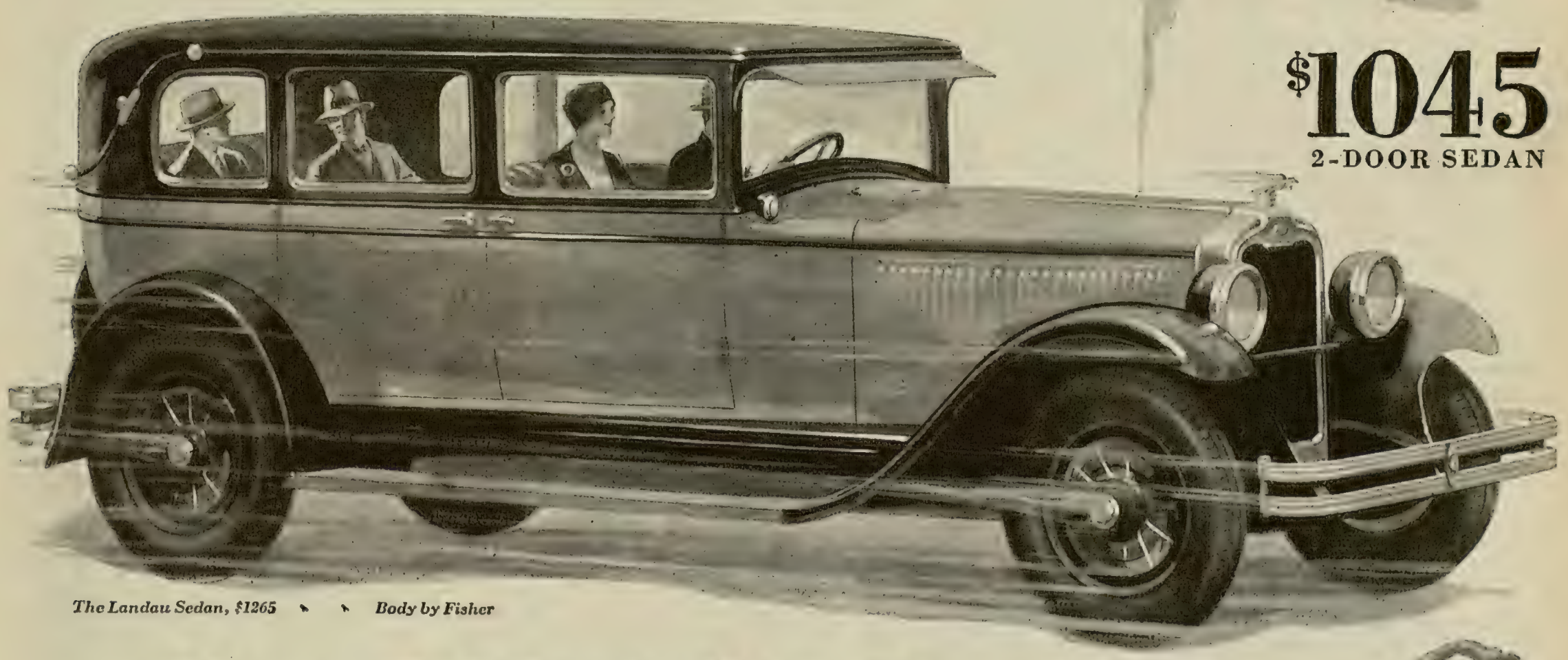
Available on all body types: six wire wheels with tires . . . special front fenders with tire wells . . . two special tire locks and locking rings . . . collapsible trunk rack . . . $100 extra on open cars . . . $110 on closed cars . . . six disc wheels with same equipment, $75 on open cars . . . $85 on closed models.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

The Statue of The Minute Man, located at Concord, Mass.



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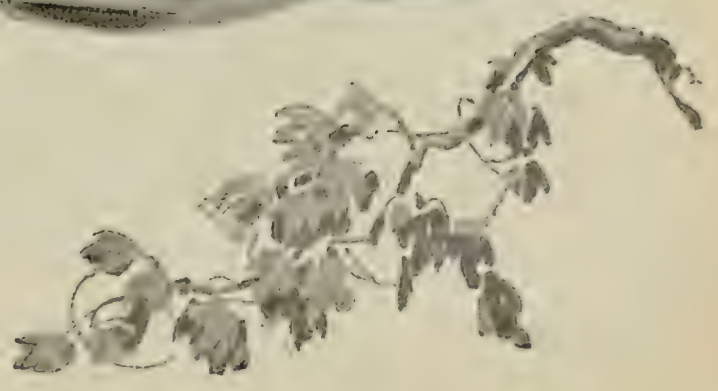
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



The original "Visibly Reinforced" {Blue Stitch} Underwear

For Men of Action

The Original *"Visibly Reinforced"* Athletic Underwear

There's no doubt about the extra strength and long-wearing qualities of No-Rip. You can *see* exactly how it is made strong where the strain comes; roomy where room is needed.

No-Rip is carried in *your* style, *your* size, whether you're slim or stout, short or tall. It is tailored to fit comfortably all over.

Marshall Field & Company's resources and production economies give you all this extra quality — true "Field Quality" — in No-Rip Athletic Underwear for $1 per garment.

Points of Superiority

- Back, armholes and crotch rip-proofed with blue stitching.
- Elastic webbing *doubled* at points of greatest strain.
- Crotch curve-cut like well tailored trousers.
- Comfortable U-shaped neck.
- Horizontal button holes —always hold.
- Models for "Regulars," "Stouts" and "Longs."

GUARANTEE— *"A new suit Free if it rips anywhere"*

No-Rip BLUE STITCH ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR $1.00

Made of a finer woven, more durable fabric

A Friendly Warning No-Rip has been so successful that it is widely imitated with inferior products. *Be sure to look for the No-Rip Blue Label.*

At Leading Men's Wear and Department Stores Everywhere

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

CHICAGO *Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributers* NEW YORK

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Thirty-six]

left. Tribute was paid on every square yard of paving. We had the poorest telephone system in the world. The street cars were in most abominable condition. There were five or six lines and you paid a fare two or three times.

"I was dragooned into the mayoralty, and I held the damned office four years at a terrible loss. Why did I take it? Why have I ever taken office? Because I thought I could do a little good, I suppose."

During Reed's first mayoralty little progress was made in correcting scandalous conditions. As Mayor he appointed all city officers; but the appointments meant nothing until the Council had confirmed them. Hence a rebellious City Council formed a combination against him and refused all confirmations.

Reed, with his own hands, locked all the doors of all the city offices and said to the Council: "Now there is nobody there to do any business, and there won't be until you confirm my appointments."

If it was a bluff, it was a workable bluff. The Council confirmed.

Then, for four long and weary years, hot applications of his old formula: "I have never obtained anything easily—fighting, fighting, fighting."

He fought an iniquitous thirty-year street-railway franchise. He fought the paving combine. He fought corruptionists.

"At the end of my first two-year term," he told me, "people said I couldn't be elected dog catcher."

But he was renominated. A tent campaign followed. All the newspapers but one—and that one of no importance—were against him. The plea was that he would destroy the city.

He was re-elected.

In the next two years he won all along the line. From the street-car company he won for the city 8 per cent of its gross earnings, universal transfers, and paving between the tracks. The paving combine was broken up. No more tribute was paid in that quarter, and the cost of paving was reduced one-third. The electric-light company cut its rates 50 per cent. The telephone company cut its rates nearly in half.

By this time Reed's second mayoralty had come to an end; but, out of office, he continued fighting, now on behalf of a citizens' committee whose legal representative he was.

Kansas City was paying a seventy-five-cent rate for natural gas, while other towns not remote were paying twenty-five cents. Reed and his embattled citizens finally secured a rate between twenty-five and thirty cents, and held it there for a long time.

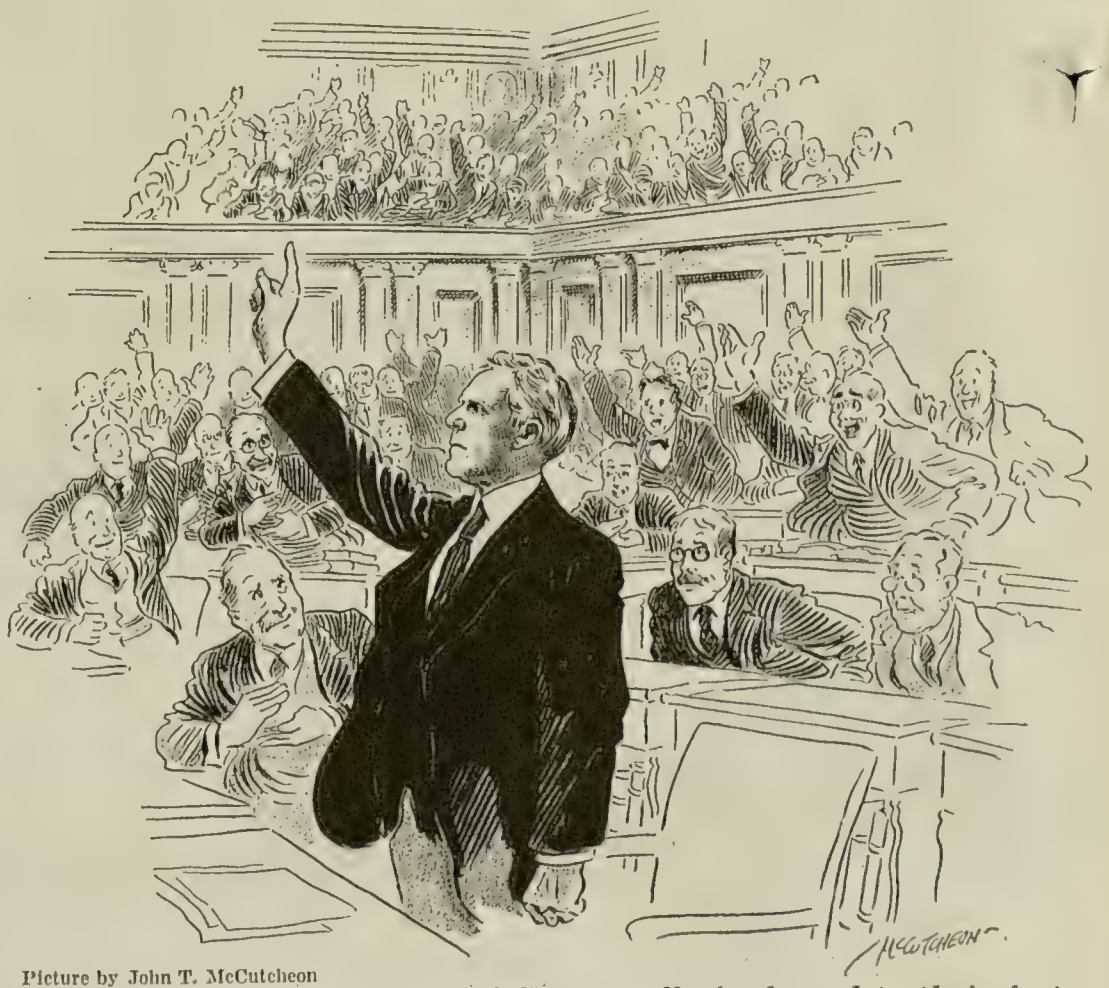
NOW, what has carried James Alexander Reed victoriously through thirty years of war making? Not his fearlessness alone. Good men as fearless as he have been beaten. Reed won largely because he could vividly define his cause.

By the vigor and boldness—and sometimes by the splendor—of his language, he can command the fascinated attention of a public that soon wearies of champions who fail to interest it. Reed has a genius for the pictorial.

In twenty words he can give his hearers a picture which they receive with absorbed attention. When the Senate's oil investigations were in progress, Reed did not say merely that Sinclair was evading the witness stand. He said it thus:

"As for Sinclair, he manifestly prefers the companionship of bright-eyed Paris to the stony faces of the Senate committee."

He did not say that the Pennsylvania political machine was corrupt, and end there. He said it thus:



Picture by John T. McCutcheon

Listeners in the decorum-bound Senate galleries leaped to their feet and burst into wild cheering. Soldiers waved their caps; Senators joined in the applause.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY]

A Special Life Insurance Offer to LIBERTY Readers:

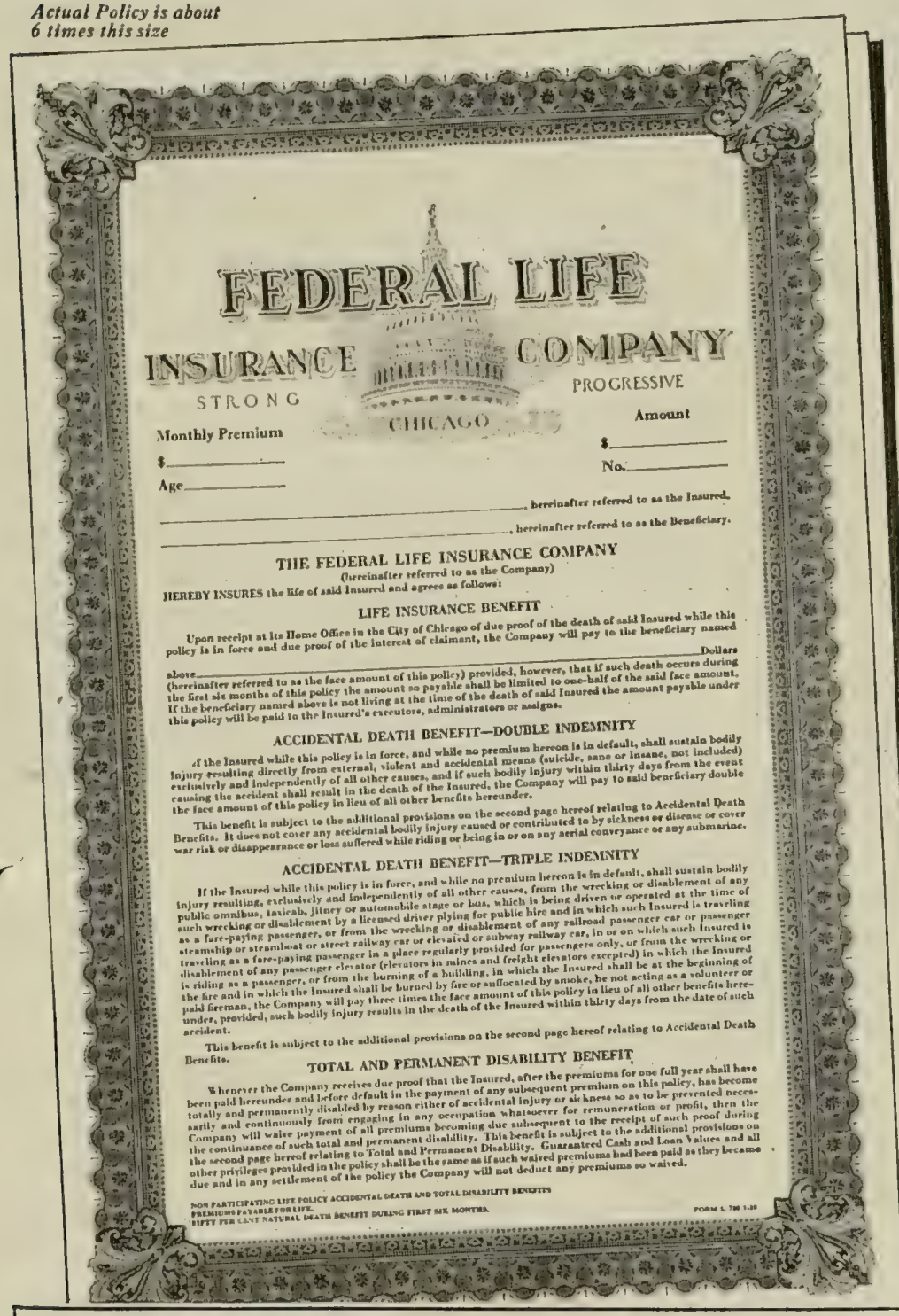
ONE MILLION LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES

Greatest Life Insurance Bargain of its kind ever offered!

Just send $1.00 and Coupon below. Your policy will be sent by mail.
No Inconvenience . . . . NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED!

Only $1.00 a month With Coupon Below

Actual Policy is about 6 times this size



FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

STRONG — CHICAGO — PROGRESSIVE

Monthly Premium $_____ Age_____ Amount $_____ No._____

_____, hereinafter referred to as the Insured.

_____, hereinafter referred to as the Beneficiary.

THE FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
(hereinafter referred to as the Company)

HEREBY INSURES the life of said Insured and agrees as follows:

LIFE INSURANCE BENEFIT

Upon receipt at its Home Office in the City of Chicago of due proof of the death of said Insured while this policy is in force and due proof of the interest of claimant, the Company will pay to the beneficiary named above_____Dollars (hereinafter referred to as the face amount of this policy) provided, however, that if such death occurs during the first six months of this policy the amount so payable shall be limited to one-half of the said face amount. If the beneficiary named above is not living at the time of the death of said Insured the amount payable under this policy will be paid to the Insured's executors, administrators or assigns.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT—DOUBLE INDEMNITY

If the Insured while this policy is in force, and while no premium hereon is in default, shall sustain bodily injury resulting directly from external, violent and accidental means (suicide, sane or insane, not included) exclusively and independently of all other causes, and if such bodily injury within thirty days from the event causing the accident shall result in the death of the Insured, the Company will pay to said beneficiary double the face amount of this policy in lieu of all other benefits hereunder.

This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Accidental Death Benefits. It does not cover any accidental bodily injury caused or contributed to by sickness or disease or cover war risk or disappearance or loss suffered while riding or being in or on any aerial conveyance or any submarine.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT—TRIPLE INDEMNITY

If the Insured while this policy is in force, and while no premium hereon is in default, shall sustain bodily injury resulting, exclusively and independently of all other causes, from the wrecking or disablement of any public omnibus, taxicab, jitney or automobile stage or bus, which is being driven or operated at the time of such wrecking or disablement by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which such Insured is traveling as a fare-paying passenger, or from the wrecking or disablement of any railroad passenger car or passenger steamship or steamboat or street railway car or elevated or subway railway car, in or on which such Insured is traveling as a fare-paying passenger in a place regularly provided for passengers only, or from the wrecking or disablement of any passenger elevator (elevators in mines and freight elevators excepted) in which the Insured is riding as a passenger, or from the burning of a building, in which the Insured shall be at the beginning of the fire and in which the Insured shall be burned by fire or suffocated by smoke, he not acting as a volunteer or paid fireman, the Company will pay three times the face amount of this policy in lieu of all other benefits hereunder, provided, such bodily injury results in the death of the Insured within thirty days from the date of such accident.

This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Accidental Death Benefits.

TOTAL AND PERMANENT DISABILITY BENEFIT

Whenever the Company receives due proof that the Insured, after the premiums for one full year shall have been paid hereunder and before default in the payment of any subsequent premium on this policy, has become totally and permanently disabled by reason either of accidental injury or sickness so as to be prevented necessarily and continuously from engaging in any occupation whatsoever for remuneration or profit, then the Company will waive payment of all premiums becoming due subsequent to the receipt of such proof during the continuance of such total and permanent disability. This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Total and Permanent Disability. Guaranteed Cash and Loan Values and all other privileges provided in the policy shall be the same as if such waived premiums had been paid as they became due and in any settlement of the policy the Company will not deduct any premiums so waived.

NON PARTICIPATING LIFE POLICY ACCIDENTAL DEATH AND TOTAL DISABILITY BENEFITS
PREMIUMS PAYABLE FOR LIFE.
FIFTY PER CENT NATURAL DEATH BENEFIT DURING FIRST SIX MONTHS.
FORM L 700 1-28

As announced in last week's Liberty, we offer, as a special service to Liberty Readers, ONE MILLION Life Insurance Policies—the most remarkable Life Insurance bargain of its kind ever presented!

For only $1.00 a month and the coupon below, you may obtain—*without any medical examination*—a Life Insurance Policy in The Federal Life Insurance Company of Chicago, which provides Insurance against death from any cause whatsoever, and, IN ADDITION, provides DOUBLE and TRIPLE the amount of Insurance in the event of accidental death as stated.

Regardless of the amount of Life Insurance you now carry, you cannot afford to ignore this opportunity. Every reader of Liberty should apply for one of these policies. Just send $1.00 and the coupon below. The Policy will be sent by mail.

Standard Life Insurance

Read the Policy at the left. Note that it is STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE. It provides guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total and Permanent Disability Benefits, and other standard privileges. Note that it is not *Limited Term Insurance*. You do not have to exchange it for any other policy at any time. The premium of $1.00 a month remains the same throughout the life of the Policy. It never increases.

The Federal Life Insurance Company is a standard Legal Reserve Company. It has been established 28 years, continuously under the same management, Isaac Miller Hamilton, President. It has assets of OVER TEN MILLION DOLLARS, and more than $100,000,000.00 of Paid-for Life Insurance in force. It has paid to Policyholders and beneficiaries over $16,000,000.

This offer is open to persons between the ages of 10 and 50, in normal health, living in the United States or Canada. NOTE: If you are not in normal health, or are not a standard insurable risk, please do not apply.

The cost of $1.00 a month is the same to everyone regardless of age. The amount of Insurance which $1.00 a month will secure under this offer varies according to your present age. The younger you are the more Insurance you get. (See table below.) To determine the amount take age at your nearest birthday. *This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at the time of death*

Arrangements also have been made to issue this policy in multiple sums for those who wish to obtain larger amounts of Insurance. For example: for $2.00 a month you may obtain TWICE the amount of Insurance; for $3.00 a month THREE TIMES the amount; limit for males, FIVE UNITS, or five times the amount; limit for females, THREE UNITS, or three times the amount.

Limited Offer
Send Coupon at Once!

Probably never before has such an opportunity as this been presented to the American public. Think of it! A Standard Life Insurance Policy with Double and Triple Indemnity, Guaranteed Cash, Loan and Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total Disability and other benefits—for only $1.00 a month with the Coupon below—*without medical examination!* Policy sent by mail!

The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application by refunding the full amount of the premium paid.

No more than One Million Policies will be issued on this offer. As Liberty is read by several million readers the supply of these Policies may be quickly exhausted. To avoid disappointment send the coupon at once

Address Coupons To:
LIBERTY READERS INSURANCE DEPARTMENT
FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
168 North Michigan Ave., *Chicago, Ill.*

Copyright, 1928

What This $1.00 Life Insurance Policy Pays:

NOTE: This special Policy costs you only $1.00 a month regardless of your age. Only persons between ages of 10 and 50 are eligible to apply. To determine the amount of insurance offered for $1.00 a month take your present age at nearest birthday in Table below. The amount of Insurance is shown opposite the age. This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at time of death.

AGE	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Triple Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Double Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable for Death From Any Cause Other Than Accident
10	$2,565.00	$1,710.00	$855.00
11	2,520.00	1,680.00	840.00
12	2,478.00	1,652.00	826.00
13	2,439.00	1,626.00	813.00
14	2,400.00	1,600.00	800.00
15	2,361.00	1,574.00	787.00
16	2,325.00	1,550.00	775.00
17	2,274.00	1,516.00	758.00
18	2,238.00	1,492.00	746.00
19	2,190.00	1,460.00	730.00
20	2,157.00	1,438.00	719.00
21	2,112.00	1,408.00	704.00
22	2,070.00	1,380.00	690.00
23	2,028.00	1,352.00	676.00
24	1,986.00	1,324.00	662.00
25	1,935.00	1,290.00	645.00
26	1,899.00	1,266.00	633.00
27	1,851.00	1,234.00	617.00
28	1,806.00	1,204.00	602.00
29	1,764.00	1,176.00	588.00
30	1,713.00	1,142.00	571.00
31	1,677.00	1,118.00	559.00
32	1,629.00	1,086.00	543.00
33	1,578.00	1,052.00	526.00
34	1,530.00	1,020.00	510.00
35	1,485.00	990.00	495.00
36	1,443.00	962.00	481.00
37	1,395.00	930.00	465.00
38	1,350.00	900.00	450.00
39	1,305.00	870.00	435.00
40	1,260.00	840.00	420.00
41	1,221.00	814.00	407.00
42	1,173.00	782.00	391.00
43	1,131.00	754.00	377.00
44	1,086.00	724.00	362.00
45	1,044.00	696.00	348.00
46	1,002.00	668.00	334.00
47	963.00	642.00	321.00
48	921.00	614.00	307.00
49	882.00	588.00	294.00
50	843.00	562.00	281.00

NOTE: *Fifty Per Cent Natural Death Benefit During First Six Months. See Policy.*

COUPON

FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY READERS INSURANCE DEPT.
168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I certify that I am a reader of Liberty Magazine and hereby request the Special Life Insurance Policy checked below in accordance with your offer.

NOTE: For a dollar a month Policy check here ☐ $1.00

If you wish a larger multiple amount of this Insurance as offered, indicate your desire by checking here the amount of the monthly premium you wish to pay. (Limit for males, five units; for females, three units.)
☐ $2.00 ☐ $3.00 ☐ $4.00 ☐ $5.00

Check or Money Order for the amount of the first month's premium must be sent with this coupon

My Name Is.....
Write Your Name In Full. Do Not Use Initials.

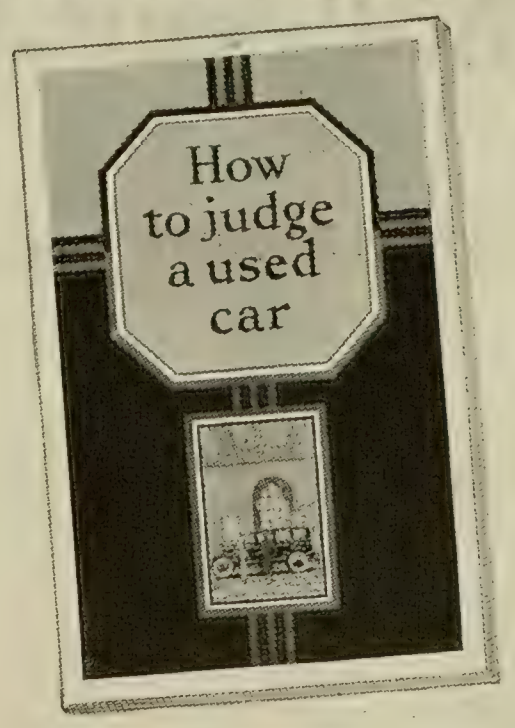
My Home Address Is.....

Date of Birth.....*My Age Is*.....
Day Month Year

Beneficiary.....
Write Here the Full Name of Person to Whom You Want Insurance Paid At Your Death

NOTE: This Insurance will become effective if and when issued by the Federal Life Insurance Company at its Home Office in Chicago. The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application for this insurance for any cause whatsoever, and in such cases will return to the Applicant the full amount of the payment sent with this coupon.

INVEST 2¢
. . . you may save $200!
Write us *now* for your copy of *this free book*



THE fund of facts in "How to Judge a Used Car" may easily save you $200 or more in buying a used car! Boiled down into ten minutes' interesting reading are the safeguards experienced *automobile dealers* apply when *buying* used cars for resale. Every paragraph is the summary of years of experience—every page is full of time-saving, money-making pointers.

Pictures and text in this helpful used car manual give startling information never before made public. They show *you* what code prices mean, why dealers turn the speedometer back to zero, how to fix the value of a used car offered by a friend, how to avoid "orphans"—and other important points the average buyer would overlook.

Send the coupon *now* for your copy. Learn how to get more for your motoring money. Invest 2c in a postage stamp—you may save $200!

Pledge to the Public
on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

© 1927, The Studebaker Corporation of America

Sign and mail the Coupon NOW!

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Department 78, South Bend, Ind.
Please send me my copy of your valuable free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car."

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....*State*.....

STUDEBAKER
The Great Independent

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Thirty-eight]

"As corrupt a machine as there is this side of the flaming gates of perdition."

Denouncing the filibuster which Senators were carrying on to prevent consideration of the Insull-Smith and the Vare slush fund investigations while important bills were dying, he did not say that the filibuster was costing time and opportunity. He said it thus:

"You may filibuster this resolution to death; but with the sword you stab it you will kill all these bills, the passage of which you are preventing."

"Purchased votes!" he exclaimed another time. "Introduce that and you have destroyed the work of all the ages: the simple right to cast a little ballot! He who would destroy that right is as bad as Benedict Arnold and worse than Judas Iscariot."

Kansas he once described as "the universal government experiment station wherein anything is tried once."

Once, in the Senate cloakrooms, he came upon a group of empirical Senators who were dreaming party policies, and said:

"If any particular form of insanity becomes epidemic in this country, you put it in the party platform."

Of cure-alls he is instantly suspicious, and he brushed aside the League of Nations and the World Court with:

"A piece of paper to rub on you and there'll never be any more smallpox!"

VOICING his contention that the League Court was a subtle and perilous mechanism to toy with, he said:

"I protest that Uncle Sam shall not be soothed to sleep in the lap of an international Delilah, and so, shorn of his locks, awake only when the Philistines are upon him."

Reed believes his country is being lawed to distraction.

"We have written," he said, "on the statute books of this country over six hundred thousand laws. We have forbidden so many things that it is probable that not a single human being in the United States over ten years old has not violated some statute law.

"It would require a lifetime to read all the laws, and ten lifetimes to understand them. What wonder that the average man has come to regard the law as a sword of oppression rather than a shield of protection?"

IF Reed wins the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he will go before the country on a platform of anti-high-tariff, anti-prohibition, and antibureaucracy. He will be for agricultural relief through tariff reduction and freight-rate cuts. He will be for reduced income taxes. He will be for keeping government agencies out of business operations, and for economy in government administration.

He is, and will be, against a resurrected McNary-Haugen bill on two counts, which he thus specifies:

(1) "Certainly, in my opinion, it will never work.

(2) "Whenever I can take your property without due process of law, you are my slave."

If he becomes President he will be for—and he has said it—the dismissal of "an army of spies, snoopers, sneaks, and informers."

He will be against Federal enforcement of nation-wide prohibition on this plea:

"I have never been a wet citizen, and I have never been a wet advocate. But I have insisted that the people of every county in my State and in other States should regulate these matters for themselves. I have believed in local government."

If Reed runs true to form, it is not likely that he will try to becloud and befuddle issues in his fight for the Presidency. For his favorite story is a Lincoln story, which he frequently tells to illustrate his contention that "a fact cannot be expunged by a recital that it is not a fact":

"'Suppose,' Mr. Lincoln once demanded, 'that I say a dog's tail is a leg—how many legs will the dog have?'

"'Five,' answered the gull.

"'Oh, no,' said Lincoln; 'you can't make a tail a leg by calling it a leg!'"

Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas will be the subject of Mr. Bennett's next article, in next week's Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Fifty-five)

1—What is the American continental divide?
2—What is brass?
3—Who was called "Old Hickory"?
4—From what goddess' name is our word "cereal" derived?
5—What is called the "roof of the world"?
6—Is asbestos a vegetable or a mineral?
7—Where are the Green Mountains?
8—What name is given to a sky flecked with small white clouds?
9—How wide is a tennis court?
10—Who is the chess champion of the world, and whom did he succeed?
11—What are Arkansas' nicknames?
12—In what battle did Generals Montcalm and Wolfe die?
13—What were the family names of *Romeo* and *Juliet?*
14—What is the unit of currency in Greece?
15—What are the Pillars of Hercules?
16—With whom is the phrase "watchful waiting" associated?
17—How long is a perch, as a measure of length?
18—What sign of the zodiac is represented by the crab?
19—Who wrote The Marble Faun?
20—What separates Lake Michigan from Lake Huron?

• • • • JOHNS-MANVILLE • MASTER OF ASBESTOS • • • •

Here you buy safety

Safety—in its fullest meaning—the protection of life itself—depends on the brakes and brake lining of your motor car. This is true every time you drive.

Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of asbestos, has made safe the control of heat, of fire, of vast power — through asbestos. For your car the tough fibres of this rock are woven into brake lining.

Better Looking Homes

Thousands of home owners have learned of Johns-Manville through Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

Besides giving new beauty and distinction to any home these shingles are absolutely fireproof and will outlast the house. On a new house or for re-roofing Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles provide a roof that will never have to be replaced.

Are You Interested in the Safety of Your Family?

If you have any interest in your family, or in yourself, you cannot afford to buy brake lining—by hit or miss methods.

It is just as easy to have sturdy, dependable Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining—as to have an inferior lining. Johns-Manville is the world Master of Asbestos, the most logical producer of an asbestos brake lining.

Avoid Needless Risk

When your brakes need re-lining—which may be right now—look for a Johns-Manville Service Station, identified by the sign shown here—or insist to your own garage man that he supply Johns-Manville Brake Lining. He can always get it for you. That's all the "shopping around" you have to do.

If you leave the matter to chance, or to some one else's opinion, you may save a few cents—not even that is sure—but you will be taking a big risk, that you might just as well avoid. The way to be safe is to *know* that your brakes are lined with brake lining from Asbestos Headquarters—Johns-Manville.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

ASBESTOS MINERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ROOFING & INSULATIONS OF ENDURING FIREPROOF ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville manufactures friction blocks and brake lining for hoisting machinery and other similar uses. Write to the Johns-Manville Corporation, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, for full information.

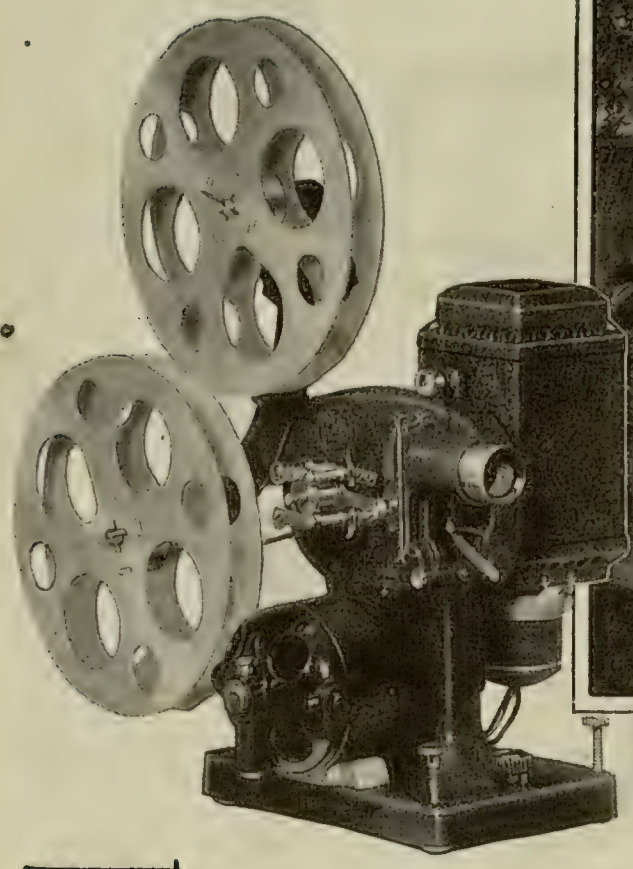
It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment. Tear this out and use it as a

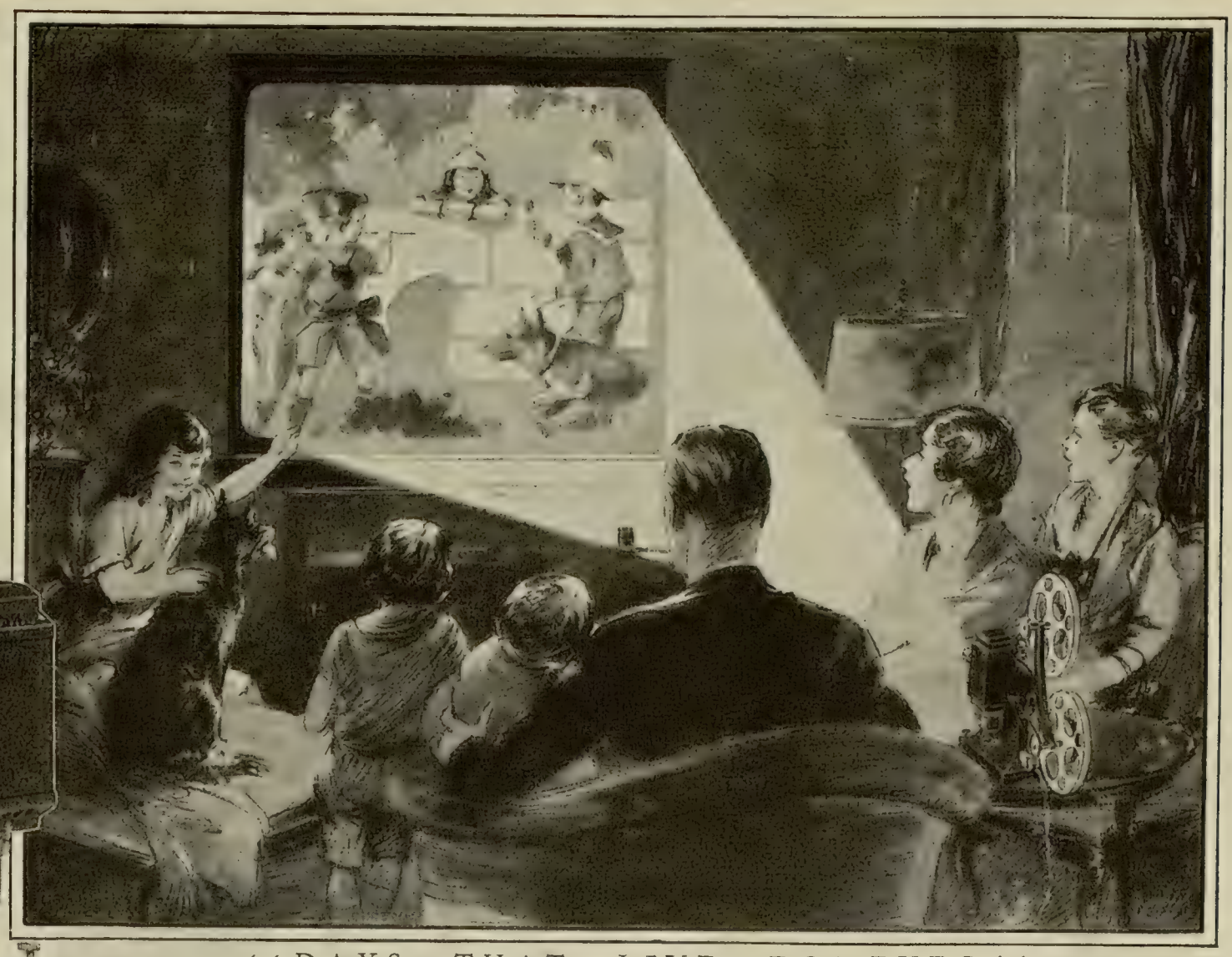
Memorandum!

March 10—*Have garage mechanic inspect my brakes today.*

If re-lining is required, insist on Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. It will protect you for thousands of miles.

THE DE VRY HOME
MOVIE PROJECTOR
(16 mm. film)
$95.00





"DAYS THAT LIVE FOREVER"

Written from life by MR. JOHN JOYMAN
Directed and photographed by MR. JOHN JOYMAN

THE CAST

A Prince ..... THOMAS JOYMAN
A Princess ..... NANCY NEIGHBOR
A Fairy Godmother ... MRS. JOYMAN
Two Rogues ..... JOAN JOYMAN, PETER JOYMAN
A Dog ..... ROVER

First showing *in* any theater

Your own "all star cast" in "Days that live forever"

WILLIAM WELLMAN
Paramount Director

IT'S "first night" in the Joyman home tonight. Everyone is present — even Rover the dog. Not a sound breaks the quiet of the darkened living room. Everybody is tense—expectant.

"Click" goes the switch on the DeVry projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Thomas Joyman, Jr., as the Prince is making bashful advances to Nancy Neighbor, the Princess. Peeping over the fence, the Two Rogues, Joan and Peter, bombard the prince but are driven off by the brave Rover, impersonating the dragon. On to the scene comes Mrs. Joyman as the Fairy Godmother. She waves her wand. The dragon becomes just plain Rover again. The Rogues return and swear allegiance with uplifted wooden swords. The prince embraces the princess—fade out. . . And "Days That Live Forever," a Joyman production, has had its first showing in any theater.

When Tom and Joan and Peter are grown up, and Dad and Mother are gray, with what joy they will bring out this old film for family reunions and relive those days of happy childhood and young parenthood!

These and many other joys are the priceless possessions of the family which makes its own DeVry movies.

Substituted for the family album full of self-conscious victims of the professional photographers are perfect motion pictures of every member of the family from babyhood up—living, laughing, moving, breathing—vital pictures that bring back absent dear ones faster than train or plane can carry them to mother and to home.

You and your children are changing with every succeeding day. If you are going to make your own movies, get a DeVry today. Don't delay. Soon it will be too late to get the full benefit and you will be filled with regret.

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Pansy's Cat

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

BARBARA peered under the black walnut barge wherein the tormented young couple were doomed to spend their nights.

The Story of a Million-Dollar Honeymoon

By

WALLACE IRWIN

(Reading time: 25 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE dear little coral-colored dressing table, with its gauzy hood, multiple mirrors, and rose-laden Cupids, stood at one end of that horribly black walnut prison for two. Sid had given her that dressing table out of his vanishing income on the day of their wedding. He was appropriating it this morning, fastening a button of his pretty blue shirt.

Barbara, who had let her chestnut hair grow out during the six months of their wildly experimental marriage, was making the most of it at a mirror not much wider than her two small hands; it topped one of the dismal brown bureaus of which Uncle Zeno, their unwelcome host, was passing fond.

"How," thought she, clenching her teeth, "can I say something sweet that will budge him from my mirror?"

The two opposing glasses exchanged reflections. How big and splendid and irritating Sid looked, sleeking back his hair with her brush. Her brush! And he had lit a cigarette. Ugh! How she hated cigarette smoke before breakfast.

Something in the florid face, flashed across to her, looked forbidding. She knew. He also was getting pretty tired of smiling and smiling, putting up an empty show for Uncle Zeno.

"Babs," he said lovingly, "I wonder what's become of all my collars—the ones that match these shirts?"

She stood praying for calm. In his enormous house Uncle Zeno gave them nothing but this terrible den. Locked together like caged animals. And Sid could be such a pig.

"They're not in *my* dressing table, sweetheart." With the voice of a nightingale. "They must be over here, in one of *your* drawers." Then a horrid thought galloped in. Heigh-ho! "I'm afraid, honey, I didn't put them in the wash this week."

An ugly silence. Then, "That's fine, darling. I'll just put on another shirt."

"I'll get my dressing table after all," she was thinking, when a bomb exploded almost in her face—a gas bomb laden with heavenly scent. Wasn't that like Sid? He had managed to knock over her one, her only bottle of expensive perfume.

The tormented young couple faced each other.

"Doesn't it smell lovely!" she cried, and could have brained him then and there.

"It is rather nice this way—sort of like a room all scented up—you know—" He glared malevolently at the fragments of bottle.

"If you'd only—" She was becoming shrill. Like a stricken animal Sid leaped to his feet. "Shush!" he hissed in her ear. "Remember—we're on our honor, and don't forget that Pansy is under the bed. She hears everything."

Barbara flushed at the horrid thought, got on her knees, and peered under the fat black-walnut barge wherein the tormented young couple were doomed to spend their nights.

Half obscured in shadow against the wall, the mean little Pansy stared snootily. A dictograph. Listening, listening for the slightest sound of discord between Mr. and Mrs. Sidney E. Burbank. And wasn't it horrid of Uncle Zeno to put that spy on them when they had both given him their word!

Dressing nervously, plowing through the clutter, again and with a growing impatience she remembered the day and hour when Sid's eccentric relative, famous for his whiskers, his wealth, and his stinginess, had made his amazing offer of a million dollars.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's a Comb for the "Ragged Bob"

THE "windblown" or ragged bob is charming when it is becomingly worn, but a studied effect must be retained by skillful combing or else chaos! A carefully selected set of Ace Hard Rubber Combs with smoothly polished, rounded teeth is the prescription. A large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb, for a thorough job in the morning, is stimulating and "peppy." The little Ace Pocket Comb does the trick many times a day when the "rags" must be nicely adjusted. Then the Ace Dry Shampoo Comb at night to take out the day's dust and restore the sheen. Such a set of Ace Combs will just fit your needs.

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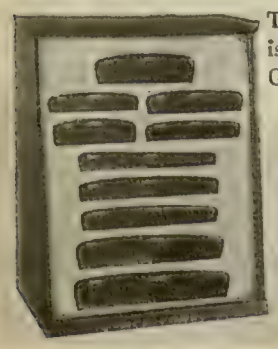

The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere.

[PANSY'S EAR
Continued from Page Forty-three]

The morning of April 24. The adorable couple were to be married in an hour. "You notice we've got no present from Uncle Zeno," Sid had been saying. "He let me work my way through college and he's leaving his fortune to an insane asylum."

Then, tableau. An automobile almost as large as her father's modest house rolls up to the curb and out of it comes a fur-bearing magician in a violently checked suit. Tiny man with a little pink beard, mathematically parted. Uncle Zeno in person. Testily he introduced himself, locked the parlor door, and offered the world's strangest wedding present:

"Not a cent now," he snapped. "You'll be married at twelve o'clock, noon, April twenty-fourth, nineteen-twenty-six. After the ceremony you get in my car, come to my house, and live there for a year under my conditions—until noon, understand, April twenty-fourth, nineteen-twenty-seven."

Sid quite naturally asked what for, but Uncle went on: "I warn you, you'll be watched. It won't be too easy. But if by noon, April twenty - fourth, nineteen-twenty-seven, you two young people have proved to my satisfaction that not one harsh word has passed between you, I'll present you with a certified check for one million dollars. Sounds queer, doesn't it? Well, my first year of marriage was hell on earth. If I can be made to think that all of 'em aren't as bad as mine, it'll be worth the money."

THEY kissed on it, they shook hands on it, they signed a typewritten agreement. It seemed so childishly simple. So they had come to live in Zeno L. Turner's hideous pagoda and were given a room that would turn saints into homicidal maniacs.

This morning of November 24, same year, Barbara moved like a walking curse through fragments of broken perfume bottle. The aroma choking them both, nests of little grudges in their hearts, fire in their eyes, they went on dressing. Sid had thrown his blue shirt on the floor for Barbara to pick up. He had scattered collars. She sighed, then suppressed it. Conceivably Pansy might catch even that faint evidence of discord.

"Isn't it per-fectly delightful?" suggested Sid, choking on his tight neckband. This sort of hypocritical talk had already become a code with them. "Per-fectly delightful" meant "the limit." But this morning, somehow, Sid's fagged tone struck her sense of humor. Her laugh was genuine. "Old dear!" she cried, and threw her arms around his neck.

Sid was the first to go down to breakfast. She got into the bathroom and found that, as usual, he had left his shaving brush with the lather in it. When she picked up his sopping bath mat a razor blade fell out.

UNCLE ZENO, she realized, was doing everything possible to annoy them. But they'd fool him. All the servants in the house were his spies. And that man with the flat head who pretended to assist the butler. He operated the dictograph, down in the pantry. She had a wicked impulse to get Sid's walking stick, poke it under the bed, and wreck that little listening brat.

At breakfast she found the two men behind morning papers. Neither rose. "On April 24, at one minute past twelve," she promised to herself, "I'll teach Sid his manners." But smiling she chirped, "Good morning, Uncle Zeno."

Down came the paper. Zeno L. Turner, sitting very low, twinkled like a gnome. His pinkish beard bristled pleasantly. "Good morning, my dear." She came over and kissed a mat of hair. "Well, cheerful as usual, little wife? Didn't I hear a sound of breaking glass in your room?"

"Only a poor little bottle of perfume, Uncle Zeno." She smiled her tin smile.

SID and the first chauffeur came in, lightly bearing Uncle Zeno, who was neither dead nor sleeping. He was merely helpless.

"Didn't throw it at anybody?" Hopefully.

"Oh, no." Lightly. "I'm a poor aim, anyhow. Some of my clumsiness. I knocked it over."

Sid dropped both his paper and his jaw.

"Women throw things," decided Uncle Zeno. "Mollie was rather a good shot. Once she hit me in the head with a vinegar cruet. That was the middle of our seventh month."

FROM the brown sideboard with the carved grapes Otto, the butler, was bringing her an orange. Barbara was nervous. Had unseen eyes been peeping at them, studying the hard expression behind their tender words?

"And I want to congratulate you, my dear!" Uncle Zeno rubbed his little hands and ordered more bacon.

"Congratulate me?" Her sweet tone hiding dread.

"Both of you. Living together, small quarters, always keeping Sidney so well groomed. Fine tie you're wearing this morning, young man." It was the emerald-green one she hated. In the mess upstairs Sid had seized the first he could find. "Don't you admire it, Babs?"

"It's lovely. So bright."

"Here, Otto." Mr. Turner was snapping his fingers. "You've forgotten to bring Mrs. Burbank her fried onions."

"Oh, but—" Barbara loved fried onions. Sid detested them, fried or otherwise.

"Now, now, don't tell me you're refusing! Fried onions for the complexion. That's what makes the Russian women so beautiful. Sid, you're not forbidding your wife—"

"Eat onions, Babs!" His smile was a little too high on one side. "Come on! They're good for you."

She helped herself sparingly, nibbled, laid down her fork. "Actually, I never cared for them much," she insisted to Uncle Zeno.

He was more active than usual in making the young Burbanks work for his money. He offered to give Barbara a cat. Sid detested cats. Jovially he reminded the young husband of theater tickets he had promised and had forgotten until the house was sold out.

"Keep on smiling." That was the signal husband and wife flashed across. Just the same, the thought of the theater tickets rankled in her. But they managed a hearty kiss at the door, and behind them came Uncle Zeno's cheerful warning, "Better not stay downtown playing poker tonight, Sid. You're getting a little behind with your bills. Babs could do with a few extra clothes, and if you spend it all on the cards . . ."

II

IT was the tenth month, and two faces had creased into habitual grins like Japanese masks. They were conquering time, this pair. Day by day in every way. Sometimes, when she was alone—if one can be alone in a houseful of spies—she prayed that it wouldn't end in her actually hating Sid.

In her subconscious mind she stored grievances like ragged old laundry lists. The lathered shaving brush, his habit of snoring, the way he wanted the windows down when she wanted them up, his early-morning cigarettes, her loneliness Saturday nights when he played poker, his bull-in-a-china-shop breakage, his forgetfulness.

But he didn't forget to glare at her when she lost her purse with his bunch of keys in it. No. And he didn't forget her birthday. For that she forgave him much, and wept in secret.

If she could really be alone with him! Even the bank where he worked was Uncle Zeno's, and the uniformed guard there watched her come and go. When doors and window shades obscured them from human eyes, there was always little Pansy, listening under the bed. They began to grow fond of Pansy, even as the prisoner cultivates the mouse in his cell. She became a comic relief.

"'Ittle Pansy had her ear washed today?" Sid would inquire in a maudlin tone when he came to their

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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NOBODY need ever have to make an Ingersoll Alarm Clock the pet of the family. Like Ingersoll Watches, these clocks are sturdy and dependable.

They combine the accuracy of more delicate timepieces with sound, solid construction. They tell time correctly and ring on time. They ring clearly and penetratingly. Knob alarm switches are an added convenience.

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Made by the makers of Ingersoll Watches at Ingersoll prices—$1.50 to $4.50, covering both plain dial and Radiolite models. Look for the name Ingersoll on the dial—just to make sure.

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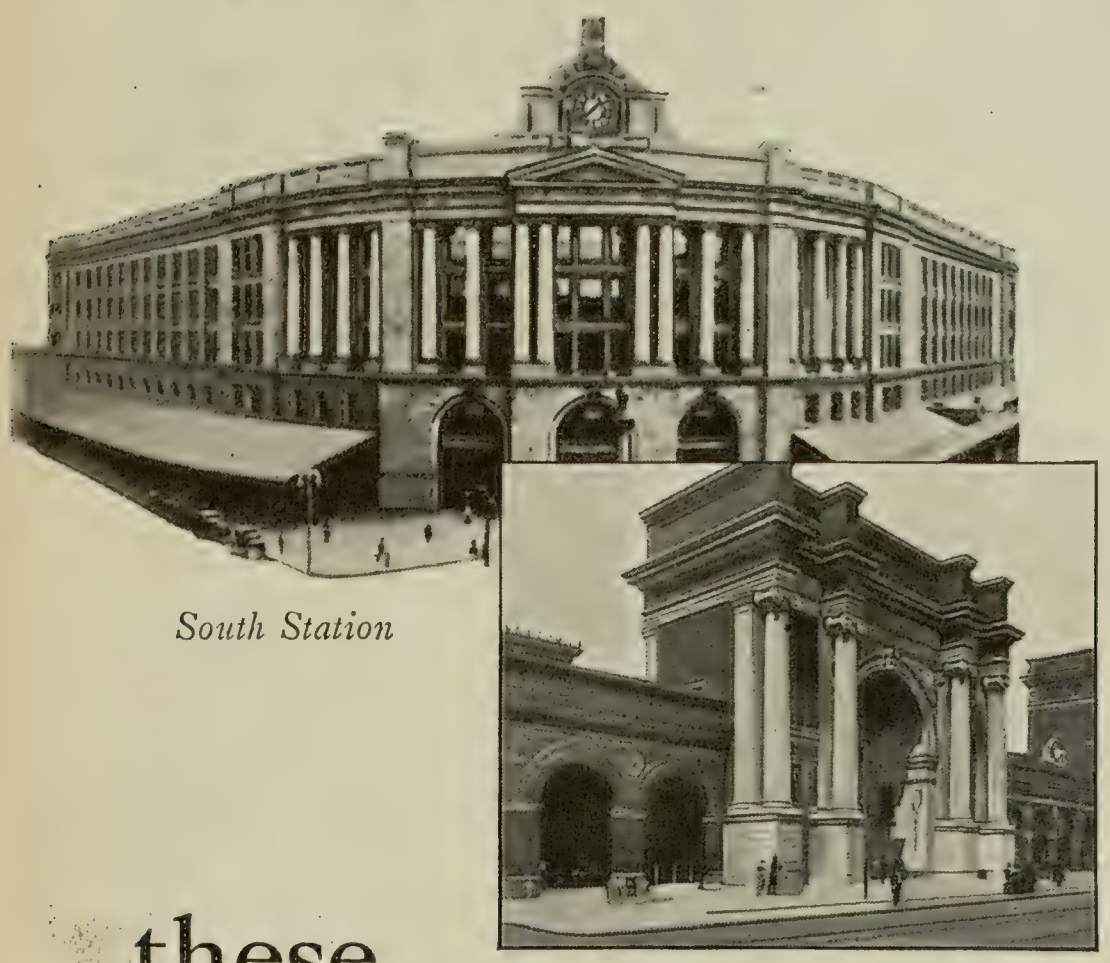

South Station

Old North Station

these chocolate bars lead

BOSTONIANS are known to be mighty particular about what they eat. Even the lowly bean must submit to special baking!

It's not surprising then, to find Nestlé's and Peter's chocolate bars most popular here. An actual sales-counter check-up in Boston's two busiest railroad stations showed Nestlé's and Peter's far in the lead.

Both have that distinctive mellow old-time Swiss flavor. They combine unique lusciousness with wholesome, satisfying nourishment.

If you like the milder, creamier, more delicate type of milk chocolate, Nestlé's will suit you exactly . . . It's the *creamiest* of all milk chocolate bars.

Or perhaps you'll prefer the rich, full-flavored chocolate taste of Peter's. *Richest in chocolate* of all milk chocolate bars.

Both sell in five- and ten-cent sizes, plain or with toasted almonds. Handy croquette packages, too. Prominently displayed by all the best dealers.

Made by the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co.

Richest in Cream

Richest in Chocolate

[PANSY'S EAR Continued from Page Forty-five]

room after the day's work. Then they would make up madhouse conversations about Pansy.

"What's the matter with her ear, Papa?" "It's got all full of sweet, sticky words." "If I had Pansy's ear, Papa, I'd put it under my hat so I could hear my wicked thoughts go round."

FOR six months Barbara had few social contacts in Greyville. When she drove, it was with Uncle Zeno or his old chauffeur, who had the face of a relentless turnkey. Her compulsory host, it appeared, was giving over his time to the million-dollar game he was playing with two young hearts.

At times Babs felt a retching desire to run away, to go back to Harborport where she was born, knew everybody, could go and come at will. But half the ordeal was already over. Yet all this time little meannesses were gnawing, gnawing. Harsh words suppressed strike in and curdle the blood.

She began counting the days, as children count toward Christmas.

Then late in the tenth month—there were times when she and Sid dared not speak to each other, save in short endearments, and always with that damnable, frozen smile—Uncle Zeno changed his tactics. He decided to give a number of dinner dances.

Smiling like an auburn tomcat, he would sit on the side lines, expecting Sid to grow jealous of the rather bold young men who preferred his strikingly pretty wife; expecting Barbara to fly into a rage when her husband stayed too long in the palm room with a voracious young blonde.

Nights after these parties the steam pressed heavily, but no explosions came. "Isn't Vera attractive?" and "Harry's a fine guy, isn't he?" was all that disappointed Pansy could hear of bedroom conversations.

But of all the minor devils which Mephistopheles — Barbara was beginning to think of Zeno as that—of all he could conjure, this Harry was the most formidable. Handsome, rakish, older than Sid, Harry Cunningham was frequently invited to little parties for four. Then he would dull Sid's wit with his brilliant anecdotes, regard Barbara soulfully. After dinner he'd put on a record and teach her dance steps until Sid, who didn't dance, would smile and go to bed.

Still Pansy found no news worth recording.

But comparatively large things like jealousy, murder, and bankruptcy are never the signals for domestic battles.

One night they were going to a country club dance, personally conducted by Mephistopheles. In a hurry to change, Sid had scattered a pair of trousers across the bed, his shirt on the carpet, his shoes in the bathroom doorway, and a pair of socks—the ones he had been wearing all day—on Barbara's pretty pink dressing table. Barbara said nothing. Merely she doubled her fist and shook it savagely under Sid's nose.

Vengeance hardened his eye. Quietly, powerfully, he took hold of the two little puffy sideburns she wore over her ears. He didn't pull. He merely held on. So there they were, gritting their teeth, glaring absurdly.

He let go. She leaped to her dresser, snatched his socks, tossed them accurately out of a window. It was raining, and they were nice socks.

Dizzy with rage, she rearranged the defiled sideburns. In the glass she saw Sid on his knees beside the bed, his face close to the carpet.

"Darling!" She was able to get that out. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Getting ready to sing to Pansy, sweetheart." He began powerfully, if off the key:

"Pack all your t-r-roubles in
your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile—"

Then frightfully, but softly, "Ouch!" For poor Barbara, hardly knowing what she did, had jabbed him with a safety pin.

THAT was the night she got lost, and with Harry Cunningham, of all people. She had danced with the blade until Sid, she knew, was furious. Uncle had willed it that she should drive home, over thirteen miles of country road, with Harry as the only other passenger and one of Zeno's spies at the wheel.

She suspected that chauffeur when the car broke down by an all-night lunch wagon at the end of the trolley line. The man was hours finding a garage, and Harry, now snubbed into good behavior, appeased her with Hamburger sandwiches.

The sandwiches were rich with onions and, in a sudden rebellion against everything, Barbara didn't care.

It was a quarter of five when the car stole guiltily up to the big house with its jigsawed verandas, knobby towers, and imitation battlements. Without saying good night, Barbara tiptoed to her room. Her heart pounding with a tormenting fear, she found the lights on and Sid asleep, his face to the wall.

Noiselessly she undressed and got in beside him. He didn't stir. Had he been too indifferent to care what she did, how long she stayed away? "Oh, Sid, I've got to tell you!" She whispered it, and began to cry. Suddenly she felt his arm go round her. He hadn't been asleep at all.

Next morning at nine the dictograph operator—who, because of his peculiar calling, could live without sleep—knocked at Mr. Zeno L. Turner's door and found that gentleman in a pink nightshirt embroidered with blue daisies.

He reached out and snatched away the following typewritten report:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

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that childhood's sunny smiles are always with you

CAPTURE forever the warmth and glow of Childhood's sunny smiles with Photographs . . . . . Take your children to the family Photographer *at least* once a year.

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Name.....

Address.....*City*.....

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[PANSY'S EAR
Continued from Page Forty-six]

1—Had fake engine trouble as per orders at Fatty's Eats about 9 miles from home. Gent acted O. K. She acted peeved. Wasted 2 hrs. Arrived home 4:46.

2—Went to dictograph when she went in room. She cried for 4 minutes. Pretty soon she says, "Sid I was out awful late!" And he says, "Hush Pansy's listening. Darling, what happened?" Then she says, "The ottomobile broke. I could not find a phone!" He says, "Anyhow, I could trust you with Harry." She says, "Put him in his place." They was silent 47 seconds. Then he says, "Darling, you've been eating onions." She says, "Yes, and you'll never forgive me." He says, "Like Hell I won't, kiss me again." She says, "Honey" and he says "Sweetheart." The rest was mush.

So ended the tenth month of the ordeal by fire.

III

AS the noon of April 24 drew nearer, the natural course of events and the unnatural cunning of Uncle Zeno had rubbed two tempers to the thinness of fine glass.

Fate, of course, got in and worked for the wicked. On the morning of the twenty-third, a fair Saturday, Barbara took Sid's bright blue runabout out for a trial. Somehow a policeman gave a signal which made her sideswipe a water plug, turning one azure fender into a bowknot.

The three of them were wont to lunch at home on Saturday, and Barbara sat there, employing a smile which was beginning to crack. She'd have to tell Sid about the broken car. His nerves, like hers, were battered and worn. Would he forget himself now, with a million in his grasp, and tell her what he thought of her as a chauffeur? The car was the darling of his heart.

"Gee," thought Barbara, biting viciously into her food while Uncle Zeno said gentle things to irritate her, "I wouldn't go through this year again for sixty squintillion dollars!"

That morning Sid had been worse than ever, and on top of all his offenses he had discovered that she had lost one of her pearl earrings—Aunt Myra's wedding present. "Dearie!" he had hissed through murderous teeth.

Their tormentor, she knew, was planning a final, desperate rally.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY]

Quietly, powerfully, he took hold of the two little puffy sideburns she wore over her ears. He didn't pull. He merely held on.

Which *girl would you marry?*

IN THEIR companionship with women, men are constantly comparing . . . forever judging . . . weighing . . . When they face a final decision as to their mate, along with the beauty they love, deeper questions come—of character, habits of cleanliness. For all these things are part of the answer to "What kind of wife will she make?" Carelessness and lack of cleanliness have cost womankind more happiness than they will ever guess. And there's a lesson here for *mankind*, too.

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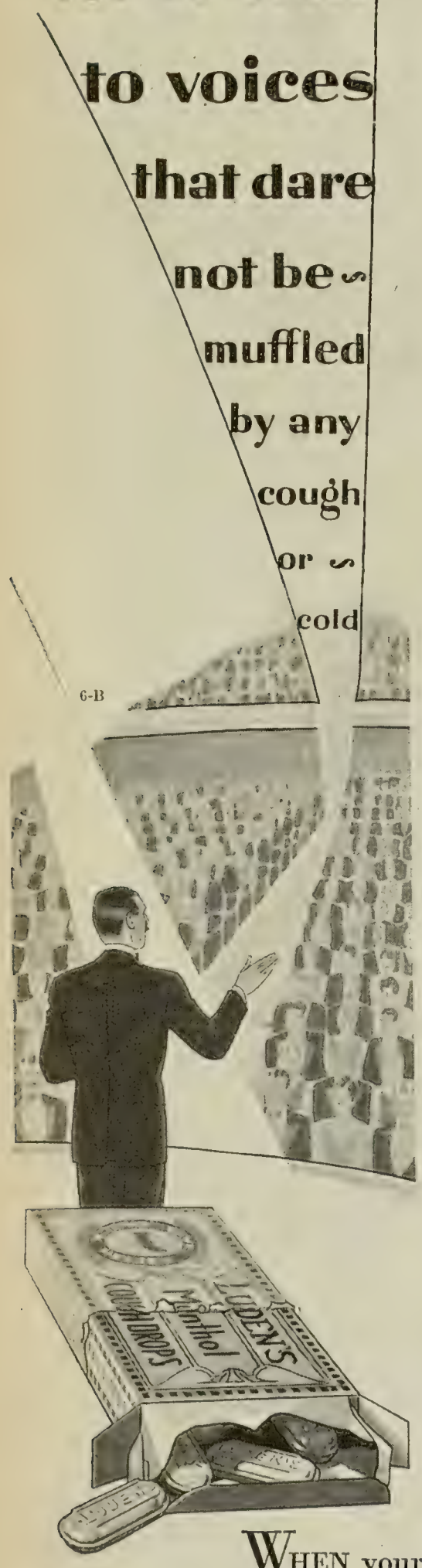

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Sold everywhere in the triple-sealed yellow package 5¢

LUDEN'S, Inc., Reading, Pa.

[PANSY'S EAR
Continued from Page Forty-eight]

He invited Sid to a Goodfellows' Dinner at the Wampus Club that night.

"Of course I know," said Uncle, with a wink at Sid, "how wives feel when their husbands escape."

"Oh, I love it!" cackled she.

"So?" His funny red eyebrows went up. "Rather glad to get rid of the old man once in a while, eh?"

Sid looked hard at her. Their smiles met and slapped faces.

"Oh, I mean—I mean—I'd sacrifice myself to give Sid a good time."

"Do I catch a little note of complaint in that remark?"

"Babs never complains," declared Sid in the voice of Dempsey interviewing Tunney.

"A rare quality in a woman." He was always so suave when he used the prod. "By the way, who let the bathtub run over this morning?"

"That's just like Babs—never takes care of anything." That was said in Sid's broad grin.

"I did," he lied. "Awfully sorry, Uncle Zeno."

ZENO seemed to have lost interest. He was consulting his watch. "Sid, how about that fancy new runabout? I don't know as I'd trust you to drive. But Babs might take us over to the Wampus course. Fine day for a threesome." He snapped fingers at Otto. "Have Grigg bring Mr. Burbank's car."

A moment of spiritual earthquake for the little wife when Otto came back and announced sadly, "Grigg says, sir, that Mr. Burbank's car is still in the repair shop."

"Repair shop?" Sid's rough bark. "How in hell—"

"Darling." Her words fell like dove's feathers. "I took it out. The police gave the wrong signal—"

"Damn—" Barbara could have fainted, but Sid caught his oath in midair—"damn those police." He walked over, took her chin fiercely in his hand, and kissed her bitterly. "How lucky you weren't hurt, dearie."

Yes, today was a test of power. It was raining streakily when they reached the Wampus Club. The dictograph operator caddied for them, never letting them out of his sight. Sid, obviously anxious to play real golf, spent most of the afternoon raking the rough for Barbara's lost balls. Uninterested in the game which he took so seriously, the miserable wife filled the air with clods from her sharp-edged mashie.

"You ought to speak to her about divots," warned Mephisto. "The committee's death on divots."

But Sid, without remark, mended the broken grass, stamping it into place with spiteful heel. Zeno was helpful in pointing out Barbara's errors. "You taught her to drive a car, didn't you, Sid?"

"Yes, sir." Guardedly. He showed joyous teeth and dug a niblick into the sand trap which nervousness had wished on him. When Uncle persisted, "You taught her to play golf, too?"

"I did not." Like an executioner Sid rested on his weapon. "She learned from a professional."

So on to the eleventh, where Babs lost one ball in a grove, buried another in a soft ditch, and with the third knocked off the hat of a muscular lady champion.

"I think Babs has a natural style," said Zeno. "If you weren't afraid to give her instructions she could give you a stroke a hole."

Sid Burbank, who had qualified for the finals shouldered his mashie.

"I'm not so very good," faltered his wife.

"God knows you're not—" The parachute jumper saved himself with—"God knows you're not learning bad habits."

And now for the eighteenth. Zeno no doubt had fought a valiant battle and so nearly succeeded that, once or twice at least, she had been on the point of attacking her husband with one of the lethal tools from her caddie bag. She left the men to their rowdy dinner and was driven home by the handy dictograph operator.

He had a likable, rubbery face, this expert, and when they had reached a woodland stretch he half turned and spoke out of the side of his mouth: "Say, lady, this is me last night on the job, and the good Lord knows what I was there for. I hope you was satisfied."

"Perfectly. I never had better service." She handed him five dollars.

"Thanks." Shoving it in his pocket. "And, say. Who was that girl Pansy you was always talking about?"

"Oh, she's the dictograph. We shall miss her under the bed."

He gave a sort of dictograph chuckle. "You're a sport, I'll say. Some of 'em gets sore when I lissen in. Once a lady took a shot at me. 'Look, sister,' I says, 'with one o' them instruments in the room you learn to talk pretty.' And I tell ya this: I never heard two people—married people, I mean—talk so pretty as you and Mr. Burbank."

THE big house was lonesome that evening. Only the sound of the operator, mending his dictograph in the pantry, gave a human touch. She sat in the hall, her eyes on the clock with the Nuremberg chimes. Minutes, minutes, tick-tock. Grim jailer, counting off her sentences.

She knew Sid would be away until morning; Mephisto knew that late hours and Scotch whisky made his nephew irritable. And tonight ushered in the last hours of that remarkable race for a million. She dreaded to think of the thousand little pin pricks poor Sid must endure; of the innumerable wiles Zeno would invent to arouse his tipsy grievances.

Waiting, she amused herself with projects. Should they stay

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

Try Losing 20 Lbs.

Learn what it means to be slender. What it means in new beauty, new health and vitality. You will always be glad that you know.

Wherever you look you can see that people have found a new way to reduce. Excess fat, once so common, is the exception now. Find out that scientific method in justice to yourself.

That way is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. The slender figures which prevail today are largely due to that.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet, though moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until the excess disappears. Every box contains the formula and the reasons for results, so you will have no fear of harm. The effects are due to a substance which Nature employs in the body to turn food into fuel and energy rather than into fat. It is the result of wide research and experiment by scientific men.

If you overweigh, you owe yourself a trial of the help that has done so much. Take Marmola for a while and watch the change that comes. All the results will delight you, we believe. Order now, before you forget it. When reduction is so easy, why stay fat?

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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Prescription Tablets
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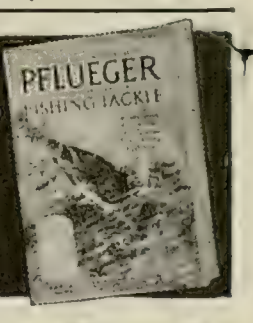
There is a World of Sport in Fishing



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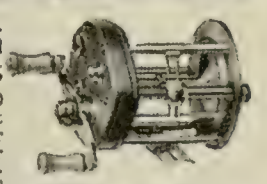

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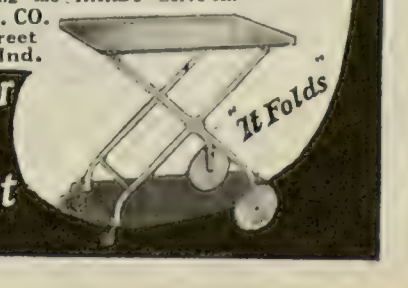


Send for Free Booklet

His wife said:- "His whole *disposition* had changed"

"Our family physician found the trouble," she added. "It was not Will's fault at all. He was naturally sweet and kind. He just simply couldn't be himself."

They stood before him—Mother, Bud and Clara, asking him to take them to the movies. He lolled back in his easy chair. "Oh, Lil," he said, "I just don't feel quite up to it." "What's the matter? Are you ill?" she asked. "No, just dull and a little short on pep, I guess. I'll go next time." That was the way it always was with him, then. He lacked the vitality that made life fun.

(From "Telling Fortunes With Foods" offered in coupon below.)

"HE'D come home from the office night after night," his wife continued, "and immediately sit down with a book or paper and never say a word all evening.

"A grumpy 'no' or 'yes' was about the limit of response that I could get out of him. He was practically a stranger to the children. He said they made him nervous and he never played with them.

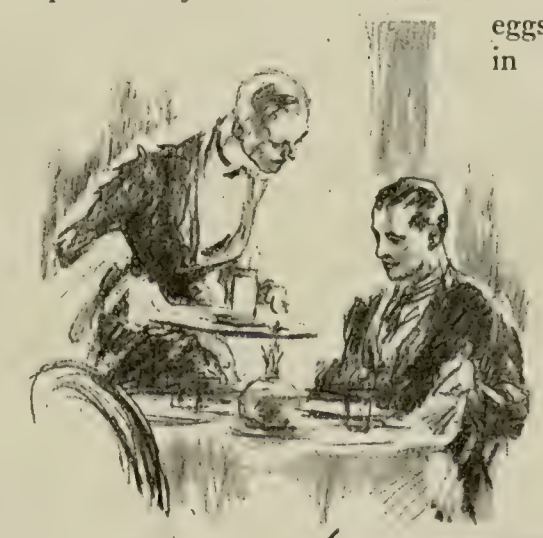
"I *knew* that something was wrong with him because I knew that he was not that kind of man; and so, finally, I persuaded him to see our doctor. He diagnosed Will's trouble right away and advised him to drink orange and lemon juice regularly—and lots of it. Since then he has been a different man."

[Every statement verified by high Medical Authority]

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition.

"Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities, nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree. It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.



Acidosis is one of the most frequent causes of headache, "biliousness" and sour stomach. Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold. Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it. "Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combated until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known.

It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills. "Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs). One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

ACIDOSIS
Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

Headache	Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Sour Stomach	
"Biliousness"	Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
Nausea	
Children's "Upset Stomach"	Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Nervousness	
Sleeplessness	
High Blood Pressure	Acid Urine

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1303, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail coupon below for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

Although referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to correct Acidosis rather than to aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons, are by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

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For, today, Champion is better than ever before with new improvements and new advances in spark plug design, including:

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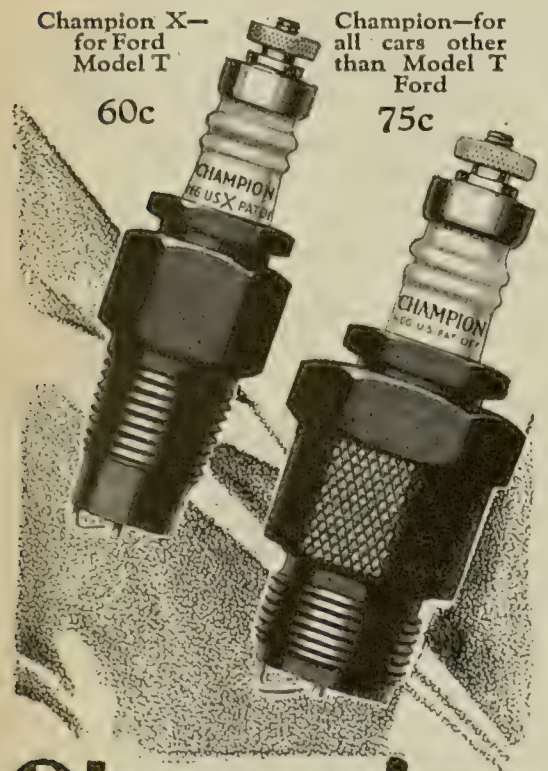


Champion

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO

[PANSY'S EAR Continued from Page Fifty]

until after lunch tomorrow, or should they pack and go at the stroke of noon, Uncle Zeno's fabulous check in their hands? They'd fly to Europe on the biggest, brightest, most frivolous boat that sails.

The latchkey clicked. The door flew open. Sid and the first chauffeur came in, lightly bearing Uncle Zeno, who was neither dead nor sleeping. He was merely helpless. One eye open, the part in his beard entirely gone, he wagged his head listlessly and sang, "The years I sp-pent with yew, sweetar!"

"He set out deliberately to get me plastered," exclaimed Sid, none too steady himself, as soon as Uncle had been put into his room and his flower-strewn nighty. "Plied me with wine, so I'd come home to you and tear up all the rugs. Well, I fooled him. I fixed it so that everybody in Wampus was interested in getting Uncle plastered. Calcimined. He wouldn't get out from under the table unless we took the table with him."

She helped him off with his shoes, rejoicing in his power to stem this last-hour attempt. Sid had drunk Uncle Zeno under the table.

"And we're jus' as good as millionaires," said the husband, vibrating cheers.

"Shush!" she whispered. "There's time to lose a billion between now and noon. Go to sleep, sweetie."

"Kiss Pansy good night for me, dearie." In twenty seconds he was beginning to snore.

She opened the windows and let the attar of Scotch float out. Next morning, waking early as a child does for Christmas, she wanted to sing, to skip on thin air. Sagely she hoped that Sid would sleep until noon, say nothing, do nothing to provoke the demon of discord, still waiting to pounce.

Babs, breakfasting alone, ate heartily, already feeling herself free from bondage. At half-past nine she went outside, pretending to admire the budding trees of April 24. Her wedding anniversary. And what a gift awaited her!

IT was well after eleven and she was passing the third iron dog from the door when Sid's familiar cry, "Woo hoo!" came merrily from an upper window. "Comin' right down!" he shouted, and banged the sash. She forgot a thousand rankling things and kissed him over his belated breakfast. "You know," she said excitedly, "I wanted to pack, stuff everything into a trunk, and beat it for Paradise."

"And me snoring. But, say, Zeno was a scream last night, wasn't he? 'The years I spent with you—' Sweet spirits! He'll remember this year all right."

Their hearts danced.

"And, oh, Sid," she cried, "we'll go straight to Paris—"

"I don't like"—he hastily amended this to—"don't like you to go to places you don't like."

The clock in the hall chimed the quarter hour. Noon was gliding toward them.

"I don't mind telling you," confessed Barbara, "that this has been a pretty hard year."

"Hard!" Sid whistled. "It's been flinty. There were one or two times when I thought I couldn't help just busting out and lighting into you."

"Well," said she, "if it hadn't been for my self-control I shouldn't wonder—"

"Why, darling!" Sid's eyes opened wide. "Your self-control? Maybe you didn't notice me working night and day to keep the peace."

"Sid, I don't know how you can say that. You've got a thousand irritating habits, and I ought to have credit for the way I've overlooked them."

THEY were getting in deep, but her long-strained nerves lacked power to hold her tongue. "That so?" he was grunting. "Did I say a word when you were late fifty times? And the day you lost your hand bag with my keys in it?"

"Now, look here, Sid Burbank. If you think I've enjoyed smoothing things out for you—cleaning your lathery shaving brush, taking care of your old blue collars—"

"For heaven's sake, Babs! I don't consider—"

"Yes. That's the trouble with you. You don't consider me. Why didn't you come out like a man and hit Harry Cunningham that night he insulted me—"

"Insulted you? Why in hell didn't you tell me? Am I a clairvoyant?"

"Don't speak to me like that!" Hot daggers flew.

"Whew!" He sat back, wiped his brow. "Anyhow, you'll not deny you smelled of onions."

"You're very sensitive, aren't you! Reeking with cigarettes before breakfast. And the horrid, horrid Scotch you drank last night—"

"You haven't forgotten a thing, have you?" Now they were in for it. Let millions fade—the dike had burst. "Maybe," said he, raising his voice, "you're going to blame me for the way you busted my new car—"

"I won't be screamed at that way. I—"

Uncle Zeno, perfect as a little new toy out of a little new box, appeared silently between them. A pinkish fancy waistcoat brought out the delicate tints in his beard. The guilty pair sat perfectly still.

"Well, children," was all he said. Auburnly, he bristled.

"I know." Sid's voice fell off. Leaning back, he surrendered his hands to his pockets. Through an angle in the door Barbara saw that beast of a clock. It pointed eight minutes to twelve. Sid scowled at his watch.

"Too bad, isn't it?" mourned Uncle Zeno. "To have gotten on so well for three hundred and sixty-four days, twenty-three hours, and

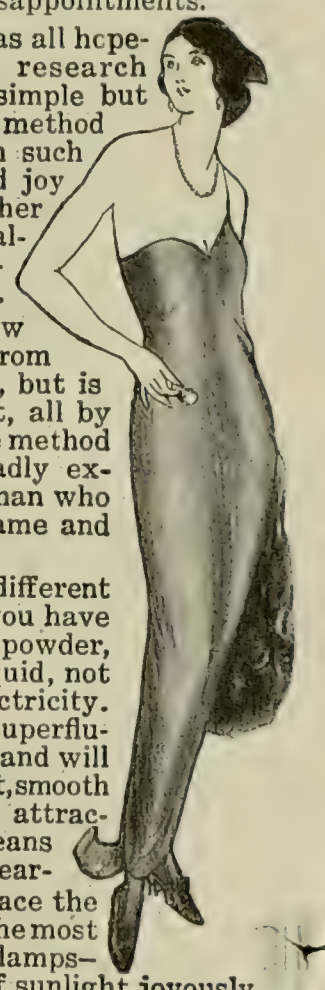
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

Get Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair —at Once!

Painless, Harmless, Inexpensive Method a Boon to Thousands

Free Book Tells Secret—Send for It!

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried practically every way to get rid of it—even a razor, but all were disappointments.



I thought it was all hopeless until my research brought me a simple but truly wonderful method which has given such great relief and joy to me and to other women that it really cannot be expressed in words.

My face is now not only free from superfluous hair, but is smooth and soft, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will send her name and address.

This method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It will remove superfluous hair at once and will make the skin soft, smooth and beautifully attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And you face the brightest light, the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

My method is absolutely painless and harmless—so simple and easy to use—so inexpensive that you will marvel at its efficiency. Thousands of women who have thoroughly demonstrated its merits are now loud in their praise.

But don't take my word for it—or even theirs. Send for my FREE Book and learn the secret. I want you to read this interesting and instructive book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly Superfluous Hair," in which my theories and my actual success are substantiated by genuine historical and scientific references. Postcard or letter brings your copy in plain, sealed envelope, absolutely without obligation. Merely address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 126, Chicago.

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If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil that drives out constipation, cleanses the system, removes the cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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WORRY *shows in the face*

AND you can't massage it away with cold cream.

First little lines, then heavier wrinkles, and tired, joyless eyes—you can't keep these out of your face—if you don't protect your health and youthfulness in the wise, modern way.

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Complete directions come with every bottle.

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Name.....

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Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1928

[PANSY'S EAR
Continued from Page Fifty-two]

fifty-two minutes. Tut-tut. And you just couldn't hold on for another eight. Well! Youth will be impetuous."

"See here." Barbara's unspent temper turned on him. "You've made it just as hard for us as you could."

"A million is a great deal of money," concluded Uncle Zeno, "even in these days. You young people will have rather a hard time living on your salary, I'm afraid. But it builds character. It builds character."

"You needn't worry about me, sir." Sid had straightened up and fixed his uncle with clear gray eyes. So magnificent he was that Barbara could have flown to him, crying her joy. "I'm quite able to take care of myself."

"Ya-a-as," drawled Zeno, sticking a large cigar into the pink fur. "Poverty does build character. And this experiment has at least proved that I was right in my supposition. I staked a million on the point that no young couple can keep the peace the first year. Well, it's now four minutes of twelve—"

But something seemed to have disturbed Uncle Zeno. His little pink beard was straining toward the hallway. Barbara's eyes followed the gesture of those impressive hairs, and saw Otto, mounted on a chair, turning the hands of the tall grandfather's clock. Slowly, conscientiously, he was moving them forward until the hidden bell struck *clong*, one significant peal. The hands were exactly pointing to one. The wretched Nuremberg hymn began again.

"See here, Otto!" Uncle Zeno had run into the hall, followed by Barbara on wabbly legs and Sid limpingly. "What do you mean by monkeying with that clock?"

"Daylight saving, sir." Otto was ever so debased. "It began at twelve last night, Mr. Turner. My carelessness, sir. I failed to set it ahead."

"So it's really one o'clock?"

"I'm told so, sir."

"Sweet spirits of ammonia!" Sid sat down heavily. "Then it's—"

"It is," broke in Uncle Zeno crisply. "Didn't I remark during last night's revels that you ought to be timekeeper on a ferryboat?"

"Daylight saving!" Barbara's little prayer.

The stately room, built to Victoria's formal ideals, was dancing a jig. Sid had leaped to his feet, hauling Uncle Zeno violently about, while the little man fumbled with a wallet, picked it up, brought out a very ordinary-looking check, and handed it to Barbara.

"One Million and 00 Dollars." All in Zeno's fussy, prickly little hand.

"You'd better deposit it, my dear," he clucked. "Don't depend on a man who can't keep track of daylight saving."

"But—but, Uncle—" An apple was in her throat.

"Don't thank me." He was crisp. "Lordy knows you've both earned it. If you hadn't I'd have given it to an insane asylum. And that wouldn't have been half as much fun. I've enjoyed this year, every minute of it. Well, good-by, children. Go on with your fight just where I broke it off. Any time you want to stay with me, the house is yours."

The elf vanished through his front door, leaving the couple entwined, vowing never, never again to say those horrid things.

But half an hour later, when they were packing, Sid suggested that she let him deposit the check.

"And why?" she flamed.

"Because," he grunted, "you'd lose your hair if it didn't grow on you. Look at the way you lost—"

"Why bring that up?" she moaned, and went on stuffing things into trunks.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

SERENADE

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) is probably the most popular of the American poets. He studied abroad, held chairs of language at Bowdoin College and Harvard, and did much to popularize European culture in this country.]

STARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

"Which bonds should I buy?"

Those dependent upon the earnings of invested funds should see to it first of all that their principal is always safeguarded. At offices in over fifty American cities National City bond men are ready to help investors select issues which offer a suitable combination of security and income. Their recommendations are based upon the Company's wide experience in fitting good bonds to the varying needs and circumstances of the buyer.

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A $5 Prize for Word Golf

May Easily Be Yours

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every WORD GOLF problem that it prints. This refers, of course, to original problems only. *There are no prizes for solutions.*

A few minutes spent with the solutions of last week's WORD GOLF, printed below, will acquaint you with the method of playing the game. You will see that, in converting one word into another, but one letter has been changed at each step of the transformation, while the positions of the unchanged letters are not disturbed. That's how simple it is.

You are invited to submit as many entries as you wish, but don't make them too difficult. Solvers welcome amusement, but they are opposed to torture. You must not use obsolete or foreign-language words, and it is best to avoid proper nouns, too.

Unaccepted contributions cannot be returned; and, since the whole story of WORD GOLF is told here, we hope you will not ask us to correspond on the subject.

Address entries to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

COWL	CHIME	FLOUR	BLUE	PART	HEART
COOL	CLIME	FLOOR	GLUE	TART	HEARS
COOK	SLIME	FLOOD	GLUT	TARN	SEARS
HOOK	SLICE	BLOOD	GOUT	TORN	SPARS
HONK	SLICK	BROOD	GOAT	LORN	SPARE
MONK	CLICK	BROAD	MOAT	LOIN	SPADE
	CLOCK	BREAD	MOAN	JOIN	
			MOON		

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 40

1—The divide in the Rocky Mountain region separating streams which flow toward opposite sides of the continent.

2—An alloy composed of copper and zinc.

3—Andrew Jackson.

4—Ceres, the Roman goddess of corn and harvests.

5—The Pamir table-land in Tibet.

6—A mineral.

7—In Vermont.

8—Mackerel sky.

9—Thirty-six feet.

10—Alexander Alekhine. He succeeded Jose R. Capablanca.

11—"Bear" and "Bowie."

12—The Battle of the Plains of Abraham.

13—Montague and Capulet.

14—The drachma.

15—The promontories on each side of the Strait of Gibraltar.

16—Woodrow Wilson.

17—Five and one-half yards.

18—Cancer.

19—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

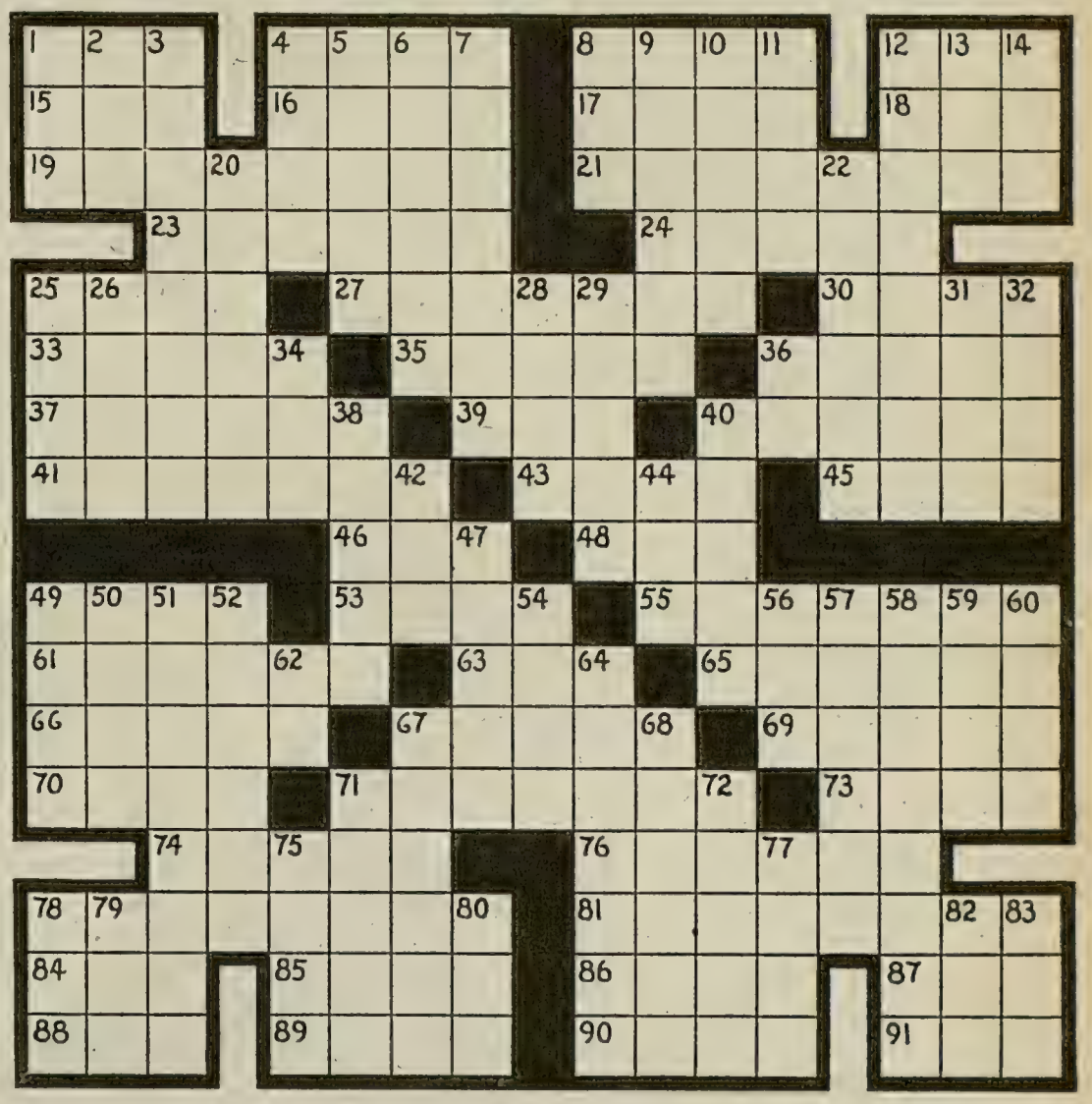
20—The Strait of Mackinac.

Broken-Cross PUZZLE

HERE is an interesting six-, seven-, and eight-word study which offers not a few words seldom found in cross-word puzzles.

An outstanding example occurs at No. 7, Vertical, where the word called for appears in the dictionaries as an active one, not designated even as rare, despite which fact it is never heard in conversation and is encountered in print most infrequently.

Notwithstanding its unusual nature, it should not prove a stumblingblock, for the crossing words can be supplied without trouble, and, in addition, you will not be hampered by unkeyed letters. In fact, nowhere in the puzzle are there any of these solvers' enemies to deter you in your effort to reach a complete solution in a reasonable time.

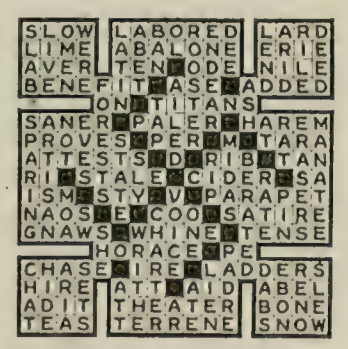


HORIZONTAL

1 Cooking utensil
4 Simians
8 East Indian nurse
12 Wager
15 Exist
16 Capital of a European country
17 Luminous circle around the moon
18 Adopted son of Mohammed
19 That which moderates
21 Fragrant
23 River in Nebraska
24 Inactive
25 Mechanical repetition
27 Erring
30 Biblical name (Numbers xxxi. 8)
33 Mountain nymph
35 Stop
36 The end
37 Resolves a sentence into its elements
39 Prefix meaning through
40 Rigorous
41 Elemental substance
43 Endure
45 Collection of Scandinavian myths
46 Metric measures of area
48 Note of a dove
49 Convey in speech
53 County in California
55 Pertaining to borax
61 Fats
63 Measure of length
65 Procession
66 Digs up with the snout
67 Crawl
69 Perches or rods
70 Combining form meaning seven
71 Country in Asia Minor
73 Extinct New Zealand bird (plural)
74 Passageway
76 That which is past due for payment
78 Menace
81 Organism that lives on some other
84 Measure of length
85 Created
86 Boys' school in England
87 Corrode
88 Assent
89 Language of Scotch Highlanders
90 Stitches
91 Mineral spring

VERTICAL

1 Strike gently
2 Crude metal
3 Enticers to evil
4 District
5 Seaports
6 Medicine for inducing vomiting
7 Made placid
8 Exclamation
9 Pertaining to the sea
10 On the line of
11 Domicile
12 Fastened with a kind of cleat
13 A high priest
14 Nervous twitching
20 Gratify
22 Reach a given point
25 Heavy cord
26 Anglo-Saxon coins
28 Spike
29 Father of Esau
31 Feathered animal
32 At sea
34 Lair
36 Symbol for iron
38 Examines critically
40 Descend from dignity
42 Period of time
44 Weep convulsively
47 Sperm whale
49 Rocky pinnacles
50 Medicinal herb
51 Animals of the cat kind
52 Kitten (variant)
54 Toward a vessel's sheltered side
56 Strike smartly
57 Pleasant odors
58 Units of heat
59 Mental image
60 Assessment
62 Initials of a Canadian province
64 Indians of an Algonquian tribe
67 Doctrines
68 Sea dog
71 Place of sacrifice
72 A dart
75 Identical
77 Bears young
78 Endeavor
79 Garden implement
80 Born
82 Strike lightly
83 Letter of the Greek alphabet



Answer to last week's puzzle

The Manassa MAULER—

Daddy of 'Em All

The Story of Jack Dempsey— His Trial as a Slacker and His Battle with Carpentier

By
CHARLES J. McGUIRK

(Reading time: 20 minutes 19 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In the preceding article Mr. McGuirk told how Dempsey won the heavyweight Championship of the World by knocking out Jess Willard at Toledo, Ohio, after piling up a record of twenty-three knockouts in his last twenty-eight fights. In the following article the author discusses one of the darkest periods in the champion's life.]

PART FOUR

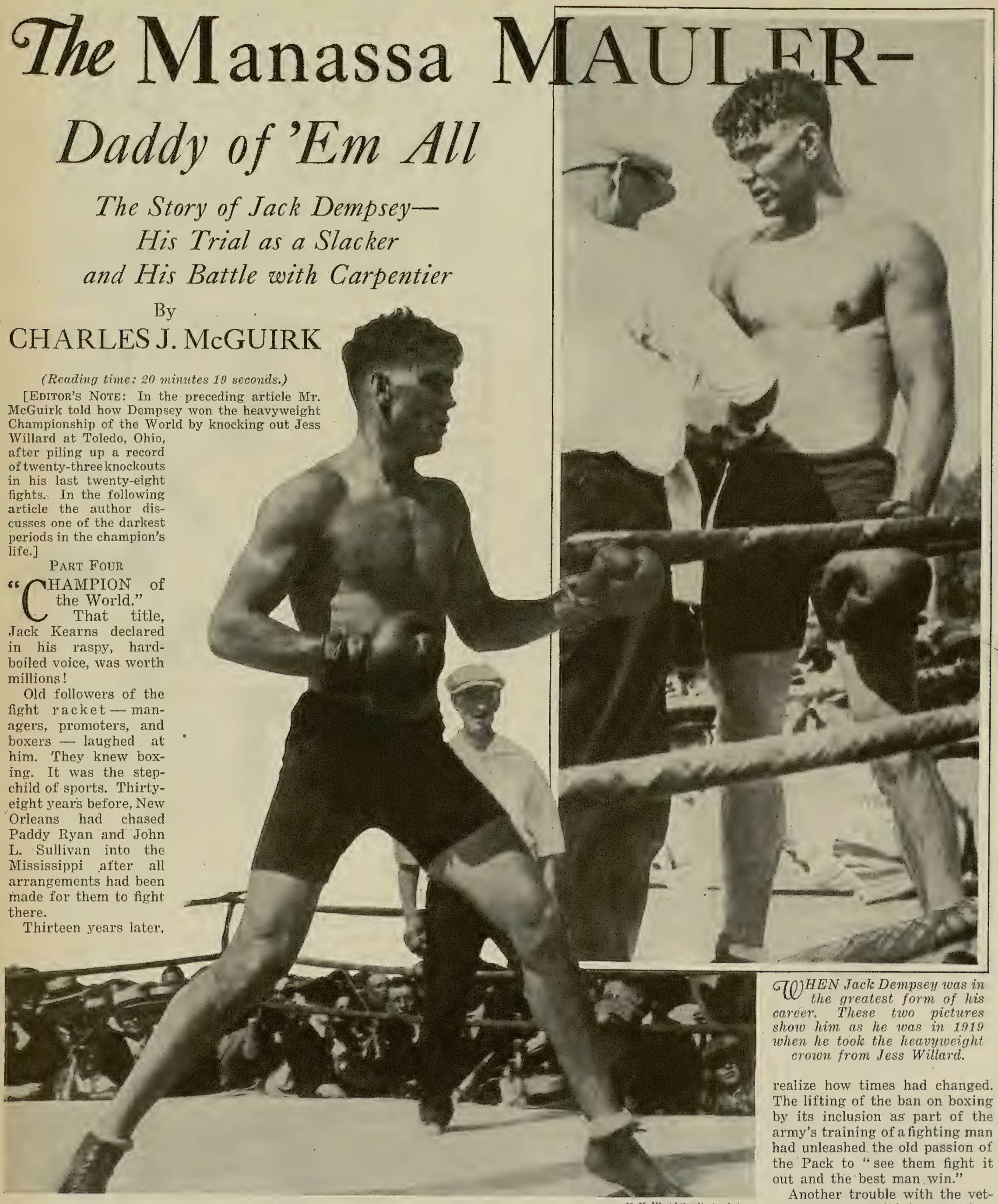
"CHAMPION of the World." That title, Jack Kearns declared in his raspy, hard-boiled voice, was worth millions!

Old followers of the fight racket — managers, promoters, and boxers — laughed at him. They knew boxing. It was the step-child of sports. Thirty-eight years before, New Orleans had chased Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan into the Mississippi after all arrangements had been made for them to fight there.

Thirteen years later, the Governors of Arkansas and Texas had run out Corbett and Fitzsimmons when they sought to stage their championship bout in both States. And it is in very recent memory that Tex Rickard was compelled to transplant a finished stadium from California to Reno for the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

The trouble with the oldsters was they didn't realize how times had changed. The lifting of the ban on boxing by its inclusion as part of the army's training of a fighting man had unleashed the old passion of the Pack to "see them fight it out and the best man win."

Another trouble with the veterans was they didn't appreciate the "color" of Jack Dempsey. There never was a champion like him. He burst upon a world which still remembered the thrill of war.

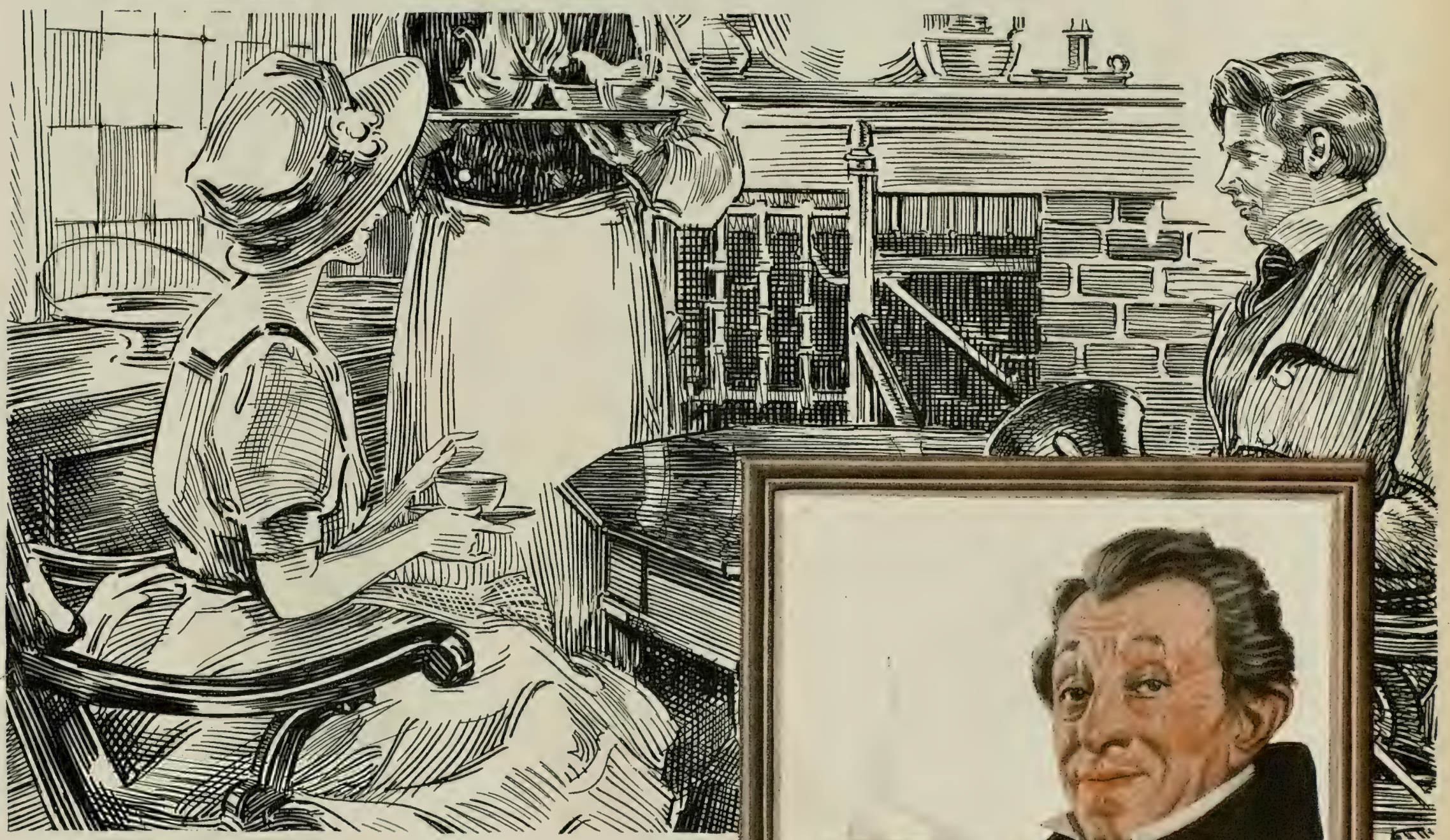


WHEN Jack Dempsey was in the greatest form of his career. These two pictures show him as he was in 1919 when he took the heavyweight crown from Jess Willard.

N. Y. World Syndicate photos

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

"The flavor is roasted in!"



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

That thrill might be of horror, or fear, or joy, or pain; but it was a thrill.

How he could sock! Myths and stories grew about his name. He was the *Paul Bunyon* of the prize ring, a hero who could give old Al Hercules a good run for his money. Boy babies were bribed into eating their disliked oatmeal by the promise of being "like Jack Dempsey when you get to be a big man."

And many a flabby-muscled white-collar man beat vicarious hell out of his boss when Dempsey was hammering down an opponent in the ring.

Everybody wanted to see him—the men because he was what they wanted to be; the women because he appealed to everything primitive in them. He was the Cave Man come back to life after 50,000 years.

OFFERS for vaudeville appearances swamped Dempsey and Kearns. Kearns looked them over and proceeded to prove his contention and cash in on it. The day after the fight Dempsey received $25,000 for appearing twice a day for a week at a park in Cincinnati.

He was a "hit," and before the week was up he signed a vaudeville contract for fifteen weeks at $15,000 a week. After that he joined the Sells-Floto circus for five weeks on a percentage basis and cleared from $8,000 to $10,000 a week. As that engagement drew to a close he signed with the Pathé Company to do a picture.

The contract called for $50,000 down and 65 per cent of the gross. The picture grossed better than $1,000,000. Add to this indorsements of collars, coats, sport equipment, tonics, etc., and you will get an idea that Kearns knew whereof he spoke.

Kearns cut in handsomely on all of the champion's profits. They had signed a manager-fighter contract for five years on a sixty-five—thirty-five basis. Kearns tended to all the business details.

They departed for the Coast and the pictures after the conclusion of the circus engagement, stopping over in Salt Lake City long enough to buy Jack's mother a stucco house on the top of a double terrace at 270 Centre Street.

He also purchased a new taxicab for his brother Joe and slipped several hundred dollars here and there among his brothers and sisters, their husbands, wives, and children.

In Hollywood Dempsey learned from the big moguls of the pictures that there would have to be a lot of improvement in his personal appearance. Jack Dempsey, Champion of the World, it developed, was not beautiful. Why, he looked like a prize fighter! Everybody spoke of it, and Dempsey got so he wanted to apologize for the spread-eagle effect which his nose gave to his features, or "pan."

HE believed everything: that his hair was all wrong; his eyebrows were that way too; and the flattened aspect of his whole countenance was simply impossible. So they got Lon Chaney, master of make-up, to do him all over. He emerged from this process looking like a cross between a male tatting expert and a spinster's idea of heaven.

© Ledger Photo Service U. & U. photo

THE famous shipyards photo of Jack Dempsey (left) in new overalls and patent-leather shoes that caused the champion many a heartache. (At right) As he looked just before the battle with Carpentier.

From the time they started "shooting" the picture, he was a hit with the performers. He was going along fine until the seething Maxine erupted in a house on Powell Street in Ely, Nevada.

She wrote a letter to a San Francisco newspaper declaring Dempsey a "slacker" who had made false statements under oath to the draft board in order to get exemption. As one of the dependents he had sworn he was supporting, wrote Maxine, she could prove he not only did not do so but that she supported him.

She had, she declared, thirty-five letters from him in which he bragged of his cleverness in evading the draft and making money while others fought for their country. The story was printed in nearly every paper in the United States.

Later, Maxine declared her first statement a lie, told in a moment of pique, and the denial was also duly printed. But it was too late. The storm had already broken.

It swamped Dempsey, and a picture of him, posed as a laborer in the shipyards, added fuel to the hatred which was kindled by Maxine's original statement. The picture showed Dempsey clad in a new suit of overalls and patent-leather shoes with suède tops and holding a riveter's machine. It seemed to prove the truth of Maxine's charges.

It made no difference that Dempsey had posed for it in the yards of the Sun Shipbuilding Company at Chester, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1918 at the request of Cody Drennan, labor manager of the company, so it could be used in an advertising campaign to recruit labor.

There he was—obviously faking. Crucify him. And the mob and certain unscrupulous newspapers proceeded to do so.

James O'Donnell Bennett, scholar and veteran war correspondent, investigating the slacker charges against Dempsey for the Chicago *Tribune* in 1920, had this to say in one of his articles:

Seen with the eyes of twentieth-century journalism, the case is loaded with personal spite and tawdry municipal politics and fluent slang-whanging in good English and bad, and it is being daily stirred to a more acute smelliness by shady newspapers and news agencies which exploit, not news, but rumors and themselves.

Whatever the original merits of the case were, it is now as ugly as sin, and the Maxine Cates angle is the unpleasantest and the one that a self-respecting journalist would be least eager to bear on.

The Federal Grand Jury indicted Dempsey on February 26, 1920. The United States District Attorney's office, of which Annette Adams was then the head, took cognizance, and Charles W. Thomas, an assistant, was given charge of the investigation.

Maxine disappeared. Then she turned up in San Francisco and denied her story was true. Still later she appeared before the Grand Jury and the indictment of both Dempsey and Kearns followed. Dempsey was charged with draft evasion and with conspiracy to evade the draft.

THE case was tried, June 8, before Judge Maurice T. Dooling in the Federal Court, San Francisco. Gavin McNab, a noted lawyer, and former United States District Attorney John W. Preston defended Dempsey.

Maxine took the stand against her ex-husband and with apparent bitter pleasure she told of her nomadic life; of living under half a dozen aliases; of her sporting life. She told a sordid story and declared again that Dempsey had not only failed to support her, but that she had supported him.

"This is the first time," cried

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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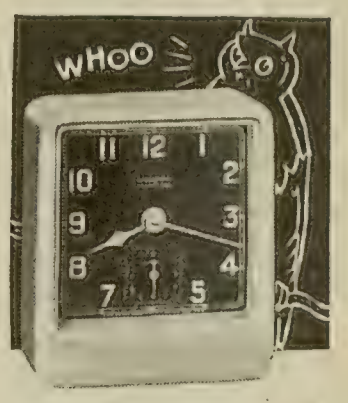

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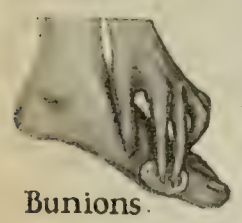

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Name.....

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City.....State.....

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[THE MANASSA MAULER Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

McNab, leaping to his feet, "since Moses took the laws down from Mount Sinai, that prostitution is being argued in a court of justice as a legitimate means of livelihood!"

Maxine, under cross-examination, couldn't remember how much money Jack had forwarded to her in 1917. She finally admitted $900, though Dempsey's lawyers proved by receipts that it was $1,800. She also admitted that at the time she "exposed" Dempsey in January, there was some talk of getting money out of it from him.

Maxine stepped down from the stand and out of Dempsey's life. She was burned to death in a fire which destroyed a dance hall in Juarez, Mexico, in 1924; trapped as she slept in her room above it. Poor Maxine!

The champion's witnesses were his mother, Lieutenant J. F. Kennedy, U. S. N., attached to the Great Lakes station, and Jack himself.

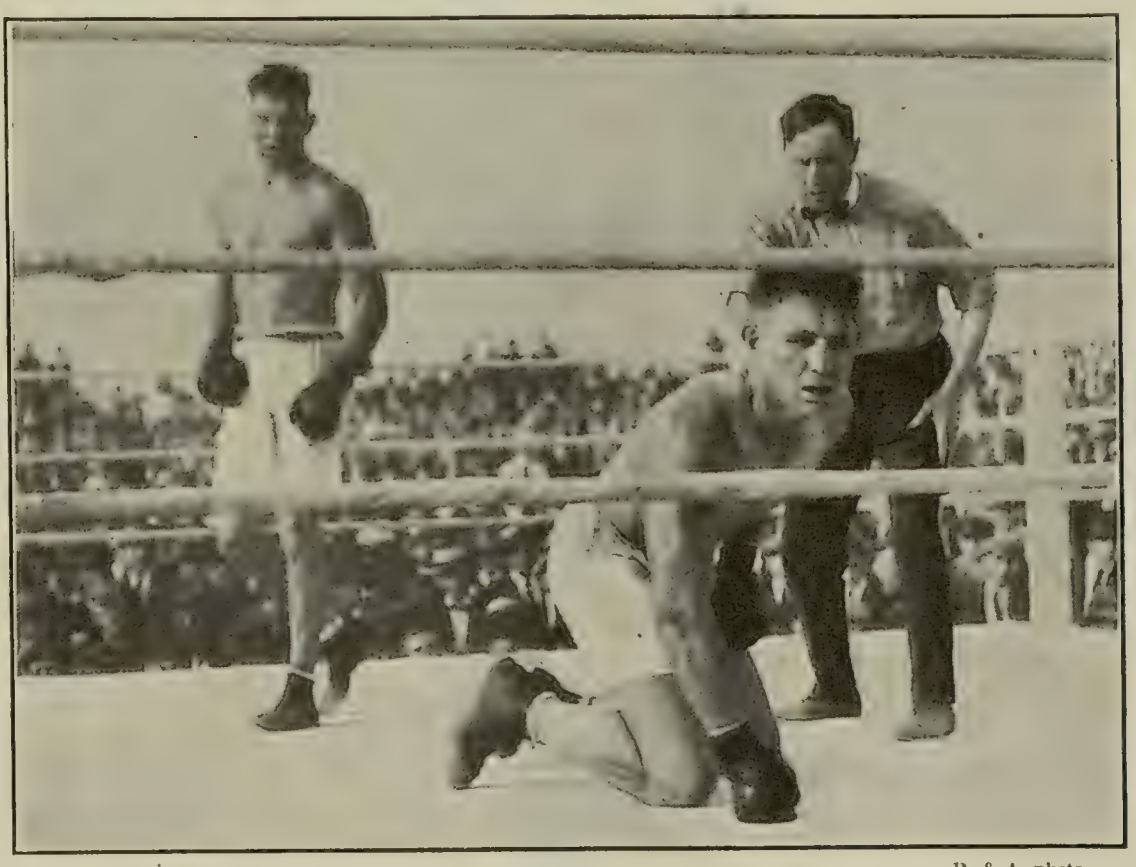
MRS. DEMPSEY swore that her son had indeed been her sole support; that she or her family couldn't have existed without him in 1917-18; and that she had taken Maxine to live with her and urged her to learn how to cook and keep house and "hold fast" till Jack made good. Maxine, however, was restless, she testified; longing for gayety, and finally went away.

Lieutenant Kennedy testified that Dempsey had once declared he wanted to do his "bit," and Lieutenant Kennedy was arranging for Dempsey's release from the San Francisco Draft Board so that he could join the navy immediately, when the Armistice brought the war to an end.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty" in less than an hour. Dempsey said:

"I'm the happiest boy in the world. It makes me feel good to get out from under a charge like that. Now I can start square and not feel that people are thinking I tried to get out of doing my duty."

But he didn't know "people." He was up and they wanted him down. The Pack was after him in full cry. Kearns went to New York and signed up a match for Dempsey with Billy Miske of St. Paul at Benton Harbor, Michigan, for September 6, 1920.



P. & A. photo

Billy Miske on the floor during his third and last fight with Dempsey. Jack knocked him out in the third round.

JACK had fought two savage bouts with Miske in 1918: one ten-round and one six-round, both of which went to No Decision. The third meeting with Miske was his first fight following the trial and also his first since winning the title.

The Pack, while hounding him, was curious about him. It wanted to know whether he was slipping. A crowd of 12,000 paid $200,000 to see that match and several millions more avidly read the detailed descriptions of the battle in their morning papers.

Jack was also anxious to know whether he had slipped. He had been out of the ring for a year and two months and a lay-off as long as that never did any fighter any good. His favorite nightmare was the inevitable "slowing up" that would come with the years and the comparatively soft living he was compelled to enjoy.

P. & A. photo

Maxine Cates, Dempsey's first wife, who nearly wrecked his career.

Less than two minutes of fighting disclosed that Dempsey had not slipped, but Miske had. They were almost of a weight—Dempsey, 188, and Miske, 187—and their ring experience was about equal. Yet Dempsey handled his erstwhile dangerous antagonist like the veriest "punk."

The fight was won by four blows, and Miske, whose boast was that he had never been knocked off his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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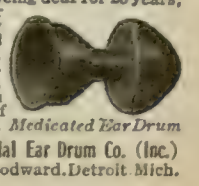

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

feet, was placed on the toboggan to oblivion when Dempsey smashed him over the heart with his right after one minute and a half of fighting.

The punch shook Miske to his toes and he was in distress, but he fell into a clinch and lasted out the round.

When he came to his corner he wore on the left side of his white body a blood-red imprint of the champion's powerful fist which stayed there long after the fight.

Fifty-eight seconds after the bell rang for the second, Dempsey, who had been maneuvering Miske into position, sent over another right which landed under the heart. Miske hit the floor and literally bounced on the canvas. The punch didn't travel over six inches. Miske took a count of three. As he got up, Dempsey hooked a left to his chin, but it did not quite hit the button. Miske trembled, clinched, and held on for the rest of the round.

In the third round Miske hit Dempsey with all his strength, right on the button, the only good punch he got over during the entire fight. It had absolutely no effect. Dempsey measured him and socked him on the jaw with his right. Miske went down for the count of nine. When he rose, Dempsey knocked him out with his left. As they carried Miske to his corner, Dempsey had not yet warmed up.

FOLLOWING this fight, Kearns took the champion on another tour of the country. But it was not a triumphal one like the first he made immediately after he won the championship. The habit of mass hating, contracted and indulged in during the war, still held the nation, and public sentiment remained against him. The tour, however, was a financial success.

People came to see Jack Dempsey, thinking they wanted to bait him. But the thing that drove them was a sneaking curiosity to see the Cave Man, the Giant Killer. Dempsey made money on that trip.

He lost a great deal of what little public popularity he had by his fight with Bill Brennan in Madison Square Garden on December 14, 1920. Bill Brennan was the fighter whose leg he had broken when he knocked him cold in Milwaukee in 1918. He was supposed to be slipping; was known as a "trial horse" and a large squawk went up that the champion was fighting "set-ups."

A crowd of 14,000, which included many women, paid $200,000 to see that fight. When the fighters appeared in the ring, Dempsey, bearded and glowering, looked as powerful and cruel as ever. To all appearances he was the ripr'aring fighter who had beaten all opponents brutally to the canvas, but the opening round dispelled that impression.

The crowd hooted and jeered the champion as the men shook hands, and Brennan, the old trial horse, electrified the spectators by taking the offensive.

He walked right in and smacked Dempsey hard and often on the head and body. The champion was slow on his feet. He bobbed and weaved, but the bobs and weaves were lethargic.

He seemed unable to keep away from Brennan's right, and he went to his corner at the end of the first round with blood streaming from a cut on his mouth.

Brennan held the offensive in the second and third. Hit Dempsey at will with rights and lefts. Made him look like a palooka. The crowd, now openly hostile, began yelling for a knockout, and the noise seemed partially to wake the champion from a daze.

HE started to fight in the fourth. He waded in, hooking and jabbing, and making little or no effort to avoid Brennan's punches. He was taking five to get in one and he sent in two hard lefts that staggered his old rival.

Brennan was obviously tired as he came out for the fifth, and the champion shifted his attack to his body, driving Brennan to the defensive for the seventh and eighth.

Dempsey was hitting him almost at will, but his punches lacked steam. Brennan started a rally in the ninth, smacking a right to the champion's jaw and forcing him to back away, but in the tenth he started to fade.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" Kearns snarled.

"I can't seem to get going," Dempsey told him; but just before he went out for the eleventh, he whispered he was beginning to feel like himself. In that round he was the old Dempsey, crouched, weaving, and bobbing—sock him in the belly and then sock him on the chin. But he didn't land just right. Brennan swayed and quivered, but he was able to stagger to his corner.

"I'll get him in this one," Jack grunted as they sloshed water over him and patched his mouth. And he did. In the middle of the round, Dempsey wove in close.

Sock! His left crashed to the belly and old Bill doubled over. Wham! A right over the heart and Bill sank to the floor. He rolled over and struggled to his knees. He forced himself to his feet, but the referee had counted the fatal "ten."

That fight did Dempsey no good. The press and public leaped on him, stayed on his back. Clawed him. Everything he did was picked to pieces. He was slipping. He couldn't lick a has-been.

The champion took all the abuse in silence. He made no excuses. He never made an excuse or an explanation of any of his fights, even the Tunney fight in Chicago and the long count. All the squawking there was done by his manager, Leo P. Flynn.

"To hell with them!" snarled Kearns. "I'll feed them you and I'll make them like it. I got a match in mind—with Carpentier." He poked the champion in the ribs. "The Battle of the Century! Eh, kid? We'll put the shaker on them. We'll make half a million. Didn't I always steer you right?"

"Yeh. You did."

Among the followers of the fight racket there is a word which represents what every promoter and fight manager dreams of. The word is "natural." A natural is a fight between two fighters who are absolutely equal or made to appear so by circumstances or the old ballyhoo. The battle to decide which is the better man packs in the customers.

The Ring photo

A pair of Jacks who won a fortune. Jack Kearns (left) and Dempsey, whom he piloted from obscurity to the championship.

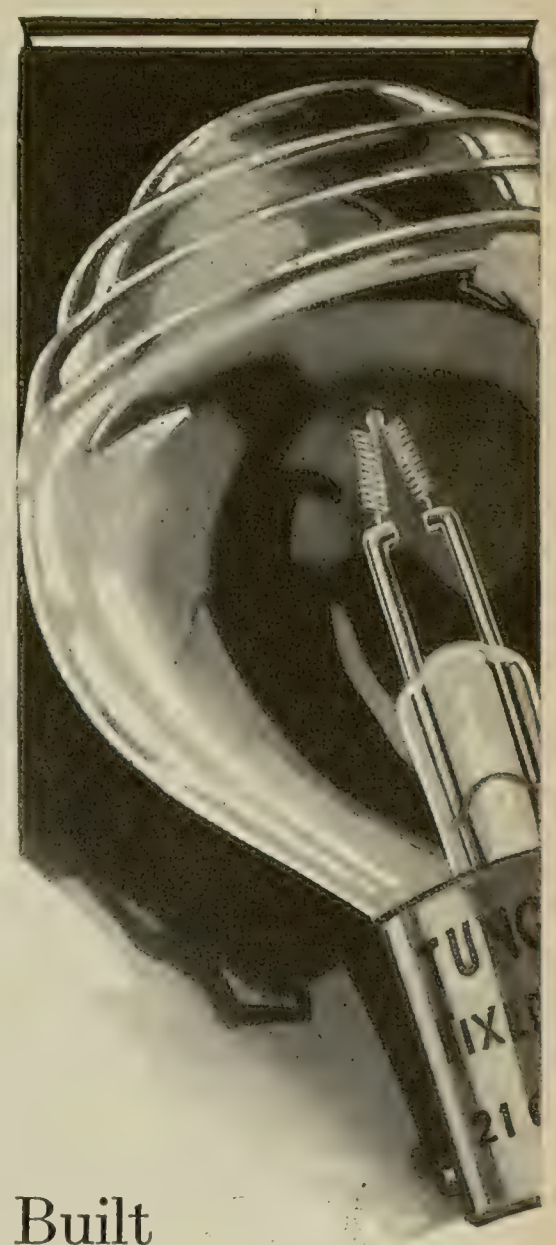
THERE are two kinds of naturals, a natural natural and a manufactured natural. The meeting of Jack Dempsey, Champion of the United States, and Georges Carpentier, Champion of Europe, at Boyle's Thirty Acres on July 2, 1921, was a manufactured natural, and it was one of the most spectacular in all pugilistic history up to that time.

It was important for several reasons. Dempsey, by winning it, became actual Champion of the World, and in doing so he literally beat 60,000 enemies sitting around the ring, hoping that Carpentier, a foreign contender, would knock him cold.

It made a new attendance record; 90,000 people, from all over the world, paid $1,626,580 to see it. It established a new price for fighters. Dempsey's share was $300,000 and Georges' $200,000. And it brought a grudging admiration for its champion from the nation which thought it hated him. What little popularity Dempsey enjoyed while he was champion dated from the Carpentier fight.

Dempsey felt the crowd's hostility even in his dressing room, deep in the bowels of a cavern formed by a mammoth tier of seats. It beat at him through the oppressive heat as the devoted Jerry the Greek rubbed his massive muscles. Even the belligerent Doc Kearns felt it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE MANASSA MAULER
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

It was an almost tangible thing. And Dempsey met it, his brown eyes snapping under his beetling brows, his lips drawn back from his teeth in a smile that was a snarl.

A messenger from Tex Rickard stuck his head in the door.

"All right, Doc," he said. "Bring Jack on. Carpentier's on his way already."

Dempsey got up swiftly and slipped into the dark maroon sweater which Jerry was holding for him. He started toward the door—and stopped. A deep-throated roar from thousands of throats welled up in the stadium, came thundering down. It held its high note, a discordant rumble:

"Wa-A-AH! CARPENTIER! Ya-A-ah!"

Both he and Kearns leaned forward, listening. Kearns swallowed. Spat. "To hell with them!" he growled. "We'll kill him!"

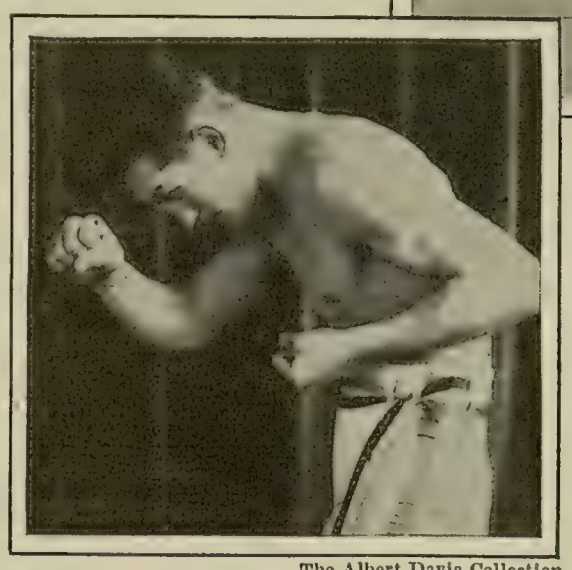
Dempsey received a welcome becoming a champion. The cheers were louder than those greeting Carpentier but not so spontaneous.

IT was 3 o'clock. The day was hot and bright but not dazzling. The sun had plunged into a cloud bank an hour before and its light was refracted in a blue sky.

Dempsey wore his fighting scowl and a preoccupied look on a bronzed face blurred with a two-day beard. The scarcely veiled enmity beat monotonously against him. He gazed into space, striving to ignore the crowd as he ignores every antagonist. Unimaginative, yet he knew that in fighting Carpentier he was fighting a concentration of thousands of unfriendly people. He wanted to be at it.

When the men stripped, the disparity between them appeared greater than it was. Dempsey, dancing, jigging, pulling at the ropes in his corner, looked like a giant, and his smooth muscles like coiled steel cable.

His face, shoulders, arms, and legs were sun-blackened. His torso was startlingly white. Belted about his white trunks he wore an American flag, despite the threats of many hot-headed "patriots" that they would "jump in the ring and tear it off him."



The Albert Davis Collection

Carpentier was a gray man. The robe he shed was gray, bordered with midnight blue. His eager eyes were gray and set in a gray face which was crowned with blond hair. For the rest he was white, a grayish white, save for the blue borders on his trunks.

His muscles were formidable. With them he had knocked out many great fighters who outweighed him thirty pounds. But compared to Dempsey he looked almost fragile, a rapier against a broadsword.

Joe Humphreys, the veteran announcer, introduced Dempsey as:

"Jack Dempsey, Champion of the United States, on whom every red-blooded American pins his hopes this day." And the crowd cheered.

He introduced Carpentier as "the heavyweight Champion of the Old World, the idol of his people, and a soldier of France." And the crowd *roared*. It danced in its seats. It threw its hats in the air. It made Dempsey's greeting seem a whisper. Throughout the storm of sound Dempsey stood, glowering, preoccupied, somber, ignoring his real antagonist, the hating crowd.

Carpentier, rushing from his corner, took the fight away from him. He landed lightly with a left and missed a furious right. They clinched and he jabbed Dempsey on the chin. They broke. Dempsey seemed to move slowly beside the flashing, graceful Frenchman, but this was illusory. Weaving, ducking, and bobbing, he dodged most of the lightninglike blows. Then the great brown arm slipped under Carpentier's arm and Dempsey started barraging his body.

The crowd, which had risen, roaring, to its feet at the thought that the Frenchman was going to gain a quick knockout, sat down, waiting.

Dempsey dropped into clinches. He pulled

P. & A. photo

Georges Carpentier, France's heavyweight pride, on the ropes in the fight that cinched Dempsey's Championship of the World in 1921. (At left) A fighting pose of Gorgeous Georges.

Carpentier about, using his superior weight and strength to wrestle him about the ring. He pounded him repeatedly on the base of the skull with the rabbit punch. In this fight the rabbit punch was legal. In Chicago it wasn't. Customs change even in the pugilistic world. Dempsey changed three of them.

When they went out for the second round, Dempsey started on a dogged pursuit of Carpentier. He moved in softly, the right foot ahead, the left slithering behind. He made Carpentier miss or he took his vicious right-hand swings. There was steam but not much power behind them. He clinched. He hit him in the belly and then he hit him on the chin. He would take five to land one. Moving in. Moving in.

The short six-inch jabs were weakening the Frenchman, who doubled and groaned under the merciless body attack. The fickle crowd was turning from him. It was crying for a knockout. Dempsey's face lightened. His chin came up from behind the protecting shoulder. And it happened!

Carpentier's left shot out, swiftly as a ray of light, and hit Dempsey on his face, throwing him off his balance. The right followed in a long, lethal swing. Caught Dempsey on the button. Dempsey swayed. The crowd roared as one man.

"Knock him out! Knock him OUT, Carpentier!"

Carpentier tried. He sent both fists into the American's head and body. He rained punches on him. Dempsey wabbled into a clinch. Let right and left slash out viciously. The scowl came back on his face. Carpentier fought out of the clinch. He resumed the attack at long range.

But Dempsey kept coming in, forcing him to break ground or clinch. And when Carpentier went back to his corner, a streak of blood ran from his mouth over his chin. He had shot his bolt, broken his thumb in that terrific wallop on which he had staked his all. Now it was merely a question of time.

The third round weakened Carpentier visibly. In the fourth his punches were weaker and lacked direction. Dempsey kept crowding him. They clinched, broke, and clinched again, and on the last one, Dempsey drove a left into his face, whipped a right to his cheek, just forward of the ear, and knocked Carpentier down. He fell to his hands and knees, then prone.

THE crowd turned immediately. It howled fiercely for "Dempsey!" in at the kill. The game Frenchman took the count of "Nine" and staggered erect. Dempsey was all over him. He whipped the left to his face and, as Carpentier's guard went up, shot the right, in a fierce blow, under the heart, whipped it up again to the jaw, and Carpentier was out.

The crowd's roar was not for him. "A great champion!" Dempsey picked up his antagonist's body and set it down in Carpentier's corner. Then he stared, glowering out at the crowd, puzzled and angry. "To hell with them!"

In its short résumé of the Dempsey-Carpentier preliminaries, the New York *Times* said:

> Gene Tunney, former A. E. F. light-heavyweight champion, and Soldier Jones of Toronto, Canada, were the opponents in the fifth preliminary, scheduled for eight rounds. Tunney, the pride of Greenwich Village, weighed 185 pounds. Jones weighed 175 pounds.
>
> Tunney knocked out Jones in the seventh round. Referee Danny Sullivan stopped the bout when Tunney had the Canadian pinned to the ropes, battering him slowly into submission. The contest was unexciting and lacked anything of a spectacular nature. Tunney appeared off form and unimpressive against Jones, who was a slow-moving, wild-swinging novice without any apparent knowledge of boxing. The Canadian missed with most of his blows. Those that landed found a resting place on Tunney's shoulder. Tunney, on the other hand, was comparatively slow and wild.

This was Tunney's first appearance in the same ring with the champion. In his next, he was to take the championship from him.

Dempsey's rise to the greatest heights of pugilism—and the inevitable fall—are told in next week's Liberty.

RADIO IS BETTER WITH *BATTERY* POWER

FLAT cells make the Layerbilt last longest of all EVEREADYS

This is the Eveready Layerbilt, the unique "B" battery that contains no waste space or materials between the cells; the longest lasting of all Evereadys.

UNTIL the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery was invented, the one-and-one-half-volt cylindrical flashlight dry cell was the unit of construction. Fifteen of these cells connected in series and sealed in a package make a 22½-volt "B" battery, and 30 of them make a 45-volt battery.

The only way these cylindrical cells can be assembled in a box is to stand them side by side, connecting them electrically by soldered wires. This assembly unavoidably leaves open spaces between the cells. To hold the cells in place and prevent breaking the connecting wires, the spaces customarily are filled with pitch. Fully one-half of the cubic contents of such a battery is waste space.

To avoid these disadvantages of the cylindrical cell type of construction the Eveready Layerbilt was designed. In place of the round cell we invented and perfected a square-cornered, flat cell. Such cells packed tightly together make the Eveready Layerbilt solid as a brick, no wires to break. Moreover, the flat cells are more efficient—active materials produce more current when in the flat shape than the same quantity of materials produce in a cylindrical cell.

For modern sets, use the Eveready Layerbilt, which contains these highly efficient, patented cells. This is the longest-lasting, most economical and convenient Eveready "B" Battery ever produced. Like all other Eveready Radio Batteries, it provides Battery Power, which is pure Direct Current, silent, uniform, the only kind of current that gets the best out of a radio set. The remarkable Eveready invention of the flat dry cell enables the Eveready Layerbilt to give you Battery Power for the longest time. Insist on the Eveready Layerbilt.

Illustrated to the right is the cylindrical cell type of "B" battery construction. Note the waste space between the cells.

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Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night
East of the Rockies
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
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The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

I Got a SISTER

As Dictated by TONI, JR.,
to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Photo by N. Lazarnick

I WAS playing with Janey, my nicest but not my best dolly—she's kind of raggedy.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 25 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

She comed last week. They said she was a present for me. I don't think so much of presents any more. She comed from the same place I did. It's a great big place. They could have kept her there easy.

She's five years old, going on six. And she'll go on six and whatever comes after it. She goes on everything. She goes on everybody's lap. Mom says she's a very good girl when she's asleep. But I never saw her asleep. When I see her she's always awake, and she's always telling me about my manners.

I never knew I had manners till she comed. And she says I haven't any anyhow. She's awful bossy. If I'm eating and happen to put my hand in the dish, she says I should use my spoon. Spoons are things you eat with when people are looking at you. But what's the use of eating with a spoon when you got both hands?

She's very lovely (Aunt Toni says). She has big brown eyes and hair like mine (only I don't think it's as nice as mine). And she has nice white teeth. They're strong—awful strong, because she bit me on the ear after I bit her on the arm.

The way it all happened was, I was playing with Janey, my nicest but not my best dolly—she's kind of raggedy. And I wasn't doing a thing naughty. Then all of a sudden in she popped. She was with Aunt Toni. She had hold of Aunt Toni's hand. Right away I didn't like her, because you know Aunt Toni and Mom and Pop are my ex-clus-ive propity.

Well, and I thought she was just another visitor like Mary Louise, who is afraid of cats. So I put on my best manners, even if I didn't know I had manners then, and said, "How-do; how are you? Awful glad to see you"—pretend-ing, just like the grown-ups do.

So she didn't say anything, and Aunt Toni says, "Toni, this is your little sister." And I said, "What's a sister?" And Aunt Toni says, "Well, that *is* a tough one." And I said, "Oh, so she's a tough one, eh?" Because I knew what a tough one was, because I heard Mom and Pop talk about people they didn't like and they always call them tough ones. So I says, "Well, I don't like her, either."

And Mom says, "But you must like her, Toni. You must love your little sister." And I says, "Well, I am not going to start to like any tough ones."

So Mom says, "Come here, dear." And I didn't want to go right then, because I was looking at some pictures. So I didn't pay any at-ten-tion to her like I always did. And then, after a while, I looked up—and there was the tough one in Mom's lap.

Can you beat that? Mom, of all people, taking a tough one on her lap. So I stopped looking at the pictures, and I went over to Mom and the tough one, and I says, "You get off my Mom's lap." And the tough one just looked at me.

So I got kind of mad and I kicked at her. But she was too high up, so I bit her. And then Mom gave me a little slap, but it wasn't so little, and the tough one started to cry, and Pop says, "Here, here, Toni, behave yourself. You're acting like a little demon." And I went after the tough one again. And Aunt Toni took me by the hand pretty hard and she says, "You young minx, you must learn to behave, or we'll teach you."

So she took me on her lap and she started talking to me. But I kicked and screamed; and Aunt Toni says, holding me awful tight, "Would you ever think a child could be so persist-ent in her rage?" And Pop says, "Well, she has red hair, hasn't she?" And Aunt Toni didn't say anything to that, because she's in the same pre-dick-a-ment, as she calls it.

But Mom put the tough one down, and she sat on the floor and she looked scared. And I went over to Mom's lap, because it was my exclus-ive lap, and I kept looking at the tough one and I was waiting for her to try and get on any of my laps. But she didn't. She just sat there and she said, "That's my Mamma." And she meant Aunt Toni. And I says, "She is not." And she didn't say anything back.

BUT the next day she wasn't so bad and she played real nice with me. And we played house. The tough one said that was what it was. And the way you play it is you get all your dolls and you say you're mammas and you fix them up like Mom and Pop and Aunt Toni fix us up. And it's real nice to play.

The tough one's name is Mary, and Mom and Pop and Aunt Toni say I'm not to call her a tough one. So I won't any more. Sometimes we go around the house with our arms around each other and sometimes we fight. But when we fight I always get beat. I guess it is because the tough—I mean Mary is bigger than I am.

The reason why we fight sometimes is because Daddy told the tough—I mean Mary to slap me whenever I slapped her. So she minds beaut-ifully. So we don't fight so much any more. It's so wearing on one, don't you think?

I heard Daddy talking about two great big men fighting. They must have been as big as the big horses you see on big trucks. And one's name is Jack Sharkey and the other one's name is Tommy Heeney. And Pop says that the wear and tear these fighters give each other must shorten their lives, even though it lengthens their bank rolls. And I said, "What's a bank roll?" And Pop said, "A bank roll is something you often hear about but never see." And everybody laughed and the tough—I mean Mary laughed, so I laughed too.

It's at the table that Mary is so bossy. She's always saying, "Toni, haven't you any manners?" And I always say, "What's manners?" And Mary doesn't answer me. She only says, "Take your hand out of that dish and stop pushing things in your mouth with it. Use your spoon." And she catches me every time I have a nice handful.

So I said to her yesterday, "Would you like to go on a boat?" Because if she went away on a boat maybe somebody else would take her for a present. And she said, "No. I don't want to go on a boat." So I said, "Well, do you like prunes?" And she said, "You take your hand out of that dish."

Well, now I love my sister. We go out together and we tell Aunt Toni or the nurse to order taxis for us, but they never do it. But it's a nice thing to do.

I wish, though, the tough—I mean Mary wouldn't dive for laps like she does. Every time there's a vacant lap she makes a run for it; and even when I'm not even thinking of laps, there she is either sitting in one or running for one; and, of course, then I run too. And we both get on that par-tic-u-lar lap and then there's a fight. And fighting is so wearing on one, don't you think? I know it's wearing on me.

Yes, I love the tough—I mean Mary because Aunt Toni says she brought her home to unspoil me. I love my little sister, but wouldn't it be just love-ly if she'd come on a boat and somebody else took her for a present?

Further adventures in the young life of Toni, Jr., will be published in next week's LIBERTY.

Your HAND Remembers *What You Forget*

An Expert Tells Why Every Little Scribble Has a Meaning of Its Own

An Article by
LOUISE RICE

Lazarnick photo

SIT down to telephone, idle at your desk, and your hand unconsciously starts to draw squares, circles, and all sorts of mystic figures.

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Louise Rice has been a lecturer and teacher of graphology for twenty-five years and is the author of numerous articles and short stories dealing with psychological subjects. She is the first and only person to interpret scribblings, work which she began two years ago after twelve years of preparation. Miss Rice maintains that our unconscious scribblings will ultimately provide the first indications of talent, temperament, and sanity or insanity.]

IN the bed of the river at Taunton, Massachusetts, there is a rock, now totally submerged by the changing course of the stream, which, some hundred thousand years ago, stood beside a man-made trail. On that rock some man, in that far-off time, leaned idly, and with another rock, sharpened at one side, which was the only weapon or implement known to his world, drew some formations which were familiar to him.

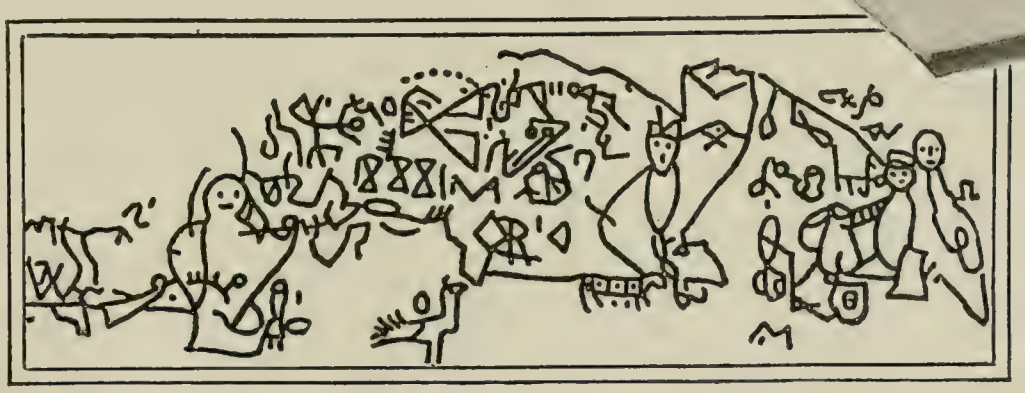

Fig. 1—*The primitive drawings, or graffiti, which appear on the rock near Taunton, Massachusetts.*

These formations (Fig. 1) were even then old. They were standardized. Some meant "men"; some, "the place where men sleep"; some, "the great lights which appear above us." At this time man had not progressed far enough to write a message, but already he had begun to *make symbols.*

This scratching on the rock over which the waters of the modern world now wash has had the most careful attention of scientists; for it is one of the few instances of what they call "graffiti," meaning the scribbling which has always been a habit of man's.

We are still scribbling today.

The ancient man, that hairy, half-simian ancestor of ours, making marks on the rock beside his wild trail, drew symbols which meant more than he knew, which dragged up from his subconscious soul knowledge he did not know he had. His hand knew what he forgot.

Your hand and mine still perform this strange trick.

Sit down to telephone, wait for a cab, sit at a conference table, idle at your desk—and what do you do?

You draw to you a scrap of paper and, without even knowing that your hand is moving, you produce on it circles, triangles, squares, flower and leaf forms, queer faces, mystic figures—all sorts of formations. There is hardly a desk pad in the world which does not bear these cabalistic scribblings; probably few notebooks which have not some seemingly meaningless scrawls.

The point is that they are not really meaningless, although the maker attaches no meaning to them. In them the race consciousness is welling up; in them the ancient and mystic knowledge is preserved; for man's most secret knowledge has always been preserved by means of symbols.

We know this, just as we know a great many things, without really thinking about it. Every religion has used the symbolic meanings, and every Mason knows that symbols have an ancient place in the knowledge of the world. The astounding thing is that our hands know this, too, although we may never have heard of it or given a thought to it.

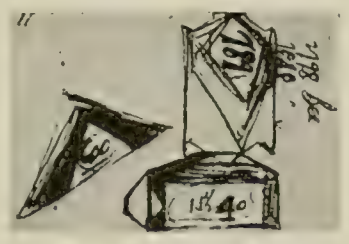

Fig. 2—*Heavily blocked-in angular formations.*

Let us take some of the symbols most persistently scribbled and see how they reveal, not only the memory of your hand, but the facts of your character, as your subconsciousness knows them.

Angular formations, heavily blocked in (Fig. 2), express a sense of construction and a mind which moves heavily and ponderously to exact and not too imaginative conclusions. The massive architecture of Egypt was produced by people who had this temperament, and if we look at such scribblings we shall see the close analogy between them and the great edifices of old Egypt.

Men who direct large bodies of other men in great routines make these blocked-in, angular formations. Managers of great factories, foremen of large departments of the steel industry, and builders of heavy architecture employ this symbolism.

As soon as we associate curved lines with these angular ones (Fig. 3), and as soon as the heavily blocked-in portions of the formations are merely re-enforced by additional lines, then we have construction and executive ability, lightened by imagination and intuition. These are the people who foresee the trend of circumstance, of invention, of progress, and yet are not visionary. They think in direct and exact lines, around which there is the play of wide-angled vision. The executive who must more or less invent as well as direct the forces which he controls, will do this.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I thought my dog had gone mad"

"The first time my dog had a fit, I thought he was mad. I might have shot him if a neighbor hadn't told me it was probably caused by worms. Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules stopped *them* in a hurry."

In almost all cases, fits are due to improper care and feeding. Many a valuable dog has been shot for mad because the owner did not know the difference between fits and rabies. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules and Condition Pills.

Symptoms of Fits

Animal clamps jaws and froths at the mouth. Muscles jerk and throw body to the ground with legs moving rapidly. Dog rises and is stupid.

Do You Know?

Would you know whether your dog had fits or rabies? Would you know what to do in either case? Do you know how to prevent these ailments? It costs nothing for you to find out these worthwhile facts. There are effective remedies for fits and all other dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

DON'TS for Dog Owners

Don't feed your dog sweets or pastry. Don't feed potatoes to a puppy.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's Famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and rearing dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the dog book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex, and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1471 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Your Free Copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

[YOUR HAND REMEMBERS]
[Continued from Page Sixty-five]

When we turn to the curved formations which are scribbled (Fig. 4), we find that imagination, ardor, fancy, and emotion are the strongly expressed elements. Flowing, gracious formations, habitually scribbled, will always proceed from emotions which find little difficulty in impressing themselves on the personality.

These are the people who smile readily, weep with ease, enjoy fervently, and hope at the smallest provocation. The personality, in short, is magnetic, yielding, ardent. It is not surprising to see, then, that nearly all actors and musicians use the flowing lines in scribbling.

Now, taking the matter back to ancient symbols, let us remember that we carry the thought of the meaning of the angular and the curved formations in even the most casual of our expressions. The "foursquare" man calls up, to the mind of everyone, the rather severe, unimaginative, exact, and therefore honest man. A character "like a French curve" is a symbolism with many amusing side lights.

Fig. 3—*Curves added to angular scribblings.*

The triangle has profound significance and has been extensively written about by philosophers of all ages. It is used by all religions, by many secret societies, and is one of the fundamental forms of higher mathematics. People who scribble the triangle (Fig. 5) show that their mental processes are intricate and profound. Eminent churchmen, philosophers, teachers, and statesmen are inclined to use it.

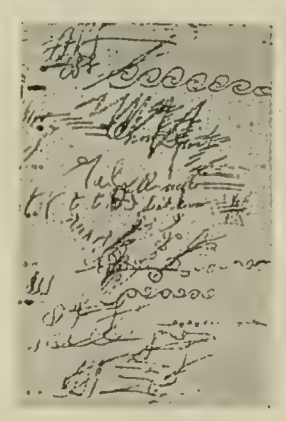

Fig. 4—*Curved, flowing, graceful lines.*

Those who have attained no eminence may be sure that their use of this symbol in unconscious scribblings is a sign of their real maturity of thought and of their potential powers of advancement.

SOME years ago I found this sign used in scribbling which was sent me by a poor boy who lived in a poor street. He has fought his way up until he is now the Congressman from his district, and is especially known for his profound and constructive thought on matters of humanitarian import.

It might be expected that the flower and leaf forms (Fig. 6), expressing love of nature, protectiveness, and tenderness, would be extensively used by women.

This is true to a certain extent; but we are finding out of late that a woman's body does not necessarily cover the traditional woman's mind and soul.

Nor is man lacking in just such elements of character as we so often attribute to woman. The flower and leaf forms are made by many men. When they are, we can

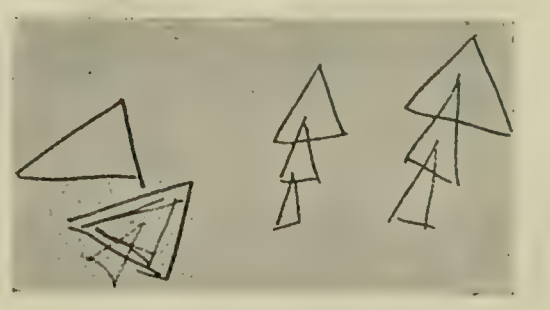

Fig. 5—*Triangular symbols.*

be sure that they are the men who can be appealed to for donations to charities, that they are fond of children, that they love dogs, gardens, and books.

Women often use the angular formations, however. An odd thing is that a woman who has known nothing but home and social activities, and who has used curved scribblings, will begin to make far more angular scribblings when she gets into the business world and matures under its discipline.

Very soft and quite perfect flower forms are used by the woman who is innately the mother and by men who are passionately devoted to children. One of the world's great inventors of toys used to scribble a leaf and a daisy

Fig. 6—*Flower and leaf forms.*

—a leaf and a daisy—over and over on his desk pad and on the bits of paper where he made drawings of his inventions.

A curiosity in scribblings is shown by the waste paper in the basket of a very rich man, where semiangular formations represent his conferences with men on strictly financial matters, and many flower and leaf forms represent his conferences with people who handle his numerous charities. For, not only do scribblings represent the inner man—they also symbolize much that is going on in the mind and heart of the scribbler.

Anger, resentment, and thoughts of ambition deepen the pressure with which scribblings are made and accentuate whatever angularity they possess. Disappointment makes the pressure light and wavering, and sorrow makes it alternately heavy and light. Rounded forms of scribblings, habitual to the maker, take on more grace and fantasy during moments of satisfaction, gratification, and encouragement.

The pencil, held in the hand by an individual who hardly knows, even, of that action, will cunningly and with extraordinary symbolism make out diagrams of the thoughts back of the hand. The "ladder" formation (Fig. 7), usually has the last rung triumphantly added with heavier pressure when the sequence of thought it expresses has come to a successful conclusion.

The effort to gather a badly scattered proposition and to assemble it in concrete form will be shown by wild swirls which gradually draw in upon a neatly boxed and re-enforced square. Confusion of thought gives us messy, intricate scribblings without form or substance.

The hand also knows much about a man's mental and physical states which he does not. Confusion in scribblings, when they have usually been well defined and when there is no mental trouble felt, shows nervous conditions which are apt to break out, sometimes long after the information has been conveyed by this symbolism. Mental conditions which are going wrong nearly always result in the making of weird and ugly "faces," death's-heads, yawning mouths with prodigious teeth (Fig. 8), and other unpleasant formations which show that the hand fears that which is going on in the dark recesses of the mind.

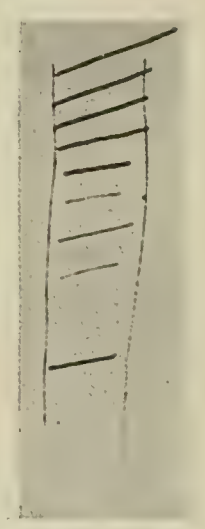

Fig. 7—*The "ladder," with the last rungs heavier.*

THE persistent effort to make a face from which some feature is as persistently omitted is the striking symbolism of a memory which is, for some reason, affected. Sometimes other pictures are the form, as of a house which never has windows or doors.

People who are ceaselessly occupied with the effort to make their finances stretch over a needed area often scribble figures, adding up imaginary and large sums of money whenever their hands stray unconsciously to pencil and paper. It will often be found that some pivotal sum will be the one on which these scribblings are built.

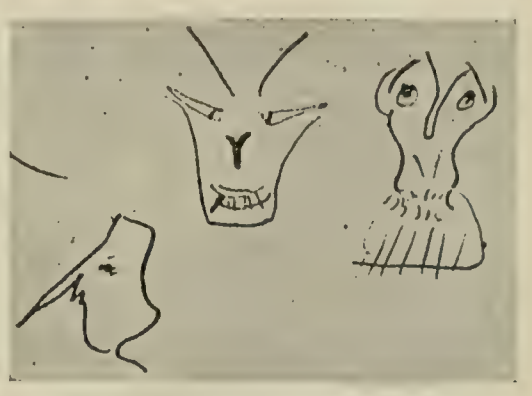

Fig. 8—*Weird figures mean mental troubles.*

A man who for many years had scribbled $50,000, and then gone on to multiply, subtract, and divide it (Fig. 9), was a person who had never had anything but a struggling business of very moderate proportions which had illy satisfied the needs of his large family. When his attention was called to the sum of these thousands, he was astonished.

He had been making that the pivot of all his subconscious calculations for years, because $50,000, invested, would allow him to retire and grow roses, the one ambition of his life. Yet never, in all those years, had he realized that

this insistent secret dream of his had been put into visibility by his hand.

Mr. Freud's ideas are, some of us think, rather far-fetched; but it is undoubtedly true that his statements as to our ignorance of what goes on within us have a good deal of truth in them. A careful study of scribblings will often explain a good deal in the difficult cases which are brought to the attention of the physician and the

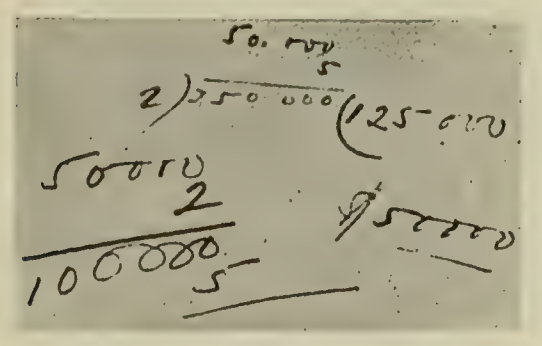

Fig. 9—*A financial phase of scribbling.*

psychiatrist. One of my own cases is most illustrative of this.

A very beautiful woman brought me her son, fourteen years old, with the statement that she thought him "not quite bright." He had a good school record, however. His handwriting showed him quite intelligent. Nevertheless, his manner was certainly peculiar.

He cried when his lovely mother or his three beautiful sisters left him alone. He sat with his eyes fixed hypnotically on his mother. He never talked in their presence. He extravagantly kissed and fondled their hands when not actually and rather roughly prevented. He was always talking about how he loved them. His teachers thought that he was a "pathological case."

I thought so, too, until I saw some of the scribblings, of which there were a great profusion.

These scribblings (Fig. 10) invariably took the form of hideous women's faces. With this clew to go on, I had a long and careful conference with the boy, in which the truth came out.

HIS father adored the wife and daughters, and from babyhood up the boy had been entirely neglected in his father's affections and in the eyes of the world in general.

He was the fetch-and-carry member of the family, his childhood crushed by the unconscious selfishness of the beautiful women who were his relatives, whom he thought he ought to love, whom he feared not to love, and whom he had come secretly to hate.

Of course, he himself did not know the latter fact, but his hand

Fig. 10—*A manifestation of a child's secret hate.*

did. In the ugly, misshapen female faces which it continually made, it sought expression for the unnatural condition in which the natural jealousy of the child struggled with the instilled belief that love, to the point of adoration, was what ought to be felt.

The child was sent away to a boys' school by his understanding father, and in a year or two was a normal youngster who scribbled (Fig. 11) the faces of pretty girls, tennis rackets, and flower and leaf forms, he being of the protective temperament. This, no doubt, was the reason that he had gone through the curious experience of hating where he thought that he loved. The cause of the hate being removed from his consciousness, his hand forgot too, and then proceeded to record symbols of the simple and youthful matters which took the place of that unnatural state.

Secret hates have a most extraordinary way of showing their presence in the soul. Sometimes the hand makes caricatures of the hated person. This is most apt to happen when the scribbler is try-
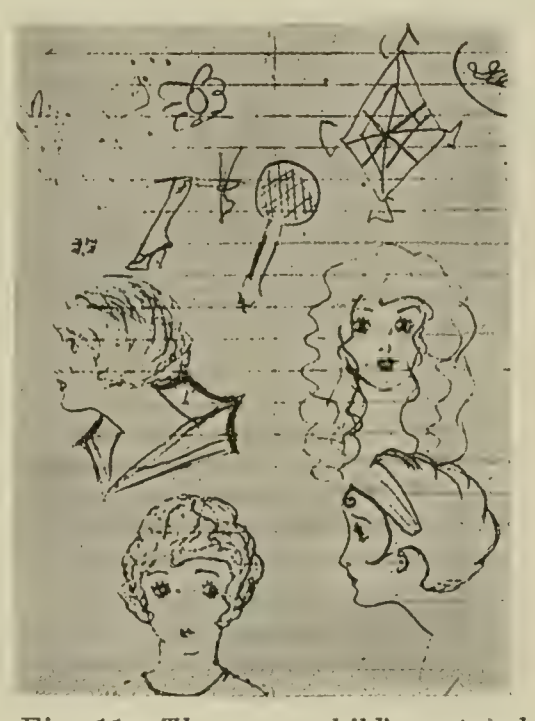
Fig. 11—*The same child's natural scribblings.*

ing to make himself believe that love and affection are the emotions felt. Children often do this. The comic valentine is merely an extension of this trick of the human sub- and semiconsciousness.

It is interesting to see that the cunning hand can reveal pleasant things as well as unpleasant ones. Many young people whose attention has not been drawn to their talents may find illumination in the things (Fig. 12) that their hands draw. On several occasions I have found excellent talent for drawing shown in clever pictures scribbled by those who would have thought it impossible to make them consciously.

A wonderful knowledge of planes, angles, surfaces, and opposing lines is sometimes revealed by those who have been limping along commercial roadways, unknowing that the fair fields of art are theirs for the entering.

People with literary leanings are inclined to scribble graceful forms, among which the *S* formation (Fig. 13) is common. They also do faces very well, considering that they seldom show any ability to make the planed and angled formations which are the true indications of art talent. It is their interest in people, *per se*, which this scribbling shows.

The engineer, architect, and commercial draftsman are the most intricate of scribblers. The poets

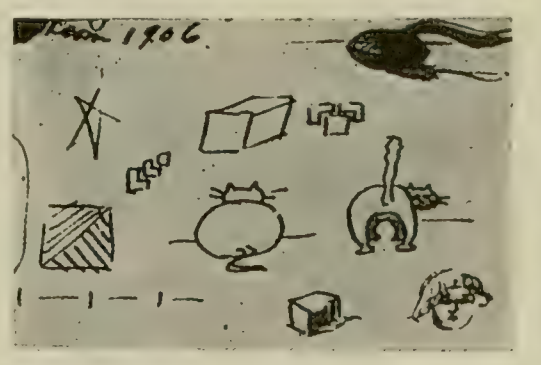

Fig. 12—*Buried talent is often revealed in unconscious markings.*

are the most simple and unformed. The business man or woman most often uses a square or oblong (Fig. 14), which is then blocked in in various ways. The educator is almost sure to use the flower and leaf forms, with a pronounced leaning toward drawing a tree.

THOSE familiar with the many meanings which have always been attached to trees and their place in all religious and mystic dogmas, will find this fact of special interest; for the symbol of the tree (Fig. 15) has always been that of

Fig. 13—*The S formation shows literary leanings.*

spiritual life, power, and development, in which, of course, the educator is greatly involved.

Everywhere you will find the symbols by which the human hand brings up from the depths of human consciousness the secrets which lie there. On the wall in the public telephone booth, on the edge of the market list lying on the kitchen table, on the desk pad, on the bits of paper retrieved from the pile on the conference table, in the address book, on the edges of the newspaper, on the tablecloths of restaurants, on menu cards. Everywhere and anywhere—often almost without the knowledge of the maker—the hand diagrams the emotion or thought of the moment, pictures the loves and hates, reveals the talents, estimates the health, foretells the mental condition to come, whines at fate, cheers at success, mourns, loves, indulges in desire, aspires to virtue, and dreams of the beyond.

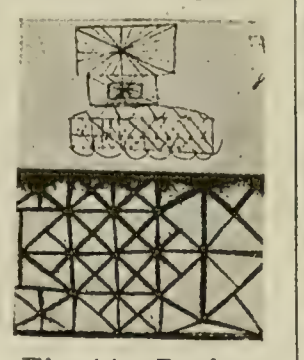

Fig. 14—*Business people scribble squares and oblongs.*

Fig. 15—*The tree—symbol of the educator and the minister.*

THE END

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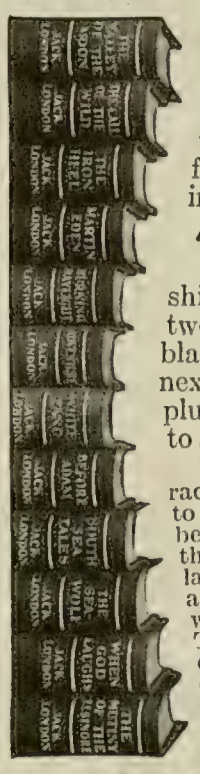

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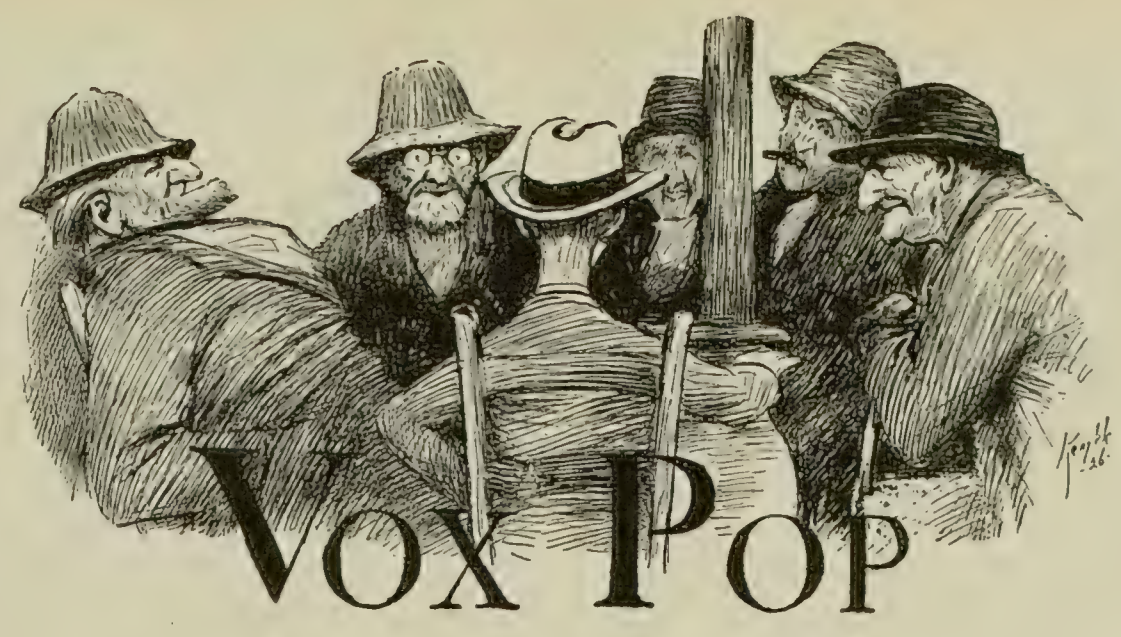


Received and Contents Noted. In Reply, See Page 5

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Regarding your editorial "Our Country," on the subject of Stephen Decatur's toast which you run at your masthead, I cannot see why one should give one's blood for one's country when she is in the wrong, merely because she is one's country. Millions of Germans in the last war died for Germany merely because it was "their country."

This attitude, "My country, right or wrong," has been responsible for more criminal waste of blood than any other thing I can think of.—*Irvin Mandell.*

BORDENTOWN, N. J.—I cannot indorse your "Our Country" editorial. There is a vast difference between sincere, conscientious objection to a national policy—even in time of war—and treason. Yet you lump the two together.

Your editorial assumes that an American must accept the decision of his government on moral questions as not only legal but as right. This country was largely settled and its institutions formed by those who denied this conception entirely. They asserted that the individual man is not only entitled to, but is in duty bound to, judge for himself if a law or national decision is binding upon his conscience.

I must protest when patriotism is exalted into a religion. God help America when we so sink from our noble heritage of true American and Christian traditions that we accept politicians and majority votes as lords of our consciences.—*Roberts Williams, Minister, First Presbyterian Church.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your editorial writer says that Stephen Decatur "hopes his country will be always right; but if a decision is made he is going to back it up. That is the way of nationhood."

My interpretation of this piece of rhetorical nonsense is: "Close your eyes and let the government regulate your opinions for you. If you do not do so you are a 'Red' and a menace to the community."—*P. W. S.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Right is right and wrong is wrong—even when it comes to a nation's actions. So why take Decatur's theatrical toast seriously?—*L. M. P.*

Sorry We Haven't—

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Our country, right or wrong. If right, support her; if wrong, stand by and make her right.—*F. A. Merrill.*

—Room to Print More

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I would far rather be wrong, knowing I was wrong on the side of Uncle Sam, than go wrong thinking I was right, believing the words of foreigners.

Long may Decatur's words fly at your masthead!—*E. L. F.*

Kind Thought from Canada

KITCHENER, ONT.—If your recent biography of Vice President Dawes is true to type, both Bill Thompson and Dawes ought to be publicly exhibited as the hell-roaring, swashbuckling American so prevalent in your democracy. That's why we Canadians admire Lindbergh. He's so utterly un-American.—*Maple Leaf.*

Stork, Be Careful!

EL PASO, TEX.—Apropos of your cover forecasting future events, please keep in mind when Lil and Sandy were married, for we would want no scandal in their wonderful romance.—*T. O. T.*

Her Ears Are Probably Burning

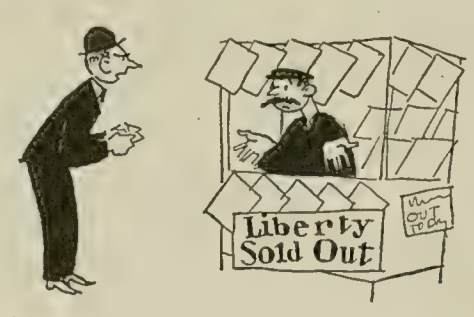
CHICAGO, ILL.—Some of your self-appointed art critics give me a large and overwhelming pain. Lil's eyes, eyelashes, and hair are sufficient excuse for her being, not to mention that good old stand-by, "S. A."

All I ask is to see more of Lil's ears.

I am willing to tolerate Sandy as a necessary evil. Most husbands are just that.—*De Yea Corson.*

Yes

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—It has been my misfortune at times to read in Vox Pop mutterings by some mis-



guided people anent how rotten, punk, terrible, and similar things they think LIBERTY is—but have you ever personally tried to purchase a back edition, say two days after it was published?—*E. Merrill Noel.*

Our Mistake

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—On at least two occasions your magazine has printed the statement that A. Whitten Brown (one of the two men who flew across the Atlantic in 1919) was an American.

I quote from the English *Who's Who* for 1924:

> Brown, Sir Arthur Whitten, K. B. E., cr. 1919; late Royal Air Force; son of A. G. Brown, Manchester. Decorated for first crossing the Atlantic in an aëroplane, Newfoundland to Clifden, Ireland, 14-15 June, 1919. Address: 52 Leadenhall Street, E. C. 3.

If the above information is correct, Sir Arthur was a British subject, son of a British subject, born in England and lived in England; created a Knight of the British Empire, 1919.—*A. M. Elliott.*

Thanks

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—Allow me to offer a suggestion.

Since you are giving the reading time of your stories, why not state also whether they are worth reading or not? For instance: Bad, Worse, or *Worst.*—*J. B. Bruton.*

The Paths of Glory—

VANCOUVER, B. C.—We are now getting "the greatest flying story ever told"—of a great American ace who was so famous that few ever heard of him.—*J. B. R.*

Lead Sometimes to—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As one of the many men who swapped tracers with the enemy in the late unpleasantness, I take exception to your glorification of the late Frank Luke, pilot extraordinary, whose story you've been advertising and publishing.

Can you show me where Frank Luke proved to be of greater service and value to his country than Eddie Rickenbacker, or Bishop to Canada?

Can you, by any chance, compare the achievements of a young chap who enters the game with contempt for the rules, fights like a fool for a number of days, and then, by virtue of his foolhardiness, gets himself shot down, to those of Rickenbacker and Bishop and Schwab and a host of others who, by their use of judgment and a proper amount of caution, made themselves valuable to their government by remaining alive?—*Robert A. Carter, Ex-First Obs. Squadron, Royal Flying Corps.*

—Letters Like These

SASKATOON, SASK.—Why all the excitement over Frank Luke? Giving him all the credit due him for his crashing four enemy planes, I fail to see why the fourteen "sausages" make him a "great" American ace: just like shooting cows with a shotgun at ten paces.

That sort of "glory-grabbing" makes me sick.—*W. G. D.*

Bum Humor

WINCHENDON, MASS.—I wondered why all of the park benches in this town were on the verge of collapse,

so I inquired about it, and the park superintendent said:

"Oh, all the bums shake the benches to pieces, laughing at Bert Green's 'Interior Decorator.'"—*Norman Shattuck.*

Helping the Editor

HARRISBURG, ILL.—LIBERTY is good. Elliott White Springs is better. But "A Non-Stop Plight" was the best yet. Let's have more like it.—*J. R. Nelson.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Kindly shoot Elliott White Springs. "Be Your Own Sky Pilot" made a hit with me, but now he comes along with a lot of poetry about Nancy Green that sounds like nobody's business. Hang him, mob him, but for the love o' Lil don't buy any more "Non-Stop Plights."—*Jimmie Costigan.*

The Touch of Destiny

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Your Balloon Buster installments leading up to Luke's joining the army have been *great.* It can easily be seen that a man with his ambitions and daring was destined to make an excellent name for himself in the air service.—*Pat Donnelly.*

Life Is So Complicated

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have an awful time getting my ironing done on Tuesday morning. I connect my iron and sit down to read Vox Pop until it gets hot. Then, when I get

through that, my iron is too hot, so I sit down to read something else in LIBERTY until it cools off a little; and when I tear myself away again the iron is too cool.

Then I read something else until it gets hot again, and that's the way I iron all day Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.—*Missis.*

Ostrich Diplomacy

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Just when I was becoming certain that the country was going to pot, that the majority of legislators were either idiotic or craven and that practically all editors should be quartered—just then came your editorial "Little Americans" like a breath from the open spaces.

I'm sick of "humanity" and "international brotherhood" in the sense that the terms are being misused so carelessly today. I am convinced that too often these high-sounding catch words serve only as a cloak for timidity or an abysmal ignorance of current facts and the inexorable lessons of history.

Why doesn't LIBERTY give us a series of articles dealing with our various international entanglements? It is difficult to imagine a greater patriotic service.

A degree of reticence is, of course, indispensable in current diplomacy, but why carry it to extremes? I doubt if one person in fifty realizes that every five years or so the general staff is directed to be ready to bring a million men to arms.

Damn an ostrich, anyway.—*Donald Hershey.*

Ready for Roasting?

HOUSTON, TEX.—I am very anxious to join the Vox Poppers and suggest a coat of arms for your page, showing a chicken recumbent with ax on neck descendent.—*Gus O. Schulenburg.*

YOU'LL go wild over Cocoanut Corn Crisp—just like everyone else. There's goodness galore in every molasses-coated cluster of peanuts, popcorn and cocoanut chips. Real wholesome food value too. Get a can and join the "merry munchers" now. If your dealer can't supply you, send 50 cents for giant tin, postpaid.

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LIB.—3-10

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Carnation Caper Sauce—½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, 2 tbsp. butter, 2 tbsp. flour, 1 small onion, ½ tbsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, ¼ cup capers. Scald Carnation and water together. Cook chopped onion in melted butter; add flour and let brown. Add salt, pepper, and scalded milk, stirring constantly. Cook about 5 minutes and add drained capers. Serve hot.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

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Noodle *Recipes for* LENT

By ETHEL SOMERS

Noodle Ring, plain or with cheese, pimento, minced peppers, ham, or mushrooms, is an attractive accompaniment for any Lenten creamed dish.

NOODLES are especially adapted, because of their high protein content, to filling in the gaps in Lenten menus. From soup to dessert, they form the basis of many a palatable dish.

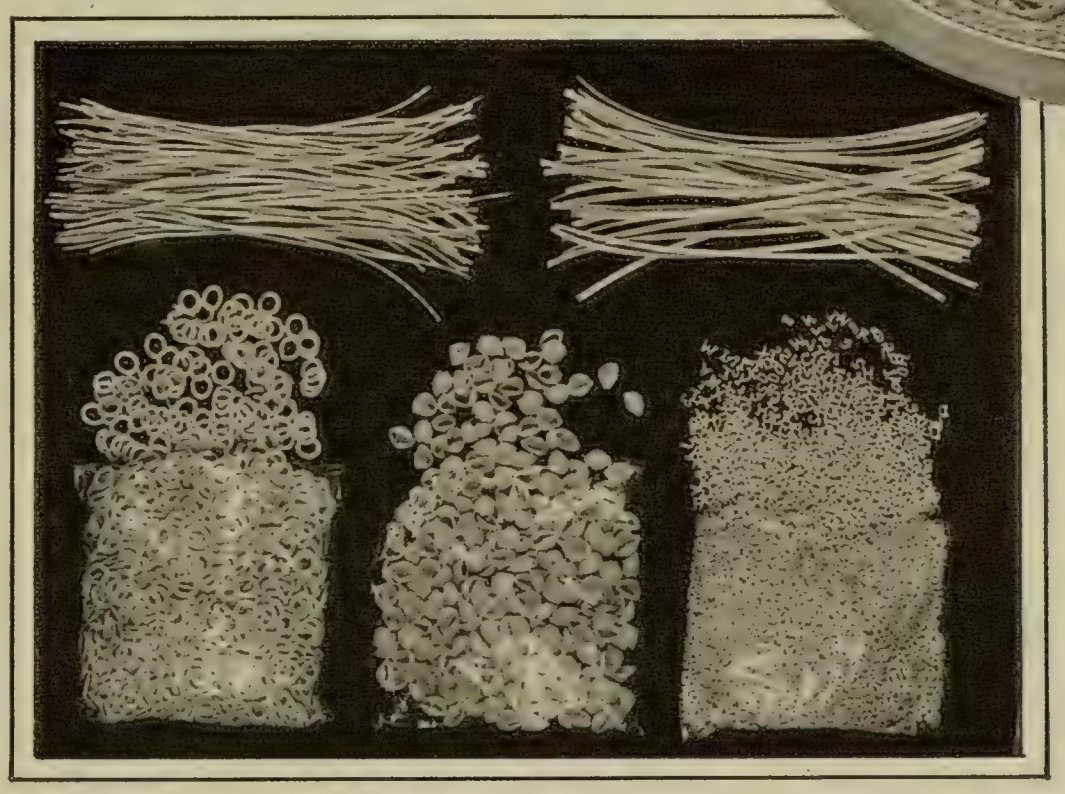
There is endless variety in their preparation, particularly if one makes use of commercial noodles, which may be had in so many interesting and intriguing forms, including the entertaining alphabet noodles.

Aside from the many novel ways of serving noodles, they are also much used as a hearty filling food of the macaroni class. Plain noodles are not very different from macaroni, except in form.

Egg noodles have an additional egg ingredient. Both macaroni and noodles are made commercially from durum wheat, which is a strong wheat of unusually high protein value.

Homemade noodles made from bread flour are especially thin and delicate. They are better fried or used in soups and noodle borders than they are when used in baked combinations.

Commercial egg noodles, on the other hand, are strong enough in texture to be pleasantly adaptable as suggested herein for use in salads, desserts, rings, borders, soups, and goulashes.



Noodles in their various forms, here illustrated, may fill a place in the Lenten menu anywhere from soup to dessert.

Noodle Ring (Plain)

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup rich milk or cream, if desired
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- Few grains cayenne
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 1 cup fine, broad, or ring noodles, cooked in 2 quarts water with 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs

DROP the noodles, without breaking, into 2 quarts of boiling salted water. Boil briskly to prevent the noodles from settling and burning. After 10 minutes' boiling, drain and blanch in cold water. There should be 3 cups of the noodles after cooking. Melt the butter. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour to form a smooth paste. Gradually add the milk or cream, stirring to keep the mixture smooth. Stir and cook directly over the flame until thickened. Then place over hot water at least 10 minutes to cook the starch thoroughly. Add the seasonings and cooked noodles. Then fold in the well beaten egg yolks. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a well oiled ring mold, and bake in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven (325° F.) until firm or set, though not browned, or about 45 minutes. Turn out on a hot platter and fill the center with hot creamed meat or fish. Garnish with parsley and rosettes of green and red peppers.

RICH NOODLE RING may be made from the above recipe by using cream instead of milk and by adding another egg in place of the flour called for. The preparation is thus simplified to folding the cooked noodles into the egg-and-cream mixture and baking. It eliminates the top of the stove cookery and makes a richer though more expensive product.

CHEESE NOODLE RING may be made from either recipe by folding 1 cup of grated American or Italian cheese (about 3½ ounces) into the cream-sauce mixture before it is put to cook for 10 minutes over the hot water.

COLORFUL NOODLE RING may be made by adding pimento, green pepper, minced ham or bacon, sliced frankfurters, crab meat, or shrimps. The items chosen to be folded into the creamed-noodle mixture just before baking.

Noodle Salad

- 2 cups cold cooked noodles (shells or rings preferred)
- 1 chopped pepper, green or red
- ½ cup grated or cream cheese
- 1 cup celery, sliced, if desired
- Sliced or minced pickle to garnish
- Lettuce cups

ARRANGE the cooked, chilled noodles in the lettuce cups. (If shells are used, fill or sprinkle with cheese.) Scatter the other ingredients attractively over the whole and serve with a piquant French dressing.

DO you find it hard to keep the Lenten fast? Perhaps you need variety in your Lenten menus to make eating a pleasure. LIBERTY'S three handy cookbooks tell how to make all sorts of soups, entrées, side dishes, biscuits, cakes, salads, etc., that do not violate the Lenten restrictions. Thus they make the sacrifices of Lent a pleasure. Get LIBERTY cookbooks now. They are only 10¢ each—all 3 for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

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NOODLE SOUP—Noodles will give added food value to almost any soup. They are particularly appropriate in chicken soup, bouillons, and broths. Add 1 ounce of noodles to 1 quart of the prepared soup stock when it is boiling hot. Simmer 10 minutes before serving.

Buttered Noodles

- 1 cup noodles
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- Few grains cayenne, if desired
- 3 tablespoons butter

ADD the salt to the boiling water, and then the noodles. Cover *tightly* and let *simmer* for 20 minutes. If at the end of this cooking period the water is not all evaporated, remove the cover and cook it out. Add butter and seasonings. Mix well. Serve with fried fish.

CHEESE BUTTERED NOODLES may be made by folding ½ to 1 cup of grated cheese (American or Italian) into the buttered noodles.

Tomato Noodles

- 2 cups noodles
- 1½ quarts water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup canned tomatoes or tomato purée
- ⅓ cup chopped green pepper
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- ½ onion grated or ¼ teaspoon onion salt
- ⅓ to ½ cup grated or finely cut cheese (American or Parmesan)
- 1⅓ cups meat stock or milk
- ½ cup bread crumbs buttered with
- 2 tablespoons butter

ADD the salt to the water and boil. Add the noodles. Cover and boil until tender, about 15 minutes. Drain and place in layers in a buttered baking dish, sprinkling each layer with the tomato, chopped green pepper, cheese, and seasonings. Pour the meat stock or milk over the mixture. Cover with the buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) about 25 minutes or until brown.

ITALIAN NOODLES may be made by changing the Tomato Noodles recipe. Use olive oil in place of butter and Italian tomato paste in place of tomatoes, of course using the Parmesan cheese.

Noodle Pudding

- 1 cup broad noodles
- 1 pint boiling water
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup peeled chopped almonds
- ¾ cup rich milk
- 1 pound apples, peeled, cored, and sliced
- ¼ cup raisins or currants
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ cup melted butter

COOK the noodles in the boiling, salted water 10 minutes. Blanch. Stir the milk and melted butter into the well beaten egg. Mix the fruits, nuts, sugar, and cinnamon. Butter a baking dish and arrange the ingredients in layers—a layer of well drained, cooked noodles, then one of fruit. The last layer should be noodles. Then pour in the egg-milk-and-butter mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 1 hour. Serve hot with hard sauce.

SHOW Girl

Denny and the Open-Eye Detective Agency Join in the Hunt for Dixie Dugan

By J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

"Fire him. Or, no; raise his salary."

(Reading time: 15 minutes 20 seconds.)

[Who's Who, and Why: We are now confronted with the sensational disappearance of Dixie Dugan. The world was Dixie's oyster up to that fatal moment. The stabbing of Jack Milton, broker, by Alvarez Romano, Dixie's erstwhile tango partner at the Jollity Night Club, in a fight for her love, had provided her with a burst of notoriety which sent her skidding into fame on the stage. Then she was kidnaped right out of the theater. Who did it? Not even the $10,000 reward offered by the *Evening Tab*, which was publishing her life story (written by somebody else), can solve the puzzle. It looks ominous. And poor Denny Kerrigan, her greeting-card salesman sweetie in the West, is worrying himself out of his job over it.]

PART FIVE

Minneapolis, Minn., July 1, 1927.

MR. DENNY KERRIGAN,
Tower Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

HELLO, DENNY:

What's the matter with your sales, ole fella? Where's the old pep? Where's the old wim and wigor?

A careful analysis of your sales reports for the last few weeks shows a slump which is not reflected in the reports of any of the other men. Business in the East and Middle West is uniformly good, with steady re-orders and heavy advance buying for the new lines. Watkins in Illinois and Kimball in Ohio are doing record business in Everyday cards and mottoes, and especially in Ye Lyttle Boxed Gifts. In our leader—BX-11, Ye Merrie Lyttle Egg Beater—both Watkins and Kimball have 300 per cent gain over you in the latest analysis of sales which I have made.

I can't understand this, ole fella, and I want to tell you confidentially the Old Man is getting darned peevish. He was going over the figures with me today, and he said to me, "What's the matter with Kerrigan?" And I said, "He's all right." And the Old Man says, "He is, is he? Then look at these figures." And I had to admit that the figures looked bad.

"You can't tell me," says the Old Man, "that the demand for our Boxed Egg Beater should go up in Illinois and Ohio and down in Indiana. They're still beating eggs in Indiana."

And then I thought I'd have a little fun with him, and I says, "You know you couldn't beat eggs with those egg beaters." And he says, "Well, they don't know that in Indiana—at least, not yet. And, besides, those are gift egg beaters, and you can't tell me they don't give egg beaters in Indiana, especially when they come in a gift box with nine-color-offset box top and a dye-stamped, hand-colored gift card attached."

So I says, "Well, Kerrigan is falling down on the egg beater, but look at his sales on Wearyin' for You. Why, he sold more of those mottoes, framed, and cards with eps, than all the other boys in the Middle West."

And that sorta pacified the Old Man for a little while. But he went away muttering about the egg beaters, so I'm just tipping you off.

If there's anything on your mind, why don't you let a fella know? You know, I'm one of the boys, even if I did give up juggling sample cases to park here on my haunches and kick the old sales in the tail once in a while. You can spill it to me, ole boy, 'cause I got a hunch there's something psychological about this. A good go-getter like you wouldn't fall down on a swell number like BX-11 if he didn't have somethin' eatin' his heart out.

Slip it to your gruff old sales manager—

AL.

P. S. BX-14, 3C-9, and the five-cent Dad cards in black and white, are out and won't be reprinted. Kill the dollar Mothers. There's no profit in it. We are putting in a new seventy-five-cent retail Mother with engraved insert, as the trend seems to be toward cheaper Mothers and more expensive Sweethearts.

Tower Building,
Chicago, Ill., July 3.

Mr. Al Evans,
Gleason Company,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR AL:

Herewith Sales Reports for week ending July 2.

You will note I took an increase on the Kiddy Mother-Goose Birthdays, but I don't seem to be able to put my heart in the Boxed Gift line. I think it's priced wrong and doesn't compare, value for value, with Buzza or Bigson. I was talking to one of the Buzza men in the lobby last night, and he said the whole Boxed Gift line demand is falling off in Indiana; so I can't understand what you say about Kimball and Watkins.

Now, you take BX-11, for instance. There's a gift item for fifty cents retail which is just a single-action egg beater, and it doesn't compare with a similar article in the Buzza line, where they not only give them a double-action egg beater, but the boxed top is done in that new Perroquet process, using water colors. I tell you, I'm getting damn sick telling those dumb dealers those water colors won't last, because they always come back and say, "What of it? Nobody is going to beat eggs with the box tops. Suits us if they last long enough to get over the counter and out the door." So your Sales Strategy Board better think up a new knock for us fellers.

No, there ain't nothin' on my chest—that is, not much. I do wish I could take a week off, though, for I'm not feeling so good.

DENNY.

P. S. Mokowitz Brothers say they sent in a big mail order, so when I called they weren't having any. And yet, I didn't see any record of my getting any credit for this order. Mokowitz report a big Confirmation card business.

24 XRB 15
27 CHICAGO ILL 920A JULY 5

DENNY KERRIGAN
TOWER BUILDING CHICAGO

LETTER RECEIVED OLD MAN SAYS YOU

ARE TO COME IN AT ONCE AND REPORT TO HIM

AL

SCENE: *Sales Manager's Office Gleason & Company.*

TIME: *10 A. M. following day.*

SALES MANAGER: He isn't down yet. Just as well.

DENNY: What's on his chest? I mean, what's eatin' him? I mean what's the big idea, huh?

SALES MANAGER: He thinks you're layin' down.

DENNY: Who, me?

SALES MANAGER: He thinks you ain't got your heart in the ole Gleason line any more.

DENNY: Who, me?

SALES MANAGER: What's the matter? Why don't you tell a feller? You look like the last drink in the bottle.

DENNY: I'm sick.

SALES MANAGER: Where? 'Smatter?

DENNY: *(Laying hand over heart)* Here.

SALES MANAGER: Aw, go on! You talk like a True Story.

DENNY: I should care what I talk like. I'm sick, I tell you. My heart aches so I can't stand it. I'm going crazy!

SALES MANAGER: You ought to sell greeting cards all the better for that. That's what we need in this sentiment business—more sentiment. *(Suddenly)* Now I see why you're ahead of your quota on 9M-63.

DENNY: Just a-Wearyin' for You? That's a motto! Wish we had more like that.

SALES MANAGER: *(Triumphantly)* You're in love. That's what's the matter with you.

DENNY: How did you guess it?

SALES MANAGER: *(Proudly)* Oh, you've got to be a psychologist in this business. How do you suppose a sales manager could hold his job if he didn't study people? Why, one of the first principles of successful modern salesmanship is the ability to analyze the fundamental principles which underlie the successful creation and stimulation of the initial desire for your product, and then—

DENNY: *(Wearily)* You said all that at the last convention. But I'm heartbroken, just the same.

SALES MANAGER: She threw you down?

DENNY: Not quite that.

SALES MANAGER: Where is she?

DENNY: *(Pacing the floor)* That's it. Where is she? If I only knew! She's gone. Disappeared. Vanished off the face of the earth.

SALES MANAGER: Yes? Who is she? Do I know her?

DENNY: No. She's a little dancer in New York. The sweetest, the dearest, the loveliest, the cutest—

SALES MANAGER: I know. I know.

DENNY: *(Ecstatically)* And eyes—big, brown, beautiful! And hands—like our motto Pale Hands that Took Hold of My Heart. *(Continues rhapsodically)*

> I used to laugh at your tender awkwardness, but that was before you took hold of my heart. And now I do not laugh any more, for your hands are small and weak, but you are hurting me.

SALES MANAGER: *(Suddenly all business)* I'm going to get the Old Man to turn over just the motto line to you, and let you hit the big accounts. You'd clean up!

DENNY: *(Paying no attention)* You know, she got into some sort of trouble down there in New York. She was dancing in a night club, and she went to a party, and a crazy Argentine dancer followed her there and stabbed the host of the party—a rich broker named Jack Milton. And then she got so much publicity, she went on the stage. And the last I heard of her was an account in *Variety* of her act—how wonderful she was. And the next day there were headlines in all the papers of how she had disappeared—vanished right off the stage—and no one knows where she is and what's become of her.

SALES MANAGER: Gee, what do you know about that?

DENNY: It was bad enough before she disappeared. We sorta had a quarrel and I told her where to get off. I wasn't going to have her dancing in any night club, and stabbing people in the back—I mean running around to wild parties and getting mixed up in murders and things. But since she disappeared I've just gone crazy wondering all day what's become of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

" He's batty about some night-club girl in New York. She disappeared."

just born in colors

Ingersoll's new dollar pen

of imperishable Bakelite

not inflammable
as colored celluloid pens are

never warps
or shrinks, or opens up leaks as cheap colored pens do

never fades
like ordinary colored pens

stainless holder
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When you buy an Ingersoll, you pay less, expect less and then get a surprise when you find that in looks, wear and writing quality it is all that any pen could be.

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Points of Solid 14 K Gold — tipped with everlasting hard Iridium.

Points in medium, fine and coarse.

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Many stores already have the *new* Ingersoll Pen. There is no other pen like it and no low-priced pen to compare. Accept no substitute.

If not locally obtainable, sent postpaid by us. Mention color and model desired. Other models including the famous Nickel-Silver Ingersoll at $1.00, and *new* gold-trimmed models in popular colors at $1.50 and $2.00.

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CHAS. H. Ingersoll E. ORANGE N.J.

The name is on the end of the cap for your protection.

COLORS:
Cardinal Red
Olive Green
Mahogany
Black

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

her, and dreaming all night she's been murdered or something, and I've got so I just can't eat or sleep or nothing. I think I'll just go crazy if they don't find her pretty soon!

SALES MANAGER: But I thought you said you had a quarrel with her before that, and had broken off?

DENNY: I know. But you know how those things are. Why, Al, she's got to be so much a part of me, I could break off my arm just as easy as break off with her. Yeh, or a leg. That's how I am about her. Goofy.

SALES MANAGER: Well, I know how you feel. But still and all the Old Man is paying you a salary and a commission to sell mottoes and greeting cards and boxed gifts, and it looks to me as though— Here's the Old Man now. Good morning, D. G.

GLEASON: *(President of Gleason & Company, Greeting Cards for All Occasions)* 'Lo, A. E. 'Lo, Kerrigan. *(Shaking hands)* I called you in to have a chat with you.

DENNY: I know.

SALES MANAGER: We were just talking it over.

GLEASON: *(To Sales Manager)* So! *(To Denny)* Suppose I see you later, Kerrigan. Go in and wait in my office. *(Denny goes out)* Now, what's eatin' that young fellow?

SALES MANAGER: He's batty about some night-club girl in New York. She disappeared.

GLEASON: Probably off with some other bird.

SALES MANAGER: No; I guess they were kinda fond of each other. She's been a victim of foul play or something. There's a big reward in the papers to find her.

GLEASON: That's tough. But what the hell's that got to do with Kerrigan's sales in Indiana? Did you tell him about that Boxed Egg Beater?

SALES MANAGER: I wrote to him, and he said we weren't putting enough value in the article compared with a similar item in the Buzza line.

GLEASON: My God! Is he selling Buzza goods or Gleason's? I never saw a salesman yet who didn't think he was an authority on manufacturing and costs, and they can't even add up their expense accounts correct.

SALES MANAGER: I think he'll be all right when he gets over this love affair. He's young, you know, and sentimental.

GLEASON: I don't see any reason why we should let sentiment interfere with our business. Sentiment is all right on cards to be sold in large quantities at a profit, that's all. Otherwise, it's just a damn nuisance. I know. I used to be sentimental. Then I went into this business and it took all the sentiment out of me.

SALES MANAGER: I know.

Operators 291 and 306 discovered yesterday small boy who had seen subject step into closed car at stage door.

GLEASON: *(Wistfully)* You know, Christmas is really something pretty fine—the spirit of Christmas, I mean. Christmas isn't just a day to give a lot of things away—I mean—damn these sentiments! They keep running in my mind. I remember when I was a kid, and used to come down the stairs and see that tree all lit up—why, it was like all the stars in the heaven on a summer night. And we used to sing songs, and there would be a big turkey with plum pudding—You know, I haven't seen a plum pudding since I was this high! *(Sadly)* It would probably give me

indigestion now. *(Suddenly)* And what does Christmas mean now?

SALES MANAGER: Yeh, what?

GLEASON: It means that, eighteen months before it comes off, I'm going to worry whether some other guy is going to get out a line with tissue-lined envelopes for five cents retail, and how many of the old dies can we hold over and stamp on new stock, and are we going to get any more of that Italian handmade paper! And one year before, I'm worrying all about the sample line getting out on time; and six months before, how reorders are coming in. And about Christmas, when all should be peace on earth and good will to men, I've forgotten all about angels and camels and Wise Men and am wondering what the hell's the matter with collections. God, what a business! *(Savagely)* That cub Kerrigan makes me sick—still sentimental!

SALES MANAGER: *(Soothingly)* I don't blame you.

GLEASON: A lot you know about it! Wait until you're as old as I am and you'll know what it means to be sick like I am. Envy, that's it. I wish I could get so crazy about a girl that I could forget sample lines, and sales, and discounts, and reorders. And yet, what would become of this business if I did?

SALES MANAGER: *(Earnestly)* It would go straight to hell!

GLEASON: And a good thing, too! *(Jams on his hat.)*

SALES MANAGER: Where you going?

GLEASON: I think I'll go out and get drunk.

SALES MANAGER: What about Kerrigan?

GLEASON: Fire him. Or, no; raise his salary. I don't care what you do. Don't let me hear about him any more.

SALES MANAGER: *(Helpless)* I don't know what to do about him.

GLEASON: *(Sadly)* Neither do I. I guess you'd better send him in here. *(Sits down again. Sinks back in seat and pulls hat down over his eyes. Broods.)*

SALES MANAGER: Before he comes in, I know you'll be glad to learn that sales for the month have exceeded June of last year by twenty-five per cent. That's five per cent over the quota we set. We took most of the increase in with the new Song of the Heart series.

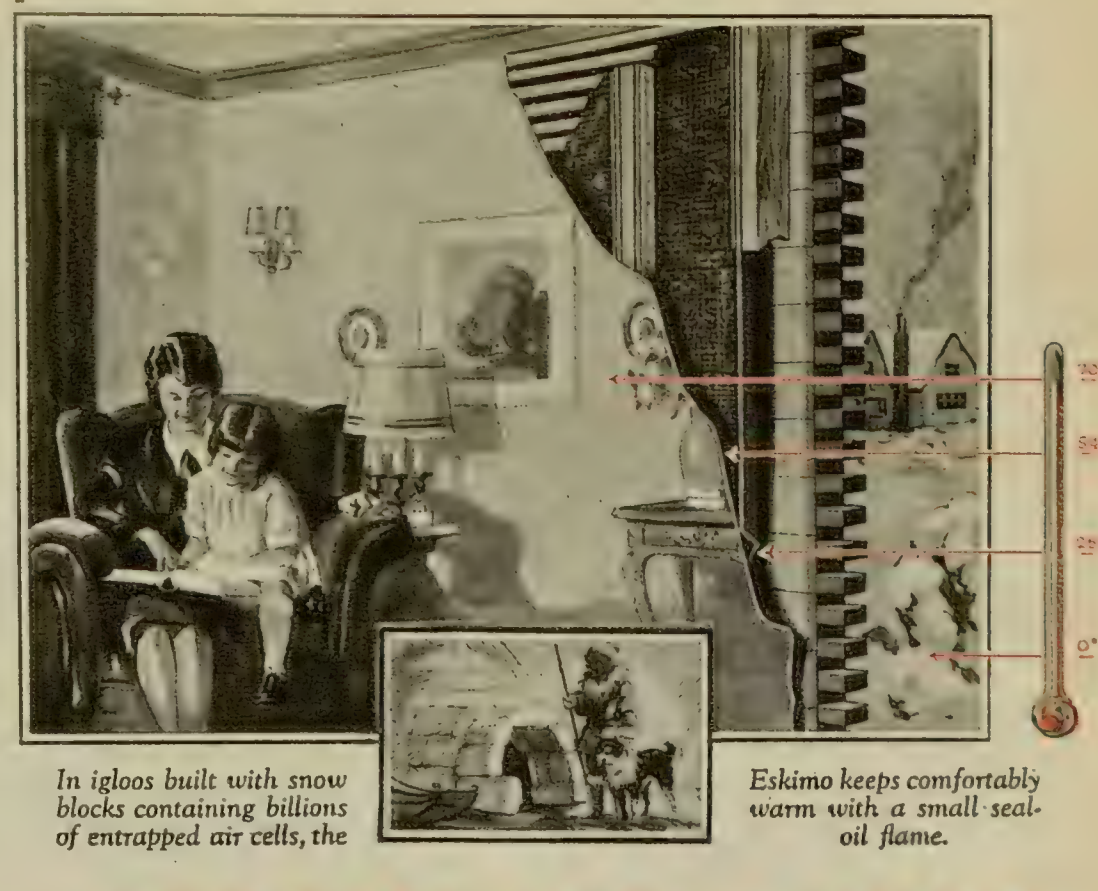
GLEASON: *(Far away)* Song of the Heart. Dear! dear!

SALES MANAGER: *(On phone)* Tell Mr. Kerrigan, who's waiting out there, to come in now. Mr. Gleason will see him.

THE OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY
We Never Sleep
12 Exchange Place
New York City
July 5.

To: MR. JOHN J. MILTON,
67 Wall Street,
New York City:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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ZERO outside—70 degrees inside—*and the heating plant not being forced!* You can have such comfort and economy *with the least amount of thermal insulation,* only when *two air spaces* are created within the wall.

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FLAX-LI-NUM is made from flax, a material selected solely for its superior thermal insulating qualities. It is not a low-cost by-product, adapted to thermal insulation.

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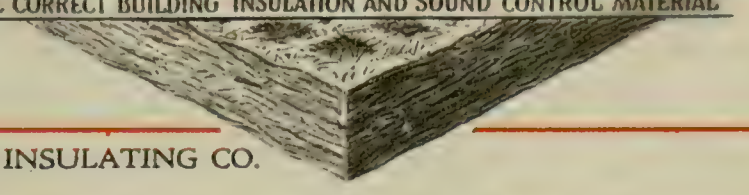

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Send me results of U. S. Bureau of Standards tests of 2 *air space* method of insulation. Also send full details about Flax-li-num.

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Nearby vast mountain ranges shelter smiling valleys

Vast mountains . . orange groves . . . . the blue Pacific

TWELVE miles from Los Angeles' imposing new City Hall stands the majestic Sierra Madre Range, smiling down on charming valley cities and towns where oranges and flowers scent the air. Here rises 6200 ft. Mt. Wilson, with a motor roadway to the peak. Near by, Mt. Lowe is climbed by trolley or trail.

From these splendid heights, views are astounding. To the south, Catalina rises out of the glistening blue Pacific. Mts. San Antonio, San Gorgonio and San Jacinto, to the east, are bulwarks between fertile valleys and a vast desert. To the north lies a gigantic mystery-filled wooded mountain wilderness. To the west, the rich San Fernando Valley, girt by circling mountains.

Such a sight is a lifetime's memory, yet it is but an incident of your visit to Southern California next summer. For, from Los Angeles, all of Southern California's fascinating interest points are quickly available. Summer air is temperate and invigorating. Bring light wraps. Sleep under blankets at night. Rain is unknown here in summer.

Play around in an entirely new vacation world. The marvelous, broad, smooth beaches along the 271 miles of the Riviera-rivalling Pacific shore offer the keenest surf sports.

Gay, thriving Los Angeles—gateway to Hawaii, the Orient and the entire Pacific Coast—will astound you with its growth and business volume. Los Angeles County is among the wealthiest in natural resources. Its agricultural products alone last year approximated ninety-five million dollars.

Plan to come out next summer—*sure*. See wonderful new things. Special low rate round-trip tickets May 15 until Oct. 31. Consult your nearest railroad ticket agent.

Send immediately for an authentic 52-page illustrated vacation book. Start planning today.

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"A trip abroad in your own America!"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. G-3, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

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Name .....

Street ..... City ..... State .....

[SHOW GIRL Continued from Page Seventy-five]

SUBJECT: *CONFIDENTIAL REPORT.*

Operators 291 and 306 discovered yesterday small boy who had seen subject step into closed car at stage door of State Theater, Newark. At time of disappearance had not been talked to by police. Boy thought nothing of the matter, but when discovered by our operators remembered incident distinctly. Didn't take notice of license number. Did not see, or could not remember having seen, anyone else in car. Think we have clew of car. Will report.

CARMODY.

THE OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY
We Never Sleep
12 Exchange Place
New York City

July 6.

To: MR. JOHN J. MILTON,
67 Wall Street,
New York City.

SUBJECT: *CONFIDENTIAL REPORT.*

Special operator 411 has traced whereabouts of subject through attorney who arranged bail. On arrival at address, however, found subject had just left, taking all belongings in large brown leather suitcase. Found nothing in apartment but copy of *Variety Magazine* dated June 22 with pages 18 and 19 torn out, as if hurriedly. Operator traced *Variety* file and discovered page 18 contained story of motion-picture combine, and page 19, reports of three vaudeville shows in Newark, Brooklyn, and Loew's Circle. Have called in operator 411 and assigned special theatrical operator to the case. Will report later.

CARMODY.

67 Wall Street,
New York City, July 7.

To: Open-Eye Detective Agency,
12 Exchange Place,
New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

Thank you for your reports just received.

Suspect Argentine dancer is involved in Dixie Dugan's disappearance, and fear for the worst, as I know from experience he is a desperate man and would not stop even at murder.

If anything of importance transpires, you can reach me through my private phone—Market 6001. Spare no efforts or expense to locate her.

Sincerely,
JOHN J. MILTON.

Hermitage Hotel, Times Square, New York City, July 9.

MR. DONALD GLEASON,
Gleason Greeting Cards for All Occasions,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR MR. GLEASON:

I am afraid I was too overcome at your kindness to thank you as much as I wanted to for letting me have leave of absence for a few weeks until I can find Dixie.

I guess I am like all the other fellows on the road who think you're just a hard-boiled business man with a cash register where your heart is.

When I get back on the job, I'm going to work myself to death for you. Not that I haven't given my best efforts to the line up until now. But you were so darned nice—remember our 30X11:

They may make 'em as stanch and as foursquare as you,
They may make 'em as honest and make 'em as true,
With just such a mighty grand record behind 'em.
But, damn it, old fellow! I never could find 'em.

DENNY KERRIGAN.

"No, there ain't nothin' on my chest—that is, not much."

Now watch Denny's smoke! Between him and those Open-Eye sleuths, Dixie ought to be rescued, if Jimmy— But you don't know who Jimmy is, do you? Well, watch for him in the next installment.

Crashing *the* Gate

Sandy Paves the Way to His Big Business Scoop

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

TROUSERS with a knife-edged crease, waxed mustache, an odor of bay rum, new shoes with an obstinate *squeak-squeak,* and an extra long cigarette holder flashing in the sun—

Such was Sandford Jenkins, intent upon a big business scoop which would make the meager beginnings of famous fortunes resemble the chaff of chicken feed! Society flappers turned to stare at him. Was he a movie *Romeo?* And they wished their own beaus would wax their frugal mustaches to add distinction.

"Taxi?" a driver shouted at Sandy as he paused at the curb to remove an unwanted wad of chewing gum from his heel. Then the man regretted his shout. Clearly Sandy was walking for enjoyment—not to save taximeter worries; in fact, he strode along with an arm swing implying, "Just a peppy walk-around-the-block, old chap. My limousine's right at the corner."

Chicago! The second week in March—the fatal week which would seal his financial destiny: He had an appointment with John Henry, the millionaire leather king—that is, Mr. Henry had told him to write for an appointment during the second week in March!

Sandy admired his natty reflection in a store window, gave a proper tilt to his derby, and then began to whistle. The contract in his brief case, its tempting space awaiting Mr. Henry's signature, made him feel very near to sudden wealth.

As he approached the great office building, he mumbled the conclusion of his sales talk—composed and rehearsed on the train.

Sandy took a local elevator to gain enough time to examine several papers in his brief case. He suddenly experienced a so-near-and-yet-so-far sinking spell. What, oh, what if John Henry had signed a contract with a competitor?

But the reception room put him quite at ease, not to mention the brunette receptionist who immediately started in wondering if the young man with red-tipped ears and large-checkered scarf were married? This was a harmless one-sided game she always played after she finished the cartoons in the morning papers.

Sandy's smile sent little shivers up her spine.

"Yes?" she asked, looking up from a jazzy novel whose title she'd hidden with a slip-on cover. "Mr. Henry's in conference."

"In conference?" Sandy mentally mimicked. "Perhaps if I believe that chestnut you'll spring another, kitten." Then he said aloud: "That's a shame—a perfect shame. Here's a letter he wrote me back in—let me see—back in January." And he drew out this epistle, carefully folded around some photographs of Lil!

"Oh!" the receptionist told him. "Who *is* she? Some actress? Mr. Henry's playing golf today." And she read the letter. "Drop in tomorrow at ten o'clock. I'll fix it up with his secretary."

Sandy's heart leaped. Hurray! He'd rubberneck all afternoon, see a show all evening, rehearse his sales talk all night—

"She's my wife!" he told his lone audience. "Sweetest little lady in the world. Yellowish eyes, blue hair, no temper—"

"Good night!" the receptionist said to herself. "That's the sixth wife this week who's supposed to look like that! Gee, I wish now I'd never told this guy he could see the boss!"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Sweet-Tooth Patsy

Patsy's diet is watched very carefully, so when she was offered a piece of candy, her mother said, "No, I don't believe you'd better have a whole piece, dear. I'll take half and give you the other half."

This kept Patsy quiet for about five minutes, after which time she walked over to her mother and said:

"Mamma, don't you think you'd better have another piece of candy?"

—Margaret Black, 451 S. Fifth Ave., La Grange, Ill.

A Connoisseur

Five-year-old Bobby was standing in the kitchen with his eyes upon a dish of cakes, when his mother came in and found him.

"Hello, Bobby—what are you doing here?" she inquired.

"Just thinking, Mother," he replied.

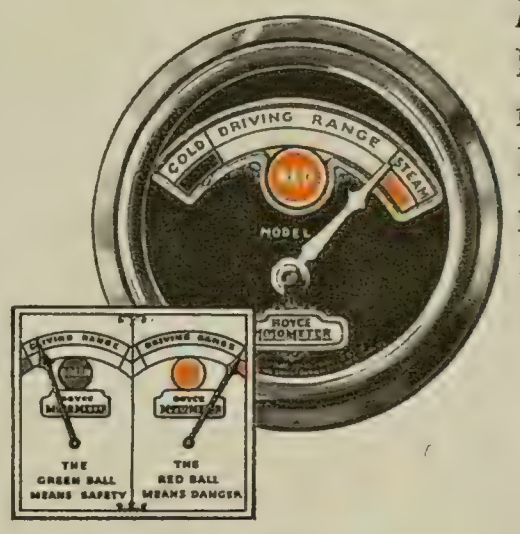
"Yes; about what?"

"I was wondering if the cakes were good enough to be spanked for."

—Brady Gallagher, 1226 19th St., Huntington, W. Va.

Would you be happier if your furnace had no gauge?

Of course not—yet, there are many motorists unmindful of the many costly repairs caused by an over-heated motor. Every Boyce Moto Meter, whether on the dash or out front, is a warning signal device affording complete motor protection. A car worth buying is worth saving!



***Dashboard type,* with new Red Ball warning signal which flashes over-heating instantly. Easily attached to any car.**

Model "H"..... $8.00
Model "L" (Illuminated)..... $10.00
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DIANA	ESSEX	JORDAN	NASH	STUDEBAKER
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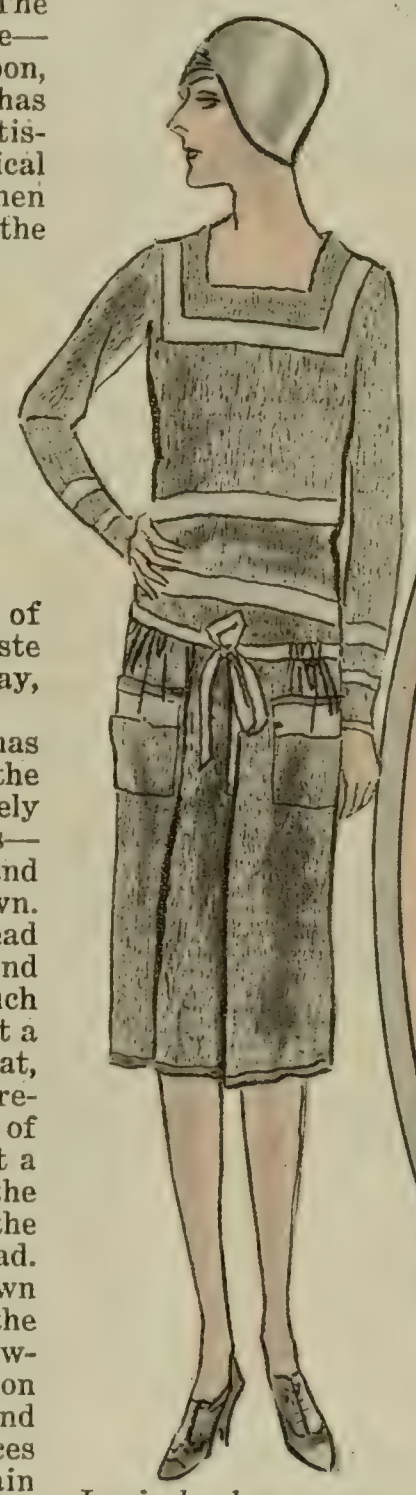
Paris Devises a New All-Day Frock

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, February 12.

FASHION has evolved a fourth dimension. This is a result, the cause of which is the increasing intelligence of women at large on matters of dress. The eternal triangle of style—that is, sports, afternoon, and evening clothes—has proved inadequate to satisfy an increasingly critical taste developed by women who have learned about the "art" in sartorial. To meet all occasions, the ladies were obliged to wear their sports clothes for other than sporting events, and their afternoon dresses when afternoon was a matter of the clock and not of the spirit. This offended a nicety of taste; and when our taste is rubbed the wrong way, something happens.



Louiseboulanger creates a dress-about-town of gray, blue, and red éponge.

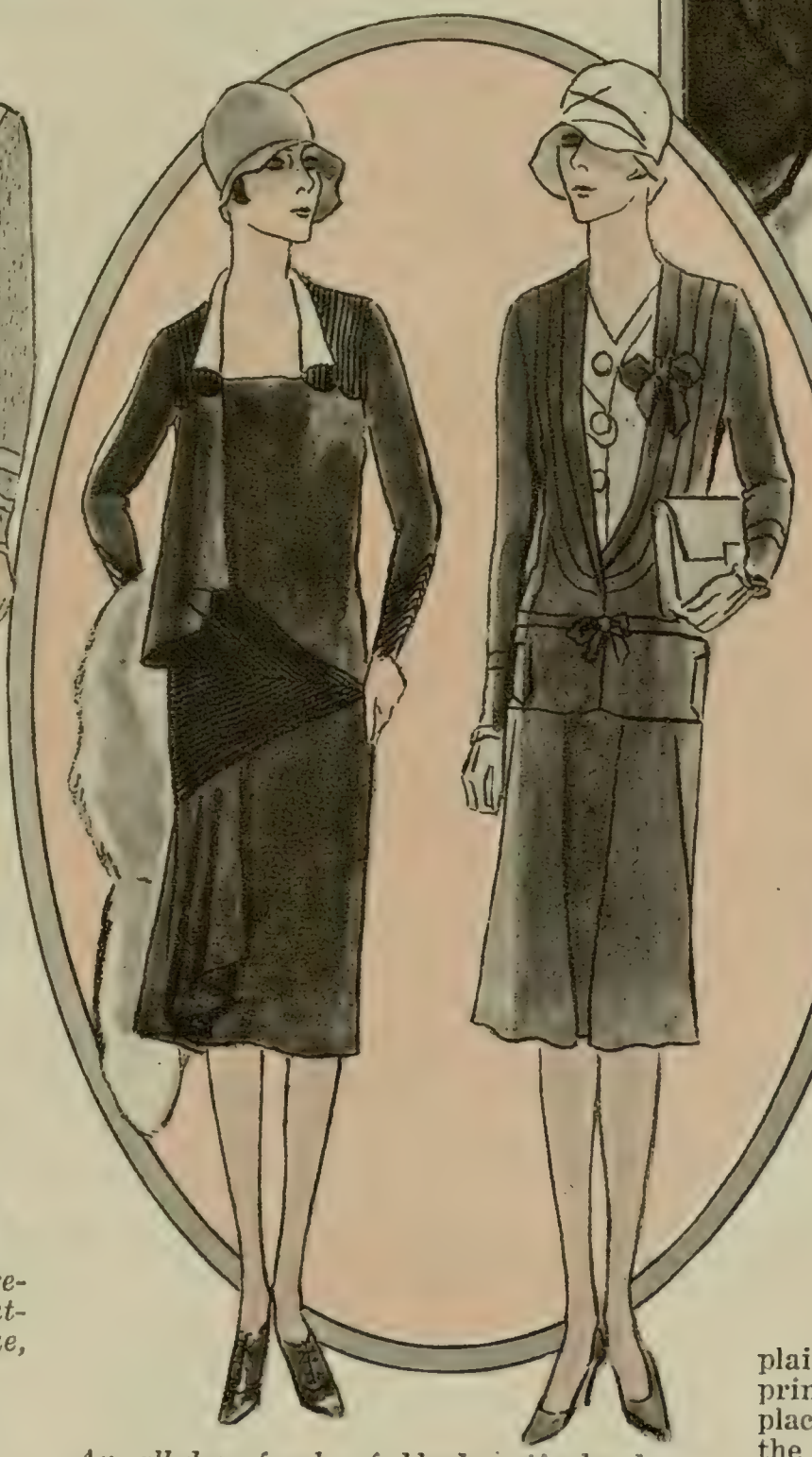
The something that has happened in fashion is the introduction of an entirely new category of styles—the dress-about-town and the costume-about-town. This gives us four instead of three dimensions and makes the mode much more complete. It is not a Utopia of clothes; for that, like all other Utopias, remains within the covers of books. But it is at least a great improvement in the charm of styles for the vastly varied lives we lead.

The dress-about-town comes in between the sports outfit and the newly reinstated afternoon frock. In some cases and environments it replaces both. It may, in certain versions, be worn at the *café crême* hour, the ice-cream soda and sandwich period, and the cocktail time. It may even be all things to some women. It is certainly something to all women who want to be really well dressed.

This new dimension of fashion has for its aim the combination of beauty and usefulness. This means that it is not alone easy to look at, but that it will stand wear and tear.

Styles today tend toward a democracy of chic; and the new dress-about-town is the first diplomat of this democracy. If Lady Astorbilt takes the air of the Avenue on a spring morning, she will wear this season a dress-about-town, perhaps the one shown in our sketch from one of the greatest of all the great French couturiers, Louiseboulanger. And Tessie the Toiler, coming up the Avenue, taking the air on her way to work, is more likely than not to be wearing the same kind of dress, because she too has been studying the art in sartorial matters.

This model resembles more than the others its relative the sports frock. It is, however, made of very velvety silk éponge—an unsportslike fabric—in mixed tones of blue, gray, and red. The blouse is straight, and the skirt shirred in sections at the sides of the front and back. The blouse is banded with gray-blue jersey and has a square neckline and yoke. The tied girdle is of jersey, passing beneath the shirring of the skirt at the left.



An all-day frock of black satinska by Martial et Armand (left); and, from Bernard et Cie, a black marocain model with a yellow-green gilet.

The patch pockets, a very smart detail, are banded with jersey and topped by a narrow band of the selvage of the material, showing the red threads in its weave. The hem is also made of this selvage.

NO less simple, but resembling more the tailored suit, is our dress-about-town from Bernard et Cie. This model is made of black crêpe marocain, trimmed with bias bands of self-material, simulating a gilet, and making the narrow revers, which are tied in a bow at the left side. The narrow belt also ties in a small bow, and the pockets on the hips are of the patch variety, notched at the lower edges.

Jean Patou combines straight tiers with enlarging plaited sections, creating a novel silhouette in this sharkskin-printed crêpe frock.

The real gilet is of yellow-green crêpe de Chine, trimmed with large silk-covered buttons. The skirt has two flaring godet plaits.

Our Jean Patou model is the dress-about-town in its real springtime glory. It has a special arrangement of tiers, the flat tiers being plaited from the shoulder yoke in enlarging sections to the two bottom tiers, which are entirely plaited. The dress is of green and yellow crêpe printed in the new sharkskin pattern. Patou places a band and silk-covered buttons down the left side of the blouse, and the sleeves are widened by double plaited ruffles of the material.

A flower of the printed crêpe is placed on the narrow self-material belt.

A universally popular dress-about-town is the black satin frock, such as our model from Martial et Armand. This dress, made of black crêpe satinska, has a yoke of vertical tucks, and triangular motifs of tucks on blouse and skirt imitating the popular handkerchief girdle of last season. At the right side of the blouse is placed a flaring half-bolero, and at the right side of the skirt a circular half-tunic.

The dress-about-town fills a definite need where real artistry of clothes is desired. It supplies a charming costume for the hiatus between the sports costume, which is decidedly out of its place in strictly urban affairs, and the afternoon frock, which is too pretentious for many daytime occasions.

The Newest Cape Coat

By Mary Brush Williams

YOU would say that a modern busy woman's day just simply had no place for a cape in it. Capes as they have always been served to us are so long, so full, so like an opera tenor! They are too dramatic and picturesque to be in the spirit of our times. During the war they had a great run, and how very amusing the very memory of them is. Young women managed the unwieldy lengths of them with the left hand while attending to their war duties with the right.

A fact that always hits us with astonishment when looking through old fashion magazines is to see how recently the modern way of dressing became the style. One thing seems certain, on consulting them: You have to be robed in the grand manner to wear a whole cape. The Parisian couturiers have tried several times since modern history began (i. e.: since the Armistice was signed) to introduce them, and have made a flop of it. Each time one thought the cape was going to make a get-away at last. The next time you looked, it had faded without a trace or a sign. The only way it ever lasted was when carried on coats and on other wraps. It could not travel alone.

Then recently the French designers, either *en masse* or (more likely) singly, which is the way they do everything, decided we simply had to take a turn at capes again, and they hit on the wholly original idea of revamping them into the spirit and manner of our times.

One of their devices was to cut them in two and serve us for the first time with only half a cape, reaching to the waistline, or, as some college boy not very wittily put it, with capes on the half shell. At most, the Parisian offered us a cape of three-quarter length.

Another ruse the French designers adopted for introducing them was to make everything imaginable, while maintaining its own function, simulate the line and general contour of a cape. Cape sleeves, cape scarfs, cape panels are a few of the conceits of the hour.

They also presented us with the separate cape, that you put on and take off carelessly, without its being camouflaged as something else or without being attached to anything. If this is accepted, as it already almost seems to be, there is no telling how far the cape idea may carry.

I sort of have a feeling that I should like one for spring, and many others have expressed themselves as feeling the same way. The big idea is not to let the new ones be long and thus get out of the spirit of our day. When adapted to our modern clothes and not lifted over bodily from the Italian opera or the Victorian fashion magazine in conception, they fit in admirably with our way of doing things. Above all, they are so very useful.

Once I had a little shoulder cape of fur which I bought during the war in Moscow. The same winter I went to live in a Paris hotel where we had to cross a courtyard to get from our living quarters to the dining room. The cape justified itself in that cold dining room and that drizzling courtyard. And this is but a typical instance of scores of uses for a modern easily managed cape. One slides it on and off so much more easily than the most supple coat.

Meantime, comes from Paris this fashion note: "To go with evening dresses, capes have returned. Velvet and lamé are the most popular materials for them, and they have collars of light-colored fur. Of course the bushy furs are the most popular—white fox, red fox, lynx, and wolf leading all the rest. If the collars are not of fur, they must still be made very important with embroidery and a great deal of material that fluffs round the neck something like the old muff collar."

The cape that blouses in the back is heralded from every quarter. It is held by hand or fastened in a tight band round the hips, while the front is left flowing over it. We saw the original of this now very popular model in this column last December, when I sent it back from Paris. It was by Louiseboulanger and was held tightly in a blousing-back effect which seemed to go into a band round the hips, but when the wearer unfastened her hold the wrap flowed loosely into a line that went to almost the so-called three-quarter length.

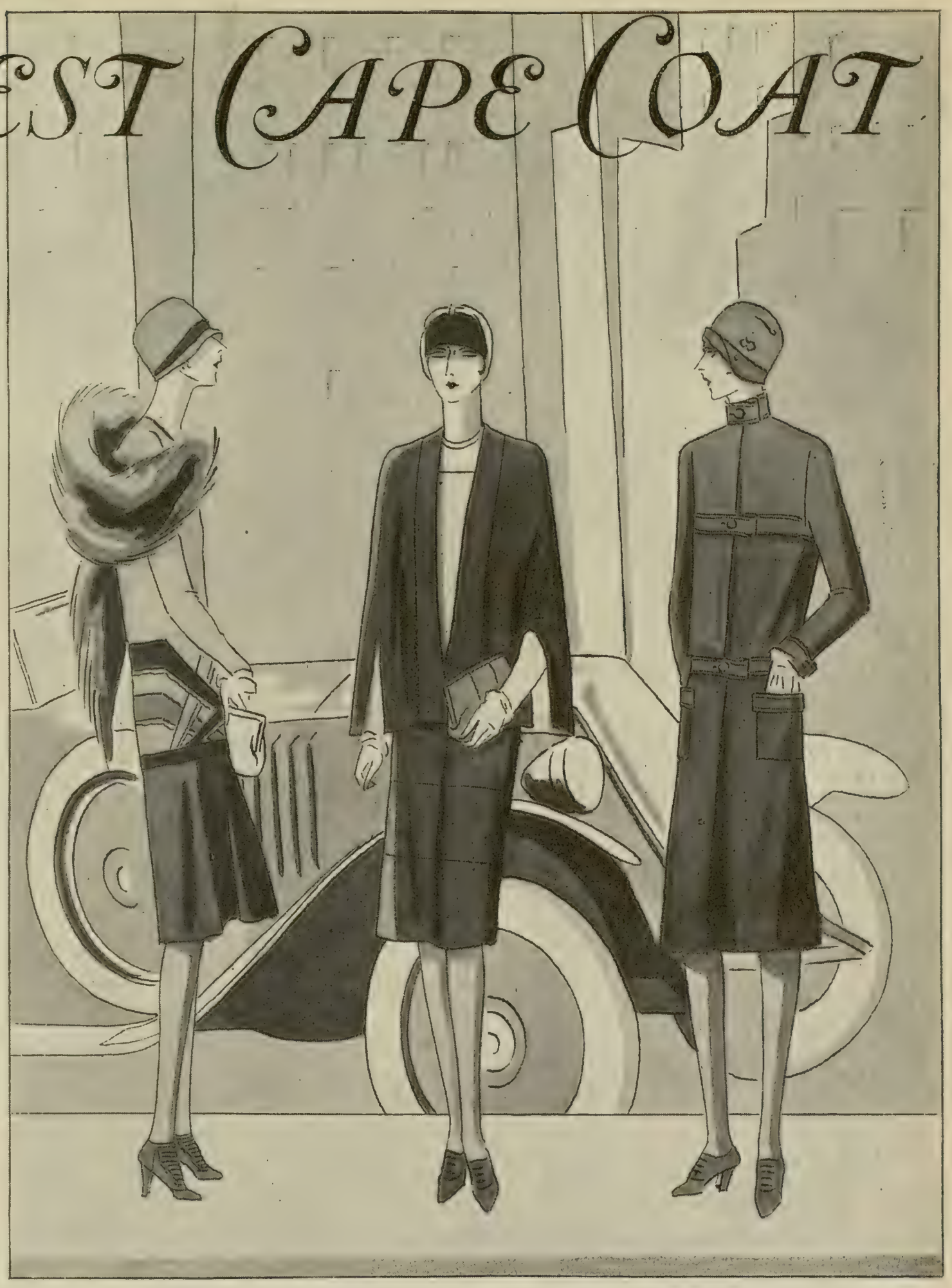
Our center illustration represents a very practical day coat with cape sleeves. It is really made on an idea of a coat launched by Vionnet two seasons ago, which had a cape in one piece with the main wrap, turning back on it and falling to the waistline, without revers or throat decoration.

This one has very wide cape sleeves, sort of caught at the hips, so that the general silhouette is capelike. It is made with slashes in the sleeves, so that when you put your arms out, the outline gives an even fuller effect. The wrap flops about like a cape when you are in action. It is of green flamingo, which is a thin wool, and it has a flat tuxedo front. The skirt is corded in two places to look tiered.

THE little sports dress on the left is in two tones of blue crepella. The colorings are a Copenhagen and a deeper, almost royal blue. It has a skirt with the new and very smart circular front. The blouse has for its trimming the popular decoration of the moment, which is appliquéd figures in crêpe de Chine.

The third offering is a leather coat in henna color, and it is not necessarily a raincoat, but an all-round sports affair, of the kind so much worn at present.

It has the natural waistline, now favored, and the little standing collar, which is also raging. The yoke is outlined in a separate band of leather the same width as the belt.



A dress in blue crepella with a gored skirt and appliqués of crêpe.

Made of lightweight green wool, this coat shows the new cape sleeves.

With its nipped-in waistline, this henna leather coat displays the new silhouette.

Natural Tint—or the new Colorless with separate Tint.

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HAND-Y BEAUTY HINTS

By EILEEN BOURNE

THE other day, while lunching at the Ritz on the Place Vendôme, I had pointed out to me at the next table a professional beauty of international fame. Her exquisitely clad figure was slender. Her face was smoothed and tinted by all the arts—surgical and otherwise—known to modern vanity. Yes, she looked marvelously young at sixty.

And then I glanced from her face to the hand resting near me on the table edge. It presented all the contrast of December with June. Yellow and shriveled, with grainy nails and veins standing out like blue rivers on a profile map, it was the hand of an old woman. Hands record age as correctly as the family Bible, and, unlike that solemn document, cannot be buried in a dusky corner.

Yet hands may be kept young. It is only a matter of regular attention. Such a naughty trick as cracking knuckles is bound to result in enlarged joints. The nervous habit of nail biting can ruin the finger tips as long as it lasts and often leave permanent injury in its wake.

Hands that are never taught to do anything deft are apt to be inflexible and flabby. Indeed, the most interesting hands are both sensitive and powerful as well as perfectly groomed.

Overfat hands never occur except in cases of decided general overweight. If you prevent the one you prevent the other. On the contrary, that peculiar shrinking which leaves the veins distended may happen in late middle age even to the hands of women who have preserved the well rounded slenderness of youth.

To prevent this one depends on sustained habits of daily care. No matter what your occupation, you may have well kept hands. A daily manicure should be so carefully followed that you can prevent hangnails, encourage half moons, and maintain a polish without making the nails brittle.

Stains and roughness may be taken off every day by use of pumice stone and half a lemon into which you burrow with finger tips. To prevent chapped, cracked skin, gloves should be worn when engaged in housework or gardening and lotion rubbed well into the tissue—not only at night, but whenever the hands are washed. Remember always to rinse in cold water to keep the surface hardy and prevent the bad effect of sudden changes of temperature.

Now, when it comes to keeping the hands plump, soft, white, and shapely, we have to depend largely on massage and applications. Inasmuch as no two tissues are alike, what suits you best must be determined by experiment.

Aside from the familiar creams and lotions put up for our use, there are a number of effective home aids.

I know one woman who uses every day lemon juice for bleaching and coco butter for massage, and another who combines camphor and glycerin in equal parts for this dual purpose.

A SPANISH woman told me the other day that her compatriots found that the white of an egg allowed to dry on the hands had a bleaching and astringent quality conducive to delicacy of texture. And an even quainter recipe was offered me by a Frenchwoman. What she does is to soak each hand for ten minutes every night in a bowl of milk into which has been dissolved the powder of almond nuts. Moreover, there is always olive oil, one of the best preservatives of the nails and an unequaled lubricant for dry skin.

Whatever you use must, however, be rubbed well into the skin. The best way to massage is to sit before your dressing table with one elbow resting firmly upon it. Work down from the finger tips well below the wrist with a very firm rotary pressure, and give special attention to the joints and the backs of the hands. Don't be satisfied until the lubricant is so well worked in that the skin is quite dry.

During the day you can increase the circulation of the hands by shaking them loosely at the wrist and by rotating each finger in succession. To lift the hands above the head and let them hang loose rests them. This is also helpful to those who suffer from redness of hands and finger tips.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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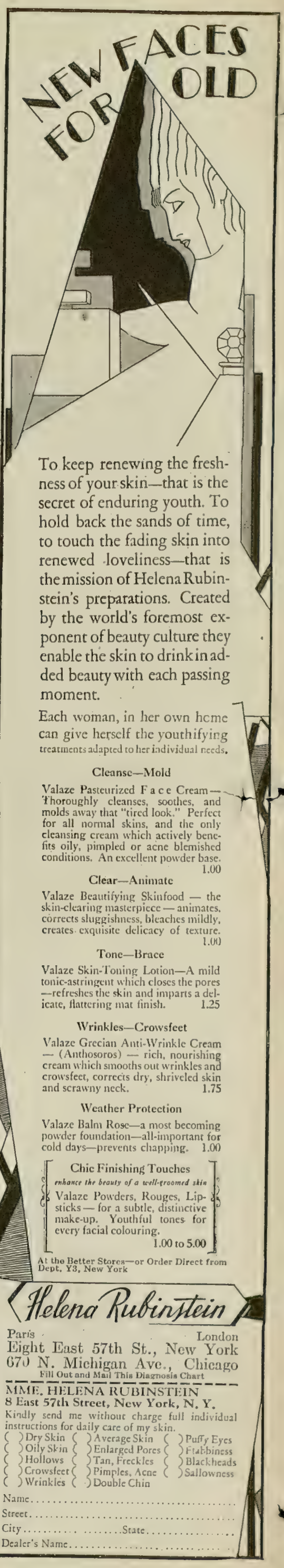

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The Balloon Buster of ARIZONA

I KNEW an officer whose greatest wartime ambition was to meet a princess. He did!

Picture by Clayton Knight

Frank Luke Tells How He Won Five Air Victories in Ten Minutes—His Best Friend Is Shot Down

By

NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 15 minutes 56 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Frank Luke shot down his first balloon on September 12, 1918. Two days afterward, while Lieutenant Joe Wehner rode the sun, he dived and bagged number two. Minutes later, after a running fight with eight Fokker planes, he got another. The next day, September 15, Luke destroyed three balloons; Wehner one balloon and two planes. And the following evening three more sausages went down in flames under their guns. Colonel William Mitchell, Chief of Air Service, congratulated them when they landed after this exploit. The Balloon Buster had become an ace.]

U. S. Official photo

A German "sausage" in its shed behind the lines near St. Mihiel.

PART NINE

TO almost every one who participated in it, the war brought at least one new and consuming ambition. One man might desire military rank above all other things; another would dedicate his life to a search for the enemy of mankind who abolished a hat in favor of the collapsible, folding monkey bonnet, which created in the minds of modest men a painful sensation of not being suitably clothed for public gaze.

At least once in the life of every combat soldier the yearning for the deepest corner of the deepest dugout ever constructed made all other desires seem cheap and unworthy.

I knew an officer whose greatest wartime ambition was to meet a princess. He did! She was an Egyptian princess—so she informed him—and when it came to princessing she made the average daughter of royalty seem as democratic as a sailor's sweetheart when the fleet is in.

She princessed him around until his three months' back pay was gone, which was about the time he discovered that her soft, desert tan had been prenatally acquired in her native Louisiana. Thereafter he confined his ambitions to ladies of the less romantic middle classes—white.

Frank Luke's war-born desire was to capture a German airplane with its machine guns intact. He wanted them not only because they would serve as mementos of combats in the air, but for other reasons as well.

U. S. Official photo

Marguriett College and Cathedral, Verdun, from across the Meuse River.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Eighty-one

"You can't tell," he would say, when asked why he wished to burden himself with such cumbersome souvenirs. "Maybe there'll be another revolution in Mexico and we'll need 'em down in Arizona. Maybe"—and here his eyes would twinkle—"I'll start one myself when I get back!"

Although he did not have the opportunity to take the guns from an enemy he personally had destroyed, he got them September 17, the day after he and Joe Wehner had put on their first twilight balloon strafe.

ST. MIHIEL had fallen, and Frank forsook flying for one day to motor into the war-trampled territory he had helped take by his interference with enemy observation. Ahead of him the crest of battle still formed and broke, surged and formed and broke again in olive-drab avalanches over the retreating Germans. The Allies were on the other end of the chase and they liked it!

Frank found his guns behind the front wall of what once had been a home. Here such important matters as whether to plant one or two rows of chives in the garden had been settled; here neighbors had been talked about; here a daughter had become betrothed; and here a rosary had been fervently uttered for a son who spent too many hours with a woman who had no shame.

Upstairs, babies had wailed their way into life and ridiculously wrinkled grannies and grandfathers had mumbled their way out. Now it housed a half dozen dead Germans and a pair of machine guns.

The litter of war—a dented canteen, a shrapnel-split helmet, and a well oiled belt—scorned by rats who had choicer morsels—served for furniture. Upstairs—there was no upstairs. The sky came next, and it should have been a source of gratitude that there was no roof to shut a man in with the inmates.

Frank loaded the machine guns into the squadron car and returned to the airdrome, where he and Joe Wehner spent the remainder of the afternoon cleaning and polishing them. Frank packed the weapons in especially constructed cases and shipped them back to Paris to be held for him.

This episode of the machine guns pleased Luke, and mechanics overheard him still discussing them as he and Wehner walked out to their planes the next afternoon.

They flew alone. After that demonstration of September 16, they could have flown the commanding officer's motor car if they had wanted to. Over St. Mihiel they sighted two balloons above Labeuville, and Luke climbed swiftly, sure of at least one more balloon for his score!

It was getting to be old business, this making altitude, giving the instruments a last quick reading, then tipping into a full-throttled dive that always seemed about to strip the wings of their canvas.

Old, yet ever new. The balloon rushing up never came at just the same angle, the chocolate cream

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]
puffs splattering the air wove a different pattern each time, and the observers always behaved differently.

Sometimes they jumped early, swinging out like tiny pendulums under their parachutes. Sometimes they didn't jump at all, but, dictated to by supreme courage or terror, see a mess of blackened metal and the raw earth of a new grave beyond that beauty!

As Frank made altitude, the formation split, the main body crowding Wehner while two attacked him from the rear. The Hun in the lead committed the fatal blunder of sacrificing the altitude that would have given him victory Frank made for the American lines.

Turning east at the Allied balloon line, Luke saw a friendly anti-aircraft barrage ahead of him and made for it. Allied Archie meant an enemy raider! Southeast of Verdun he saw a German observation plane being pursued by a squadron of Spads. Not until later

U. S. Official photo

Frank Luke standing beside the wreck of an enemy plane he shot down near Verdun. Two men in the machine were killed.

stuck to their baskets and went down in the flaming gas!

Luke registered on the higher balloon first. He was down where the enemy Archie batteries didn't dare fire before he put in his first burst. That was all he needed. The sausage gave a great red sigh and collapsed. He leveled off, came up and over, rolled and made for the other drachen, spattered it with both guns, and banked off as the second balloon puffed out in a burst of crimson and black.

Where was Joe?

Frank had expected him to take the second sausage. Maybe—

He jerked back on the stick and the Spad sag-tailed under him. Wehner was above him and perilously close on his tail was a formation of Fokkers!

They were close-wedged and coming fast—beautiful, but Luke needed no vision other than his own to and continued his dive to Luke's level.

The latter made for him with both guns going. Only the German's death in the air prevented a head-on collision between those two planes. There were but a few yards between them when the Hun turned, fell into a nose dive that became an erratic tail spin, and crashed.

THE Arizonian swung on the second German, felt his Spad quiver under a quick, hot burst from the enemy's guns, and shot him into a dive! Fearful that he had lost too much altitude and would be easy prey for others in the Hun formation, he banked for altitude and saw them milling above him.

Wehner was gone; so, believing Joe had seized upon his arrival as an opportunity to peak for home, did he learn that they were his friends the Cigognes, whose type of planes had been changed.

Having an advantageous position, he whipped in ahead of the pursuers, squared away for position, lined his sights on the pilot's cockpit, and let him have both guns. The German plane kicked up on its side, trembled, tipped, and burned a wavering course earthward.

Two combat planes, two balloons, one observation plane, and it was less than ten minutes since he and Wehner had started their dives on the sausages at Labeuville! If we had all stayed home and knit shoestrings, we could flick our coat tails in the face of the world because of that one American's feat of arms.

Three planes and two balloons in less than ten minutes!

Hell's bells, man, you couldn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Eighty-three

tell a more astounding story if you had until next Christmas to make it up!

As Luke turned away after his fifth victory—the Halberstadt observation plane—his petrol gave out. He switched on the *nourrice*—"nursemaid" is the literal translation—a ten-minute supply of gasoline carried in the superior wing of a Spad.

With this emergency fuel he made a safe landing below Verdun, not far from where the Halberstadt had crashed. There was a good flying field there that had been abandoned by the French because the Germans had perfect artillery registration on it.

The enemy was striving desperately to prevent Allied planes from basing on advanced flying fields, as secret reports to the German chief commander of the air show, and they were concentrating about Verdun.

These same reports disclose also that Frank added a touch of almost unbelievable daring to his September 18 combat by descending to within ninety feet of the ground to get his second balloon that day.

In their combat reports to the German High Command, Lieutenant Finster and Lieutenant Heicke of Balloon Company 112, Balloon Battalion Twenty, and Lieutenant Roerich of the protecting anti-aircraft artillery testified that Frank's Spad was within that distance of the ground when the big bag burst into flames!

FROM the Verdun landing field Frank hastened back to the Twenty-seventh airdrome in a borrowed side car. He wanted to get further details of the dog fight from Joe and tell him about the Halberstadt. He made a verbal report at headquarters, asked to have his ship flown back, and was turning to leave when Major Hartney spoke to him:

"Luke, I'm sorry—" he began, but Frank interrupted him.

"D'you mind if I dash along, Major?" he asked. "I'll be back with my combat report as soon as I get those confirmations from Joe."

Hartney let him go.

There was a whistle and a slammed door—certain evidences of good humor in Frank Luke. At Wehner's billet he kicked open the door and called:

"Hey, Joe!"

Receiving no answer, he stepped across the threshold for a look about the room. Empty. There were other pilots in the building who knew about Wehner, but there are certain things even a brave man cannot do.

Frank next looked for him at the hangars. One of Wehner's mechanics, as burly a wrench-swinger as ever pulled on a suit of dungarees, stood up as Luke entered the shelter where Joe usually garaged his plane.

"Where's Lieutenant Wehner?" Frank asked, and read his answer in the tear-streaked grime on the mechanician's face.

"They—they got him in that God-damned dog fight!" the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

If I were a pedestrian

and had to walk along dark, heavily traveled roads, no motor-car would ever tackle *me* for a loss. Because I'd carry a lighted flashlight so that all drivers could see me . . . *in time!*

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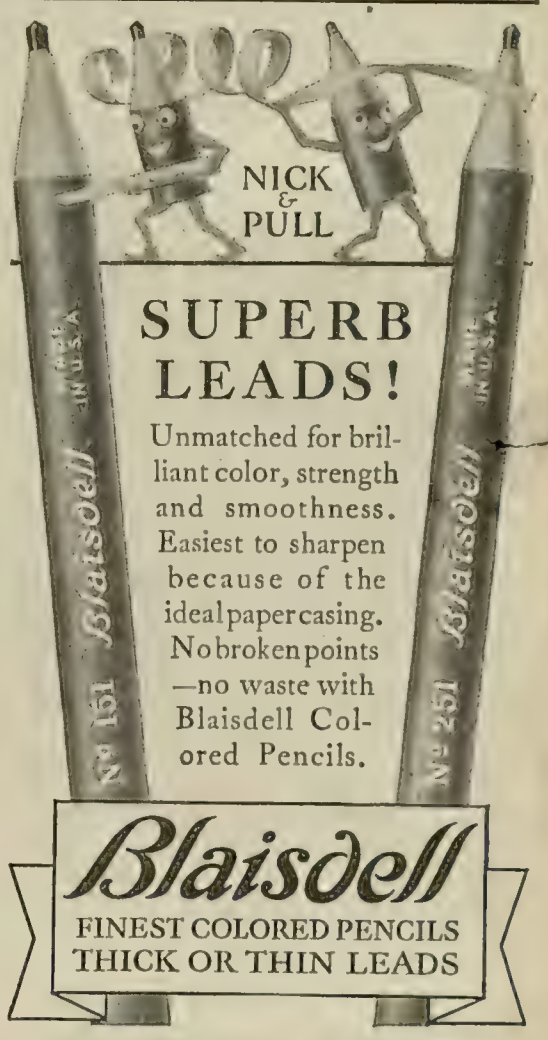

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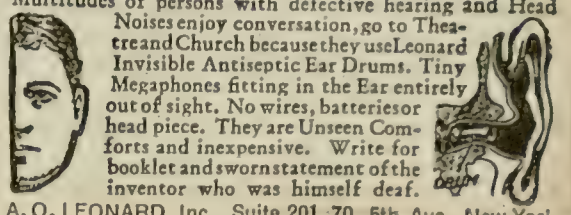

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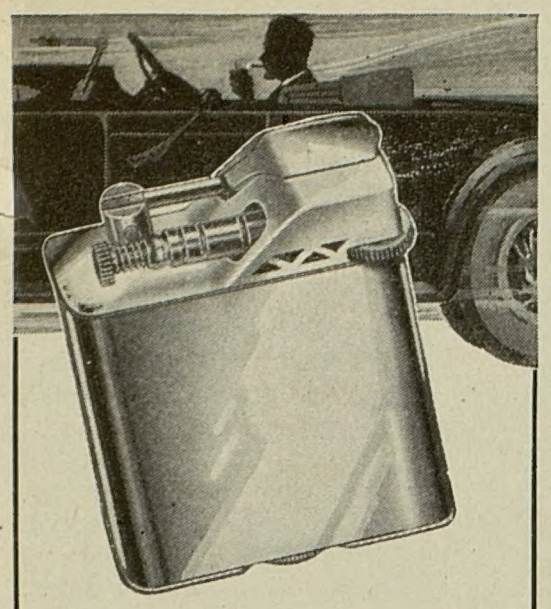

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

ground man whimpered and his shoulders heaved. Ever see a horse-muscled, physically capable man cry? Well, don't watch one. It isn't pretty.

It was then that Frank Luke gathered the knowledge that the taste of defeat is bitter—bitter as childhood medicine; and it was in that minute—and that minute only—he knew what it was to be whipped! Whipped without raising a hand, because here was a thing you couldn't punch or shoot or throttle.

"But maybe he's only missing," Frank said. God in heaven! Does the combat officer live who hasn't gone on mumbling, "Maybe they're only missing! Maybe they're only missing!" until he has stumbled over their crumpled bodies in the dark?

"Aw, we can't kid ourselves!" the mechanic snarled. "Some of them frog Cigognes saw him go down in flames over Labeuville. Why the hell didn't they go in and shoot the guts out of them Heinies, if they could see so well? I'd like to get my hands on just one of that Hun formation, the dirty, lousy—"

He went back to his tools sobbing profanities that seemed flat and inadequate. Luke left the hangar for—where? There wasn't any place to go. Joe Wehner was dead! Down in flames over Labeuville! Not again would he hear that voice, a voice he had come to listen for:

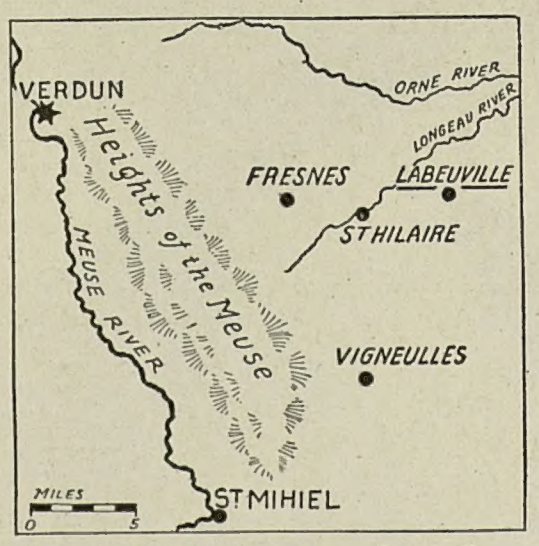
"Howdy, boy! Let's go get us a balloon!"

SOMEBODY passed him—Ivan Roberts—snapped him an exaggerated salute, and called:

"Great stuff, Frank! Five at a time. 'At a boy!"

What the hell did he mean, "great stuff," with Joe Wehner down in flames over Labeuville? Why, yesterday at this time—only yesterday, twenty-four hours ago—Joe was sitting opposite him, rubbing down one of those souvenir German machine guns with an oily rag.

They were laughing, too. Frank always laughed when Joe was around. Things he said were funny. They wouldn't be funny if other fellows said them, but when Joe said them—well, you just had to laugh.



Map of the country about Labeuville where Luke won five victories in ten minutes and Wehner was killed.

And was he game? Tell the cockeyed world he was! Game as they make 'em. "You get 'em, Frank. I'll ride the sun," he would say. That was old Joe, all right. And he'd taken it on the nose from those bombproof spy chasers, too. Never squawked once, either. What it took to make a man, Joe sure had. Only yesterday in that dog fight— Wehner down in flames over Labeuville!

Aimlessly he moved about the field, lost among familiar objects. Men passed him, saw his face, and withheld a greeting. They, too, once had friends with whom they had laughed. Friends who had come down in flames over some God-forgotten huddle in a field afar.

HE went to his quarters. At this time every day he went to his quarters. The night came in to cover him sitting there on his cot. Feet moved in the corridor and a low voice asked:

"Going to chow, Frank?"

No answer. Against the gloom a tensed blur that was Frank Luke. The feet moved away softly and, somehow, the owner was conscious that there were no tears there in the dark.

Frank wasn't the crying kind.

Could he have wept then, sobbed out his hurt as that grimed mechanic had in a welter of tears that cleanses a man, he might have lived more than eleven days. But tears were a weakness and, by all eternal things, he *couldn't* cry with Joe Wehner down in flames over Labeuville!

Outside a bugle poked shafts of brassy melody into the night and Frank turned on his light. He had forgotten. There was a war and he had shot down some airplanes in it and there was a combat—*Joe Wehner down in flames over Labeuville*—report he had—*down in flames over Labeuville*—to give to—*Joe Wehner down*—Major Hartney.

His report finished, he sent it to the Major by an orderly. The Group Commander took it eagerly, read it with avid interest, for he knew then that it was a document which would attract the eyes of the ages—the pilot's own account of the world's greatest single achievement in aërial warfare!

It read:

COMBAT REPORT

Sept. 18, 1918.

Lieutenant Frank Luke reports:

Lieutenant Wehner and I left the airdrome at sixteen hours [4 P. M.] to spot enemy balloons. Over St. Mihiel we saw two German balloons near Labeuville. Maneuvered in the clouds and dropped down, burning both. We were then attacked by a number of E. A. [enemy aircraft], the main formation attacking Lieutenant Wehner, who was above and on one side. I started climbing to join the fight when two E. A. attacked me from the rear. I turned on them, opening both guns on the leader. We came head on until within a few yards of each other when my opponent turned to one side in a nose dive and I saw him crash to the ground.

I then turned on the second,

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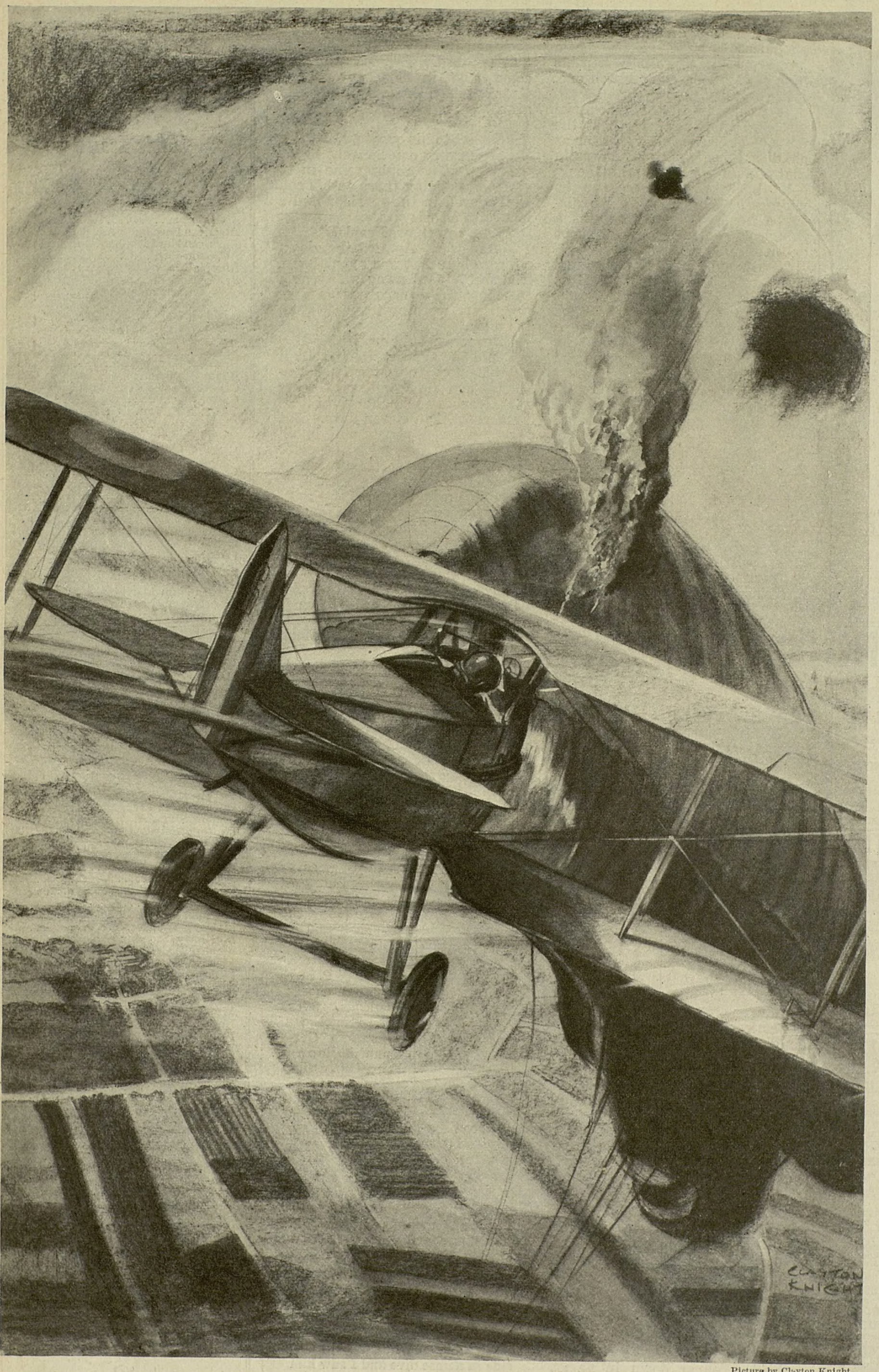

Picture by Clayton Knight

He was down where the enemy Archie batteries didn't dare fire before he put in his first burst. The sausage gave a great red sigh and collapsed.

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA Cont'd from Page Eighty-five]

shot a short burst, and he turned and went into a dive. I saw a number of E. A. above but could not find Lieutenant Wehner, so turned and made for our lines. The above fight occurred in the vicinity of St. Hilaire. On reaching our balloon line, flew east. Saw Archie on our side, flew toward it, and found an enemy observation machine. I gave chase with some other Spads and got him off from his lines. After a short encounter he crashed within our lines, southeast of Verdun. Lieutenant Wehner is entitled to share in the victories over both the balloons. Confirmations requested, two balloons and three planes.

THE confirmations came in, all of them. Frank Luke was now the leading ace in the American air service. Rickenbacker the mighty was five victories behind him! Luke had a total of fourteen victories: four planes and ten balloons.

But the truly amazing feature of this record is that thirteen of his conquests were won in a single week, during which there were two days—September 13 and September 17—on which he did not fly! On the eighteenth alone he had bested five of his enemies!

Late that night, General Pershing took from an aide's hand a military telegraph form and focused tired eyes on one sentence:

> Second Lieutenant Frank Luke, Jr., Twenty-seventh Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group, five confirmed victories, two combat planes, two observation balloons, and one observation plane in less than ten minutes.

Not a word about Joe Wehner, but that was as it should be. Generals do not count their dead, only their victories. There would be medals, of course—bronze for the chest of the premier ace, who, a month before, had been branded a liar!

Frank was the greatest combat flier America had given the world! He had come to his high place. It found him sitting silently on a cot in a darkened room, denied the benison of tears, and he needed them because Joe Wehner had gone down in flames over Labeuville.

Frank Luke is killed! The tremendous, dramatic story of his last fight is told in next week's Liberty.

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Touch up the walls and woodwork. Refinish a chair—clock—waste basket—match holder. Carry color in the curtains. Cover the floor with colorful tile linoleum. See what a marvelous transformation is possible at small expense.

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You may see these newest kitchen cabinets at a local furniture store. Note the many famous time-and labor-saving features. Because of them millions of homes now use the Sellers. Prices are very moderate. And most dealers sell on very liberal terms.

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Your complimentary copy of the new Sellers catalogue is ready. Shows interesting colorful kitchen ideas. Illustrates the stylish Sellers Kitchenaire in actual colors. If we have not your address will you please send it right away? Address Dept. 403.

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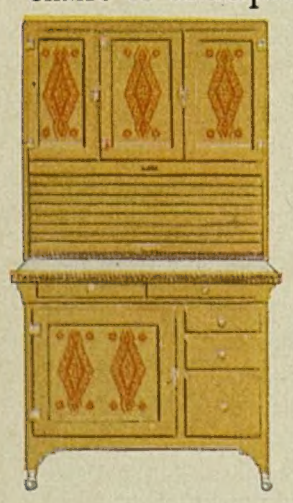

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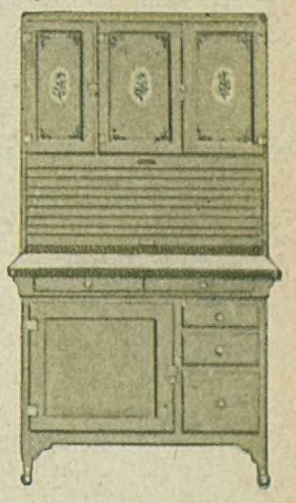

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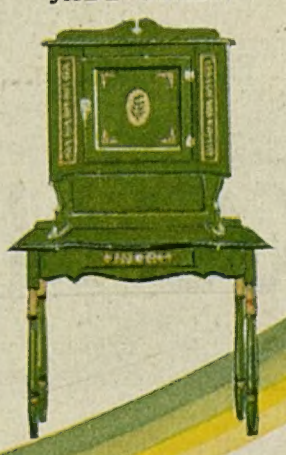

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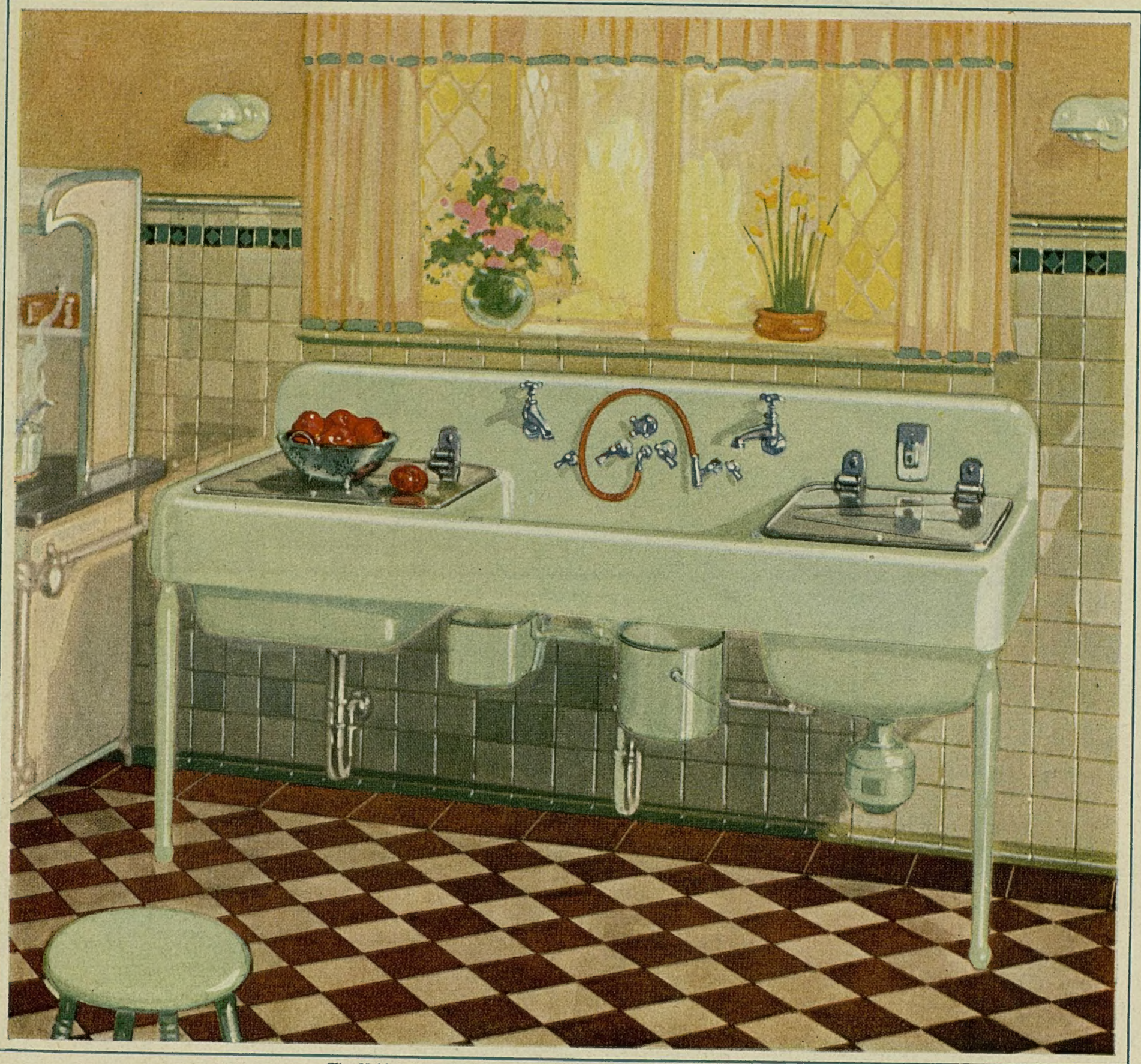

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Imagine it in your own kitchen! The electric dishwasher, ready to wash your dishes spotlessly, hygienically clean. The general-utility or laundry tub, at the left, its drainboard cover affording extra working space. The deep "regular" sink in the center, holding water without a dishpan and catching debris in the removable cup of its Duostrainer. The swinging faucets and the rinsing hose, each delivering hot, cold, or tempered water. Beneath, on swinging arms, the refuse container and the "tool box" for brushes, scouring powder, and the like. All at your finger tips . . .

It *is* a wonderful sink. And wonderfully beautiful, too, in its dress of green enamel—bringing to the kitchen the same color beauty that bath tubs, lavatories, and toilets in lovely Kohler Color Ware now bring to the bathroom.

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